AMBITION'S LITTLE CITY

By Dana Burnet

Silver Screen★

June



Ginger Rogers

JUN - 2 1931
PERIODICAL DIVISION

MARLAND STONE

PECULIARITIES OF PICTURE MAKING



Positively The Most Hilarious Picture You've Ever Seen!!!

EVERY LAUGH IS TESTED BY THE MARX MIRTH METER BEFORE WE GIVE IT TO **YOU!** WE PANICKED THEM IN PITTSBURG! THEY CHUCKLED IN CHICAGO! MY FRIENDS AND CONSTITUENTS, YOU'LL LOVE IT!!

DOTSA RIGHT, BOSS! IF "NIGHT AT THE OPERA" WAS HILARIOUS THIS IS SOOPER-HOOPER-DOOPER HILARIOUS!

THE MARX BROS. A DAY AT THE RACES

with **Allan JONES • Maureen O'SULLIVAN**

A SAM WOOD PRODUCTION • Produced by Lawrence Weingarten

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Hear these new song hits:
"All God's Chillun Got Rhythm", "On Blue Venetian Waters", "A Message from the Man in the Moon" and "Tomorrow Is Another Day"...

"Beauty Bath"

WHEN PROFESSIONAL BEAUTIES SAY THAT ABOUT A TOOTH PASTE

YOU CAN BET IT IS!



KAREN SUNDSTROM, **Swedish beauty, of New York, and 21, says "It gives teeth the flash that studios demand—a real Beauty Bath."**



GRACE ROWLAND, **of Virginia, says "A perfect Beauty Bath for teeth—and it gives the mouth a feeling of dewy freshness."**



BERNICE GREEN, **of Indianapolis, says "So many girls in the studios use Listerine Tooth Paste that I heeded their advice and use it myself."**

● If their beauty fails they're out of a job . . . these radiant women of big New York commercial studios. They favor only products that have proved themselves able to foster and heighten their precious good-looks—safely. That is why so many of them use only Listerine Tooth Paste. Enthusiastically they call it their "Beauty Bath" for teeth; they've seen the startling results it achieves.

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Put aside the dentifrice you are now using and try Listerine Tooth Paste. You will be amazed to find how quickly—and safely—it makes the mouth feel youthful—the teeth look young, radiant, enticing.

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Listerine Tooth Paste was planned by beauty experts, working in conjunction with dental authorities. No other dentifrice contains the rare combination of satin-soft cleansers that do so much for teeth. No other tooth paste contains the delightful fruit flavors that give your mouth that wonderful dewy freshness, that cleanly sense of invigoration.

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LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

SOAPLESS!
a Tooth Powder
you'll like
25¢ & 40¢



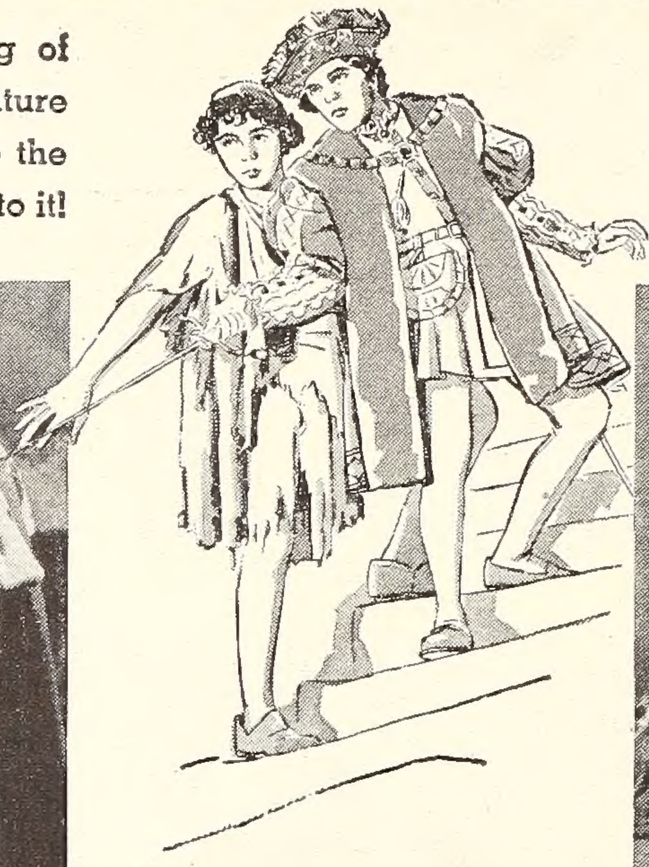
More than 1/4 POUND of tooth paste in the double size tube · 40¢
Regular size tube · 25¢

THE GREATEST ADVENTURE PICTURE EVER FILMED!

Are you ready for the most exciting evening of your life? . . . Warner Bros. bring the adventure masterpiece of the world's best-loved writer to the screen in all its romantic glory! Come and thrill to it!



It wasn't a bit different 400 years ago—the same coronation this month brings to London in all its pomp and glory.



Introducing Billy & Bobby Mauch —sensational twin star discovery— a double-barrelled surprise that is already the talk of filmdom!



The prince plays hookey to join the pauper on the world-famous adventure of two regular kids.



Warner Bros. present

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Novel of All-Time Fame

THE PRINCE and the PAUPER

with

ERROL FLYNN

CLAUDE RAINS

HENRY STEPHENSON

BARTON MacLANE

and THE

MAUCH TWINS

☆ BILLY & BOBBY ☆

Patric Knowles · Montague Love

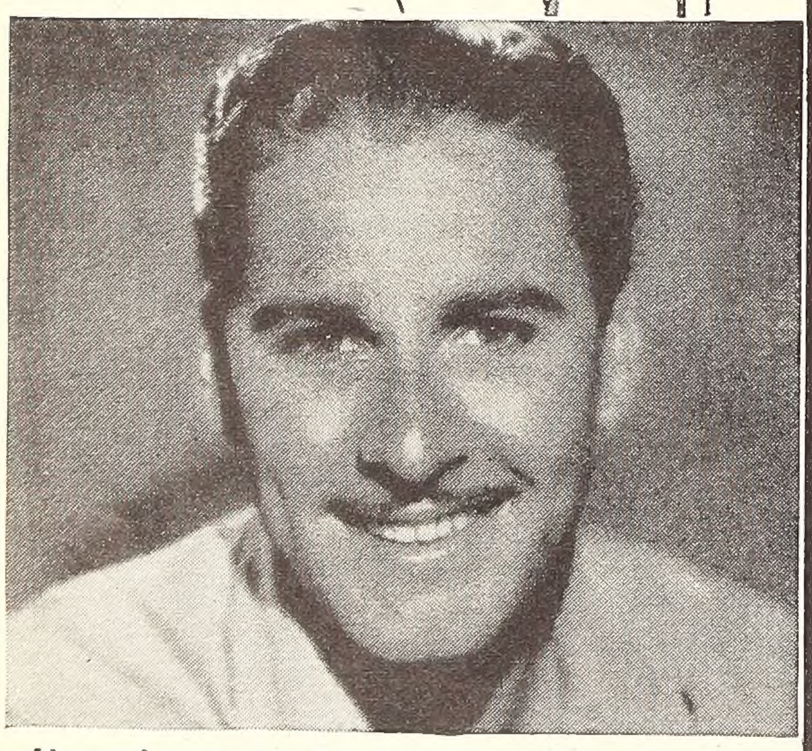
Fritz Leiber · Donald Crisp

Alan Hale · Anne Howard

Directed by WILLIAM KEIGHLEY



"It's all right for a girl to lose her head," said Henry VIII—and he wasn't really fooling; because she did!



He made enemies beg for mercy—he made lassies beg for more! Errol Flynn as dashing Miles Hendon, defender of the prince.





In the vicious haunts of the London underworld — where murder was just a good joke—a boy in rags fights for his life—and his throne.



Produced on Massive Scale...1000's in the Cast...3 Years in Preparation ...7 Months to Film in the World's Greatest Motion Picture Studios.

Warner Bros.

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REFLECTING *the* MAGIC *of* HOLLYWOOD

JUNE, 1937

VOLUME SEVEN
NUMBER EIGHT

Silver Screen

ELIOT KEEN
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CONTENTS

STORIES AND ARTICLES

		PAGE
AMBITION'S LITTLE CITY *Hollywood—Where Dreams Come True*	DANA BURNET	18
LOVE GOES ON *Hearts Still Throb In Pictureland*	ANNABELLE GILLESPIE-HAYEK	20
CHAMPIONS vs. THE SCREEN *Sonja Henie—One Champ Who Clicked*	ED SULLIVAN	22
A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK *Tyrone Power Inherits Great Talent*	HELEN FAY LUDLAM	24
PECULIARITIES OF PICTURE MAKING *Strange Contracts Revealed*	GRACE SIMPSON	26
SECRET FAMILIES *Undercover Homes And Children*	MAUDE CHEATHAM	28
WHEN STARS ARE PALS *They Help One Another And Never Tell*	KATHERINE ALBERT	29
ON THE PAN *The Gossips Are Never Idle*	BEN MADDOX	30
PROJECTIONS *Ginger Rogers*	ELIZABETH WILSON	32
A HAIR-RAISING STORY *How Cary Grant Keeps In Character*	RUTH RANKIN	51
STAR COURAGE *It Isn't All Make-Believe*	MURIEL BABCOCK	52
LOVE TRAPS A MILLION *Fictionization of "Woman Chases Man"*	JACK BECHDOLT	54

MONTHLY FEATURES

THE OPENING CHORUS		5
TIPS ON PICTURES		8
SECRETS OF SUMMER MAKE-UP *How To Look Your Best In Blossom Time*	MARY LEE	10
"YOU'RE TELLING ME?"		13
MEN ENJOY HEARTY MEALS *They Scoff At Women With Bird-like Appetites*	RUTH CORBIN	14
TOPICS FOR GOSSIPS		17
PICTURES ON THE FIRE *The Players At Their Work*	S. R. MOOK	34
REVIEWS OF PICTURES SEEN		56
A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE	CHARLOTTE HERBERT	82
THE FINAL FLING	ELIOT KEEN	82

ART SECTION

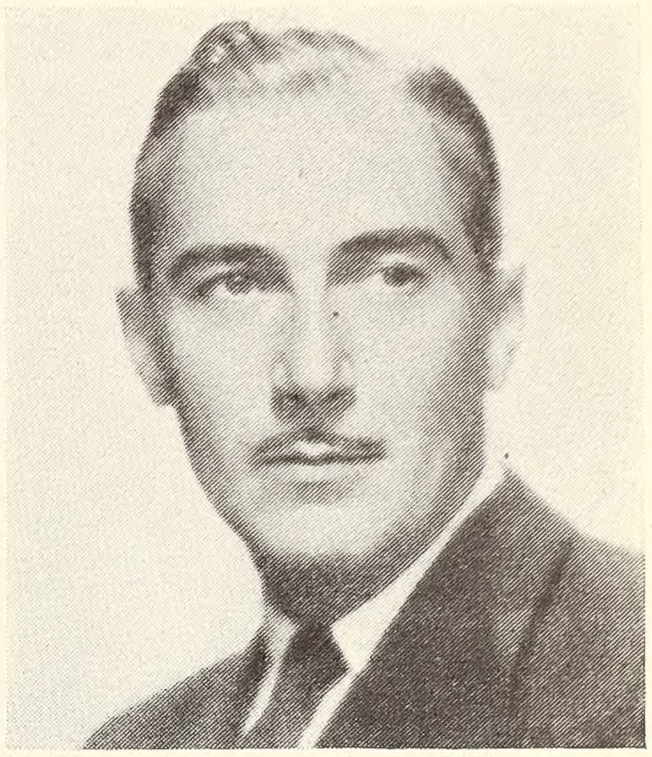
WE POINT WITH PRIDE *Errol Flynn*		35
JUNE IS FOR LOVERS *The Month For Love, When Every Girl Becomes More Beautiful*		36–37
PICTURES FOR THE SUMMER SCREENS		38–39
THE BOW OF PROMISE *Every Girl Hopes That Her Beauty Will Win Her Fortune*		40–41
VACATION TIME IS HERE AT LONG LAST! *Be A Picturesque Summer-Girl*		42–43
THE FLIRTATION THAT STARTS FRESH EVERY YEAR *The Golden Gentleman Of The Academy Has His Pick*		44–45
PAWNS IN THE PICTURE GAME *They Play Their Parts And Hope For The Best*		46–47
CONTRASTS *The Roles They Live vs. The Roles They Play*		48–49
WITH CANDID CAMERAMAN		50

COVER PORTRAIT OF GINGER ROGERS BY MARLAND STONE

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

The Opening Chorus



Paul Lukas

A Letter From Liza

DEAR BOSS:

I was never quite sure that I had gone Hollywood until I came to New York to get away from it all—and found myself spending every luncheon, not to mention cocktail hour, at the famous "21" where Hollywood gathers en masse. Now I know it is time to take steps, see a psychoanalyst, or just break down and admit that I like Hollywood, movie stars, and all those vulgarities that the intellectuals frown upon.

Also getting away from it all in the none too quiet recesses of "21" I found Frankie Albertson (will you ever forget him in "Alice Adams") who is having a tremendous success as the V.M.I. boy who starts all the trouble in "Brother Rat." It's Frankie's first Broadway show, and his "Who's Who in the Cast" reads, "Born in Fergus Falls, Minnesota, he has up until this time confined his talents exclusively to the movies. He believes he will stay in the theatre because, to use his own words, 'in Hollywood you work your fingers to the bone, and what do you get?—a measly fortune!'" Why Frankie, you ought to be ashamed.

Also at "21" I found Sylvia Sidney, who loves New York more devotedly I believe than any other movie star, but still isn't at all averse to dropping in at "21" every few days and picking up the choicest gossip straight from Hollywood. She leaves in a few weeks to appear in "Dead End" for Sam Goldwyn, and this time there aren't any prison bars, but, just so Sylvia will feel at home, they might toss in a few.

Gary Cooper startled everyone there with his marvelous tan. Gary and Sandra are just back from a grand vacation at Nassau. They're Hollywood-bound, Gary to do those long awaited re-takes for "Souls at Sea." And there, too, I found Paul Lukas with only one day to spend before he sails for England and a Korda picture—one day, so he spends it in Hollywood's favorite New York haunt.

After a strenuous matinee of "The Masque of Kings" Margo and Dudley Digges dropped by for tea and toast and a bit of chit chat with Tyrone Power, who flew in from the Coast for a broadcast. Margo leaves the Theatre "Geeld" (Miss Bea Lillie's pronunciation) immediately to play the lead in Goldwyn's "The Hurricane." And Stu Erwin stood at the bar telling a sour-faced New Yorker about California sunshine.

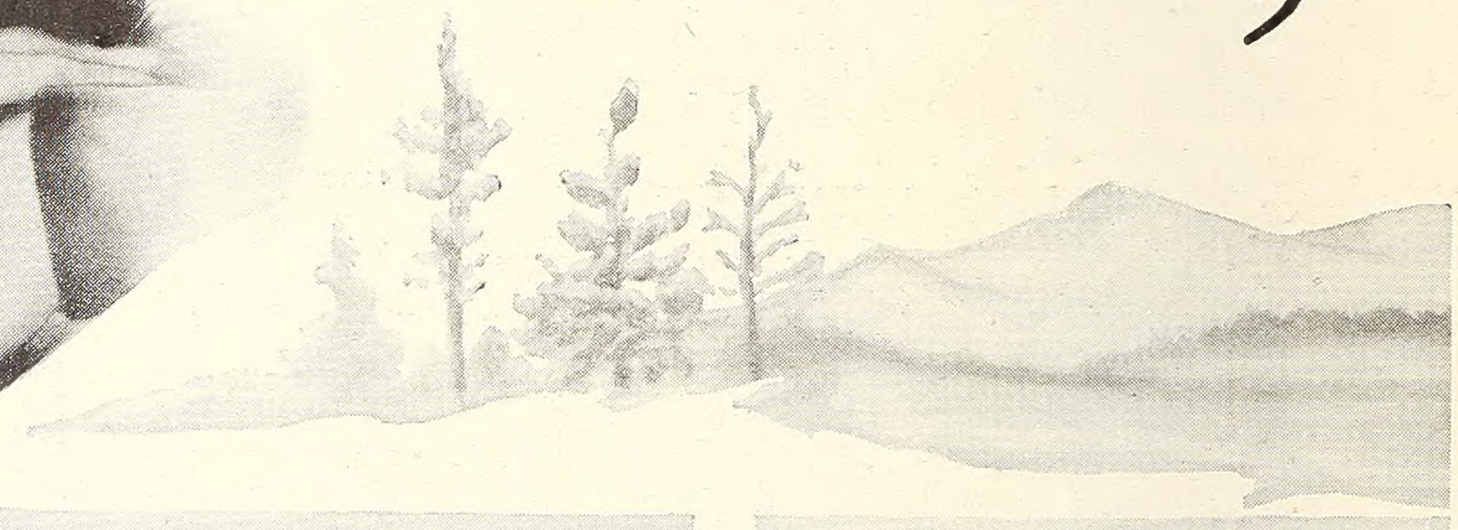
Well, that's how Hollywood and I get away from it all.

Liza



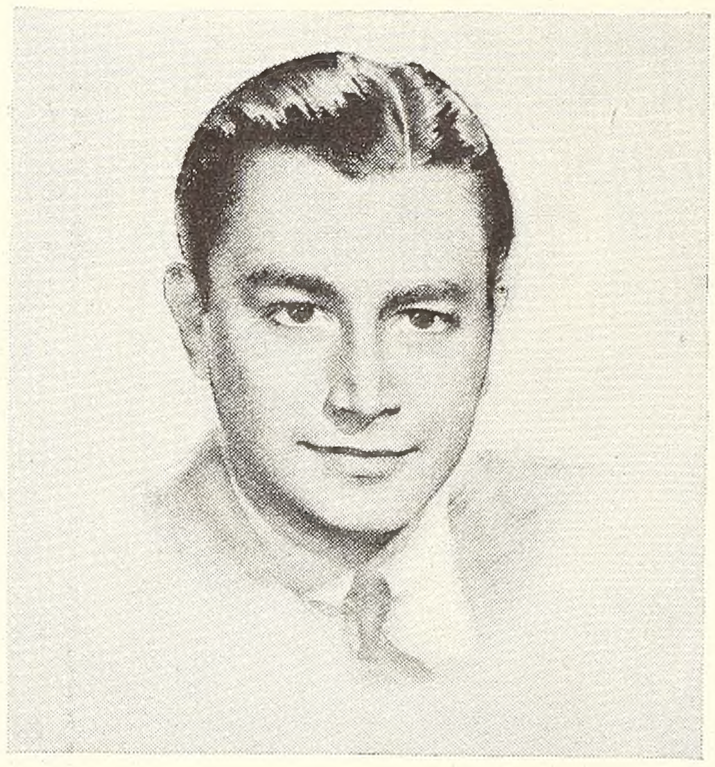
Girls WHICH WOULD YOU

By Claudette Colbert

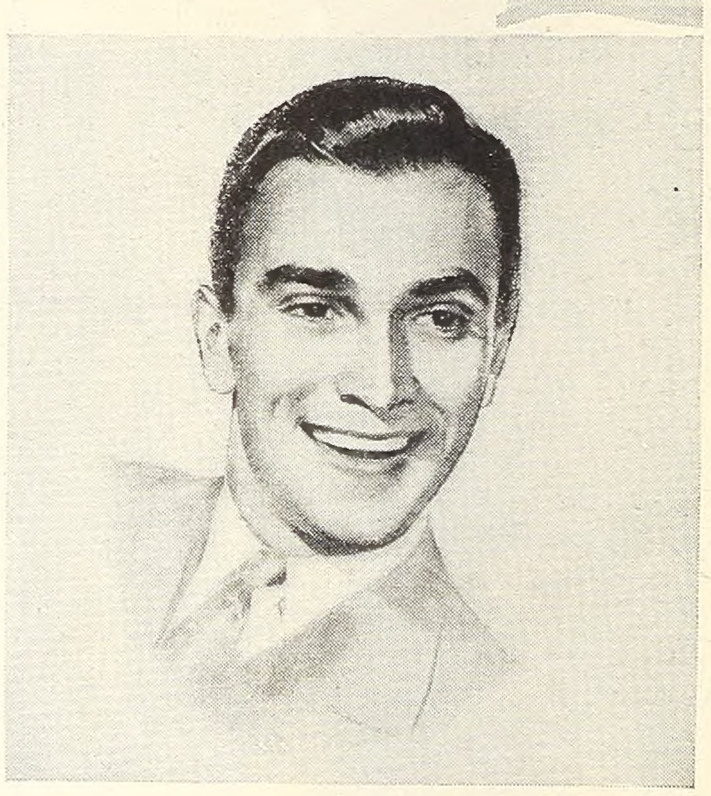




No. 1. The Man of the World
(Melvyn Douglas)



No. 2. The Pushover for Love
(Robert Young)



No. 3. He Thinks He Owns Her
(Lee Bowman)

Yes, if you were a working girl, out on your one big fling, a vacation you'd saved up for, for years, and three men told you they loved you and wanted to marry you, which one would you pick? The gay, casual, fun-loving lad who's just a pushover for any girl who comes along and who is sure she's going to be a pushover for him? The man of the world who always has to cover up his emotions with a veneer of sophistication? The serious-minded youngster who thinks, because he's gone around with you back home awhile, that he owns you? I don't know what your answer is going to be. But I know you're going to get a kick out of the way we've answered the question in Paramount's

MAN MARRY?



"And to think only a couple of weeks ago I was working in an old department store from nine in the morning till six at night . . . Come on you two, get out the skis."

"I Met Him In Paris." And, between ourselves, I want to tell you the big bobsled accident in "I Met Him In Paris" may not frighten you . . . but, gee, was I scared!

(Listen, girls, Claudette forgot to tell you. But you can take it from us, the Parisian styles she goes in for in this picture will knock your eyes out.)

Claudette Colbert

in

"I Met Him In Paris"

with Melvyn Douglas and Robert Young

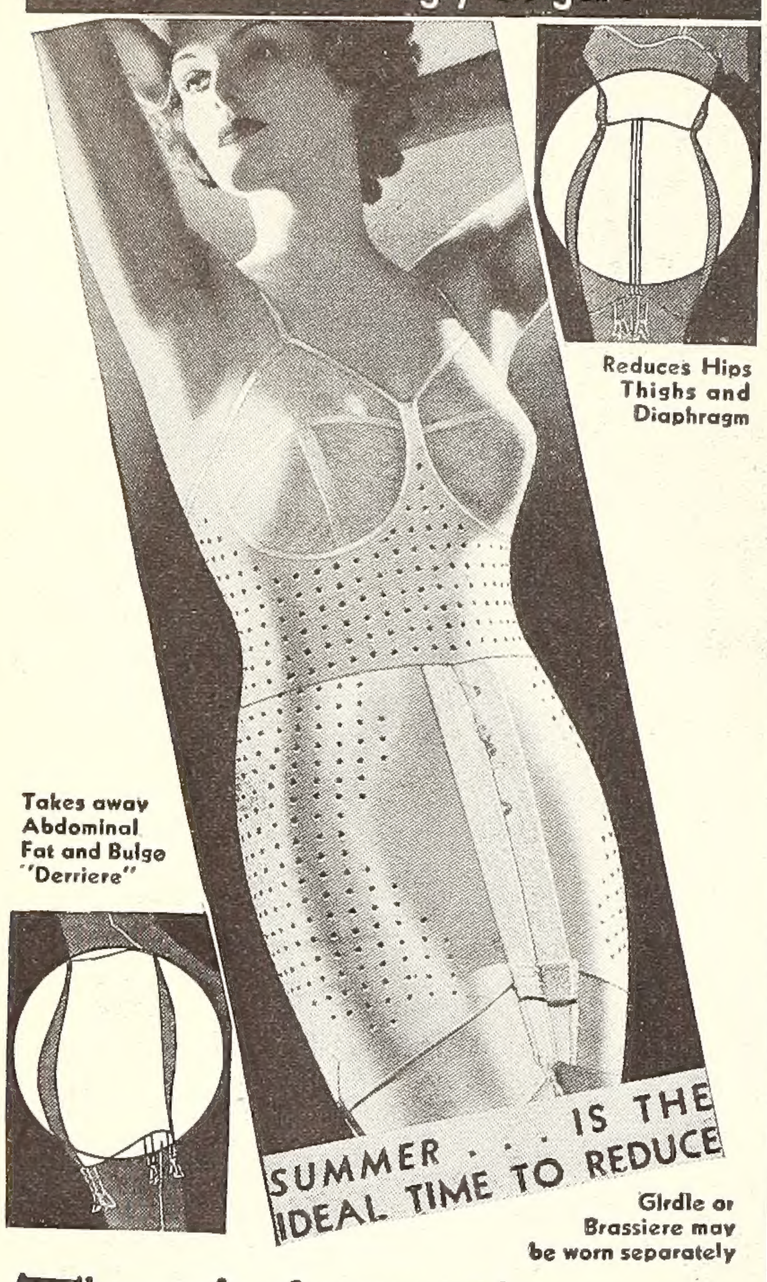
Produced and directed by WESLEY RUGGLES

A Paramount Picture

Quickly . . .

Correct These Figure Faults

Perfolastic Not Only *Confines*, It *Removes* Ugly Bulges!



Thousands of women today owe their slim youthful figures to the quick, safe way to reduce . . . Perfolastic.

"Hips 12 inches smaller," says Miss Richardson. "Lost 60 pounds and 9 inches," writes Mrs. Derr. Why don't you, too, test the Perfolastic Reducing Girdle and Brassiere at our expense?

IF YOU DO NOT REDUCE 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS

. . . it will cost you nothing!

Because so many Perfolastic wearers reduce *more* than 3 inches we believe we are justified in making you the above unqualified agreement.

IMMEDIATELY APPEAR INCHES SLIMMER!

■ You *appear* inches smaller at once, and yet are so comfortable you can scarcely realize that every minute you wear the Perfolastic garments the massage-like action and gentle pressure are *actually reducing* hips, waist, thighs and diaphragm . . . the spots where fat first accumulates. You will be thrilled with the results . . . as are other Perfolastic wearers!

PERFOLASTIC REDUCES SAFELY . . . QUICKLY WITHOUT DIET, DRUGS OR EXERCISE!

■ You do not have to risk your health or change your comfortable mode of living. No strenuous exercise to wear you out . . . no dangerous drugs to take . . . and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness. The perforations and soft, silky lining make Perfolastic delightful to wear.

■ See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women who have reduced many inches in a few weeks . . . safely . . . and quickly!

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Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Postcard

Tips On Pictures



A scene from "Another Dawn," with Kay Francis and Ian Hunter indulging in a highly romantic interlude.

ANOTHER DAWN—Good. The latest Kay Francis drama is given a superlative production and cast. The locale is a military outpost in the desert, and the plot—as perhaps you've guessed—is a triangle with Errol Flynn and Ian Hunter the men in love with Kay.

CALIFORNIA STRAIGHT AHEAD—Fair. A fast-moving action story with an exciting race between a railroad company and a trucking company, starting at Chicago and ending in Los Angeles, with two millions at stake. Cast includes Robert McWade, John Wayne, Louise Latimer.

CASE OF THE STUTTERING BISHOP—Fine. One of the better mystery films, with Donald Woods playing, and very well, too, the Perry Mason detective-lawyer, a character already made popular on the screen. (Ann Dvorak, Anne Nagel, Robert McWade).

CHARLIE CHAN AT THE OLYMPICS—Fine. Another swell impersonation by Warner Oland of the lovable Chinese detective. This time we meet him at the German Olympics and are introduced to another son of his, but Keye Luke is present also, for which we offer thanks. The plot moves quickly and is as exciting as its predecessors. (Katherine De Mille).

CRIME NOBODY SAW, THE—Fair A murder mystery that starts out with a fairly ingenious plot idea but peters out into just another "whodunit." Cast includes Lew Ayres, Vivienne Osborne, Eugene Pallette.

DREAMING LIPS—Most Romantic. If you find Elizabeth Bergner entrancing—and so many of you do—you will enjoy every moment of this British film in which she is cast as the wife of the first violinist in a famous orchestra and then falls in love with a fascinating Spanish concert violinist. The musical score is lovely beyond words, and the acting excellent, but if Bergner's mannerisms annoy you, better stay away. (Raymond Massey-Romney Brent).

ELEPHANT BOY—Good. Taken from Kipling's legend, "Toomai Of The Elephants," this film will interest all those who enjoy tales concerning the amazing friendship of some animals for human beings. It was produced in India with native talent by Robert Flaherty, who gave us "Nanook" and "Man of Aran."

HIT PARADE, THE—Fine. A lively musical divertissment, with a plot that concerns itself with the radio. There are some catchy songs, attractively sung by Frances Langford, and a wealth of comedy skits that will keep you laughing from beginning to end. Phil Regan, Pert Kelton, and several authentic radio personalities are in the excellent cast.

MARKED WOMAN—Fine. A forceful melodrama, which deals unmercifully with a famous New York gangster racket, serves as Bette Davis' return film. And we wish to give her credit for a splendid performance as the night club hostess "who knew too much." Others in outstanding cast are Humphrey Bogart, Isabel Jewell and Edward Cianelli.

MIGHTY TREVE, THE—Good. A fascinating study of a dog whose innate ability to control a flock of sheep is astounding. The plot revolves around an adventurous youth who owns the dog and his dramatic experiences at a sheep farm. Albert Payson Terhune wrote the story, and the cast includes Noah Beery, Jr., and Barbara Read.

PUBLIC WEDDING NO. 1—Fair. An amusing little comedy which will fill in nicely on a dual program. The plot has to do with a rather peculiar, to say the least, concession at a carnival, and Berton Churchill as the silvery-toned barker, does much to create the laughs. (Dick Purcell-Jane Wyman).

QUALITY STREET—Disappointing. It's too bad that we can't rave about this latest Katharine Hepburn film, but it's impossible. The story, by J. M. Barrie, is incredibly dated—quite too precious for words—and the quaint character drawings of the cast are slightly more ridiculous than charming, which they were intended to be. (Franchot Tone-Eric Blore).

RACKETEERS IN EXILE—Good. This is somewhat reminiscent of "The Miracle Man," of silent picture fame. As the so-called racketeer-evangelist George Bancroft is so eloquent he even succeeds in reforming himself. Cast includes Evelyn Venable and Wynne Gibson.

SOLDIER AND THE LADY—Good. This was originally titled "Michael Strogoff," and, as you may have guessed, is a heavy melodrama of Czarist Russia. Anton Walbrook, a foreign star, is well cast in the lead, and the feminine allure and intrigue are furnished respectively by Elizabeth Allen and Margot Grahame.

SWING HIGH, SWING LOW—Excellent. A genuinely enjoyable remake of the dramatic hit "Burlesque," once made popular by Nancy Carroll and Hal Skelley, and now boasting the lovely Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray in the leading roles. The plot is completely changed, but it's a good plot, so you won't mind. (Chas. Butterworth-Jean Dixon.)

THAT MAN'S HERE AGAIN—Fair. A mild little comedy about a homeless girl who takes refuge in an apartment house basement and falls in love with the elevator boy. Of course there's the usual clinch ending. (Mary MacGuire-Tom Brown-Hugh Herbert).

THINK FAST, MR. MOTO—Fine. A skilfully woven mystery yarn boasting the extraordinary Mr. Peter Lorre as a Japanese business man who finds it extremely diverting and expedient to turn detective and solve the secrets of a jewel smuggling ring. (Virginia Field, Thomas Beck and Norman Foster).

TOO MANY WIVES—Fair. A mild little domestic comedy concerning the romantic conquest of a very likeable young heiress (Anne Shirley) by a young man who has just graduated from college with plenty of ideas. (Gene Lockhart-John Morley-Barbara Pepper).

WOMEN WERE HIS IDOLS! MONEY WAS HIS GOD!

Revelling, fighting, marching with the mighty surge of America, they flamed in gaudy glory through the wildest, wickedest city on earth . . . these fabulous "robber barons" of the realm of Rule-or-Ruin ...building railroad empires by day, and flinging away their lives and fortunes on Pleasure's darlings by night!

At last—the blazing romance of glamorous Josie Mansfield and flashing Jim Fisk ...reckless titan who battled his way to a throne of cornered gold, then madly danced with his love down the primrose path to Black Friday . . . The screen sensation of a decade, played by a galaxy of stars in a hell-bent world of wine and women!



EDWARD ARNOLD
CARY GRANT • JACK OAKIE
FRANCES FARMER
in
"THE TOAST OF NEW YORK"

Directed by Rowland V. Lee

An Edward Small Production

An RKO Radio Picture



For teeth that gleam with jewel-like lustre gums too must be cared for. So *don't* trust to ordinary tooth pastes. Get the *two-way* protection so many dentists advise.

1. **Clean teeth** by brushing all surfaces with Forhan's in the usual manner.
2. **Massage gums** briskly with ½ inch of Forhan's on the brush or finger.

Results are amazing! Gums are stimulated, soon teeth show a new brilliance.

Forhan's Tooth Paste was originated by Dr. R. J. Forhan, eminent dental surgeon, to do *both* vital jobs—*clean teeth* and *safeguard gums.* It contains a special ingredient found in no other tooth paste. End *half-way* care. Buy a tube of Forhan's today!

Forhan's

DOES BOTH JOBS { CLEANS TEETH SAVES GUMS

CUT-RATE YARNS

New low prices! Silk Boucle (all colors) Worsteds, Shetlands, Velveens, etc. Quality guaranteed. Sample cards, needles and knitting bag given FREE with order. Prompt service on mail orders—write direct to:

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SKIN Beauty WITH **Mercolized Wax**

● Any complexion can be made clearer, smoother, younger with Mercolized Wax. This single cream is a complete beauty treatment.

Mercolized Wax absorbs the discolored blemished outer skin in tiny, invisible particles. Brings out the young, beautiful skin hidden beneath.

Just pat Mercolized Wax on your skin every night like cold cream. It beautifies while you sleep. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty.

USE Saxolite Astringent—a refreshing, stimulating skin tonic. Smooths out wrinkles and age lines. Refines coarse pores, eliminates oiliness. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel.

SECRETS OF SUMMER MAKE-UP

How To Look Your Best In Blossom Time.

By Mary Lee



Joan Fontaine is sparing with her rouge and lavish with her lipstick.

LOVELY Joan Fontaine, newcomer to Hollywood and leading lady in RKO-Radio's "Wings of Mercy," couldn't have chosen a better time to flash her natural blonde beauty on the screen. Peaches and cream complexions are here again, and that's just the kind Joan has!

This Summer's most fashionable faces won't be burnished bronze like Indians. They'll be frankly feminine, even if it takes parasols to keep them that way. We're saying a very definite farewell to the sun-tan vogue that's stayed with us so many years, although a mild *cafe au lait* tan won't brand you as old-fashioned quite yet.

It's the English influence that's responsible for bringing fair complexions back in style, now that the spotlight's on Coronation ceremonies and fashions. A new interest has sprung up in the English complexions that have long been known for their fine texture and beautiful coloring. Our new goal is to have our own faces as naturally fair and rosy-toned as wise beauty care and subtle use of cosmetics can make them.

And how do you get a peaches and cream complexion, you ask us? First and foremost, you must protect your skin from the burning rays of the sun. And right now is the time to set your defenses. See to it that you have a good anti-sunburn cream on hand so the first blistering days won't catch you unprepared!

If your hats are broad-brimmed, they'll help a lot to keep your face from tanning. But if you go in for that saucy off-the-face headgear which is such a rage, be sure the foundation under your make-up is sun-repellent.

Your make-up must look natural, even if your dressing table provides all the latest aids to bring out the beauty of your eyes and lips and skin. You mustn't confuse the light-toned make-up we're talking about with the pink and white brand. Oh, dear, no! Smart complexions labelled "peaches and cream" are more on the pastel order. And they take a clever blending of many colors to give them that lusciously feminine look that is so much desired.

No white powder, mind you. That's as dead as the Dodo bird. Your powder should be slightly darker than your skin to bring out its best tones and to help conceal any little blemishes or skin faults you might have. Lighter-than-skin powder makes every mark and line stand out, besides giving you an obviously powdered look that is not becoming.

Select your powder to flatter your skin, no matter what costume colors you're wearing. The trend is away from ochre powder, which contains much yellow, toward the shades with rosy tones. If your skin is naturally sallow or lightly tanned, a powder that's rich in rose will take away the drab look and brighten up your complexion. Especially if you don't use rouge, you need a rose-toned powder to lend life and color to your skin.

Most complexions are flattered by a rose-toned powder. However, there are some that have a natural purplish tone. For these, ochre powder does a definite improvement job, since yellow kills purple. It tones down sunburn, too, if you've been careless about exposing your face to the sun.

Remember the darker-than-skin rule for powder if you're letting your complexion go mildly tan as the Summer wears on. If that's the case, have two shades of the same quality of face powder and blend them, so you'll always be wearing the color that's most flattering to your skin. Increase the amount of darker powder in the mixture as your tan deepens. Then, when you bleach out in the Fall, add more of the lighter shade.

So much for powder! Your rouge and lipstick should be chosen with an eye to your costume colors as well as your complexion.

Beige, which is so popular now, calls for copper tones in rouge and lipstick if you're a brunette or medium blonde, and orange tones if you're very light.

Navy blue and black allow more color

[*Continued on page* 12]

Hollywood "Success Stories"



HOW TO BECOME A MOVIE STAR

Test No. 1

Can you kiss a man passionately when you really want to slap him? ✲ Can you laugh when you feel like crying? Can you cry when you feel like laughing? ✲ Can you take constant criticism without losing your temper? ✲ Can you learn two pages of dialogue in an hour? ✲ Can you stand publicity about everything in your private life? ✲ Can you stand to be emotionally shocked by seeing the *truth* about Hollywood? At last it has been filmed—the unforgettably moving, hilarious portrayal of Hollywood behind-the-scenes.

SELZNICK INTERNATIONAL PRESENTS **IN TECHNICOLOR**

JANET GAYNOR *FREDRIC* MARCH

"A STAR IS BORN"

WITH ADOLPHE MENJOU · MAY ROBSON
ANDY DEVINE · LIONEL STANDER

Produced by
DAVID O. SELZNICK

Directed by
WILLIAM A. WELLMAN

RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

"Girdle Fit"

by

JANTZEN



ROCHELLE HUDSON
20th Century-Fox Star
in "She Had to Eat"

Sun Burst Mio [illustrated] with adjustable Brä cord $4.95

Other Jantzen Creations $4.50 to $10.95

Just as a girdle molds your figure in graceful lines, so does a Jantzen have a deft way of achieving flattering slenderness through the magic of Jantzen-Stitch. Beautifully textured new Kava Knit fabrics of luxurious quick-drying wool have actual figure-control qualities *permanently* knitted in. A Jantzen always retains the beauty of its original classic lines and fits smoothly, perfectly, permanently. Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Ore., Vancouver, Canada.

Jantzen

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JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS, Dept. 391, Portland, Oregon.
Send me style folder in color featuring new 1937 models. WOMEN'S ☐ MEN'S ☐

Name

Street City

[*Continued from page* 10]

in your face than the lighter and brighter shades. Clear red tones in rouge and lipstick will do the most for brunettes wearing navy or black, and orange tones will be the most flattering to the fair-skinned.

Rose-toned rouge and lipstick make the most of yellow, which holds such a prominent place in this Summer's sun! Fashionable grey is livened up by copper-toned rouge and lipstick for the brunette, rosy shades for the blonde.

As for eye shadow, its first job is to brighten and give depth to your eyes, although you who have those changeable "chameleon" eyes can vary the shades with your costumes. Green, brown or amethyst eye shadow flatters dark eyes. Blue will always bring out the color and shine in blue eyes. And a shade called "smoky pearl" works wonders for those blue-grey eyes.

Your eyebrows should match your hair, unless you're extremely blonde. And your mascara may match your eyebrows or eye shadow, whichever is most becoming to you. Many women find black mascara does the most for their eyes regardless of the colors in their costumes and other eye make-up.

And now we're going to give a few tips to you who don't want to go in for all the intricacies of sophisticated make-up. One sure way to have flattering color in your face without looking "made-up" is to use Tangee! We don't know how the magic trick works, but there's a color change principle in Tangee rouge, lipstick and face powder that actually makes them take on their shades according to the tones of your own skin! They seem to bring out a natural glow in your cheeks and lips that you never knew was there. When we're wearing Tangee make-up ourselves, we defy anyone to prove that this color isn't our very own!

Besides making your lips look naturally colorful (and inviting), Tangee lipstick has other virtues. It's grand and lubricating to those lips that are inclined to be dry and to suffer from windburn. It's non-transferable, too.

Your Tangee lipstick and rouge are bound to be a perfect match, and your powder couldn't help blending with your skin if it tried!

There's a new aid to complexion beauty that's creating a sensation. It isn't a rouge at all, but a natural color restoring cream that gives you rosy cheeks. All you do is pat a little of Grace Donohue's Blush Cream on your cheeks after you've cleansed your face thoroughly. And there you have fresh glowing color a Swiss mountain Miss might envy! It stays with you, too.

BETTER TITLES

That Have Been Given To Coming Pictures

"Everybody Sing" (Tony Martin) has been changed to..... "Sing and Be Happy"

"Escape from Love" (Michael Whalen) has been changed to..... "I Will Be Faithful"

"The Trespasser" (Bette Davis) has been changed to..... "That Certain Woman"

"He Wouldn't Get Married" (Leslie Howard) has been changed to.. "A Gentleman After Midnight"

"Miracle Mountain" (Dick Foran) has been changed to...."Blazing Sixes"

"You're Telling Me?"

Write A Letter—Set The World Aright



Rochelle Hudson and Jack Haley invite your opinion. They're in "She Had To Eat."

"WHY don't you give a break to someone who deserves it, someone who has the makings of a great star and could be one if she got some good breaks? I'm talking about sweet little adorable Rochelle Hudson," writes Shirley Haberman of East 98th St., Brooklyn, N. Y. "You never have stories of her in your magazine. Instead you write about Taylor and Gable. We know enough of them. Let us hear more about that Hudson gal."

And there's her picture!

"WHY DO motion picture directors frequently spoil an otherwise excellent picture?" asks Alfred S. Myers of N. Fullerton Ave., Upper Montclair, N. J.

"One case in point is the small boat scene in 'Lloyd's of London.' Hero and heroine are bowling along at sea, dead before a smart breeze and a big following sea, conditions requiring the skill of an expert sailor for safe navigation. Hero, who is at the tiller, asks heroine fondly, 'Do you think you can steer the boat?' Heroine replies sweetly, 'I've never tried, but it looks easy.' Thereupon she takes the tiller, but during the night the smart breeze increases to a gale. Yet, with some heaven-sent sailor's instinct she keeps the plunging boat on her course, until, exhausted, she calls hero who has been sleeping, whereupon he adds the final absurdity. Without rounding the boat into the wind, he just magnificently pulls the sail down, a feat which would be practically impossible with the full pressure of a gale against the canvas.

"If a movie director doesn't know any better than this, WHY doesn't he get someone with technical knowledge?"

Congratulations to the director. You thought it was a boat, didn't you? Another example of a studio process shot.

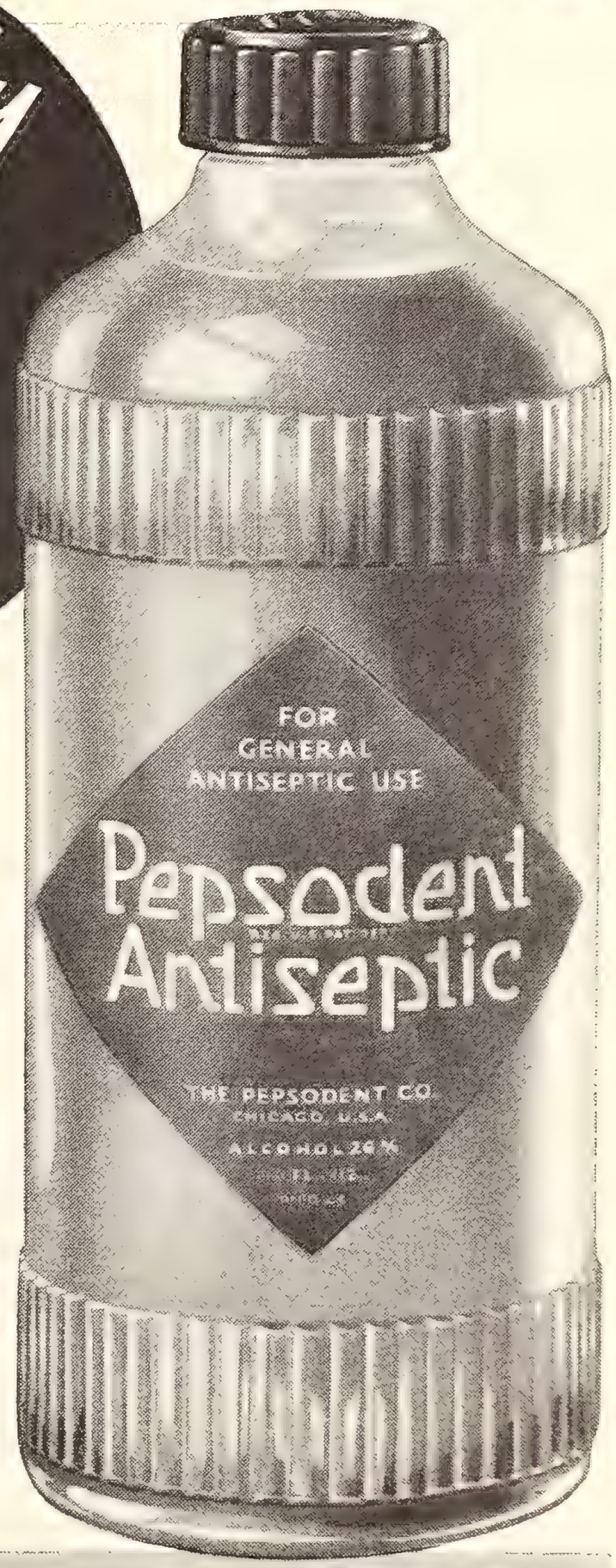
"'THE KING and the Chorus Girl' was witty and delightfully absurd. The King, who was the talented Frenchman, Fernand Gravet, showed how kings reviewed troops while asleep, and how transatlantic liners go to Niagara Falls. It's intelligent and surprising. Humor without slapstick," writes John Fount, Jr., of Newark, N. J.

We saw that, too, and laughed in all the right places. We couldn't help it.

GIANT SIZE

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Now, millions more can switch to Pepsodent, the pleasant Antiseptic that keeps breath sweet and pure 1 to 2 hours longer than many other leading brands!

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3 Bottles for the Price of 1

Pepsodent keeps breath sweet 1 to 2 hours longer, because it kills odor-causing germs in the mouth even when diluted with 2 parts of water.

Thus you get the equivalent of 3 bottles of Antiseptic for the price of 1! Pepsodent now comes in 3 generous sizes—25c, 50c, and the new bargain size for 75c, the lowest price in history.

Try, today, this remarkably quick way to relieve bad breath and help fight colds.

In Germ-Killing Power—

1 BOTTLE PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC = 3 BOTTLES OTHER LEADING KINDS

LASTS 3 TIMES AS LONG..YOUR DOLLAR GOES 3 TIMES AS FAR!

THOUGHT HER NERVES WOULD SNAP!



● I was depressed, jumpy, irritable. Sharp noises made me want to scream. I knew what the trouble was—but dreaded taking bad-tasting laxatives. One day I asked my aunt for advice. "Child," she said, "phone for FEEN-A-MINT, the delicious chewing gum laxative."



● I found FEEN-A-MINT a blessing. It relieved my condition promptly, easily. It's the chewing that helps make FEEN-A-MINT so wonderfully thorough and dependable. No disturbance of sleep, and the action occurs gently in lower bowel, not in stomach. Try this modern, non-habit-forming laxative, praised by over 16 million, young and old. Write for free sample. Dept. T-5, FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N. J.

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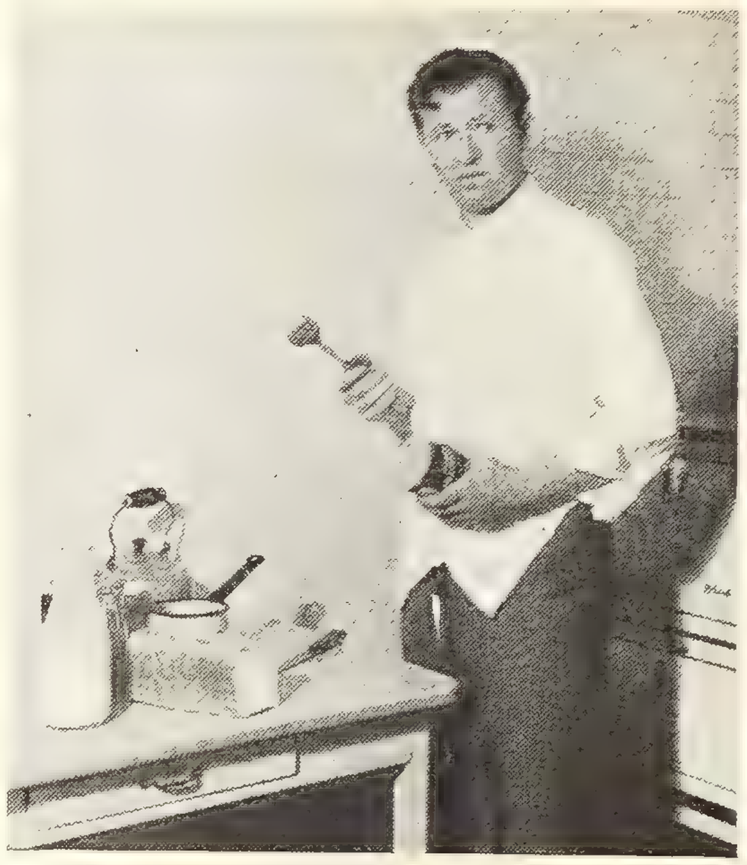
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MEN ENJOY HEARTY MEALS

They Scoff At Women With Bird-like Appetites.

By Ruth Corbin



Left to their own devices, most men—like Stuart Erwin—become familiar with the can-opener or its equivalent.

IF WOMEN would only plan their meals for men they would soon find the most difficult part of home-making made easy. Men, as a whole, prefer simple food—good, well-cooked steaks and chops or a luscious roast, potatoes and vegetables. The way to a man's heart is still through his stomach.

A steak, thick and juicy and of fine quality, when it has been properly broiled, is always a great favorite with men. Your broiler should be pre-heated thoroughly and then rubbed with a piece of suet before the steak, neatly trimmed, is placed upon it. The steak is seared on each side at intense heat for three minutes to seal the flavor and juices. The heat is then reduced to 350° F. and cooking finished at this lower temperature. Remember to turn often, inserting fork on edge so as not to pierce meat. It is well to remember that a two inch steak, rare to medium, will require from 15 to 20 minutes broiling; an inch and a half steak, 12 minutes; and an inch or thinner, 8 to 10 minutes.

Never salt the steak before broiling. While it is broiling heat a platter, place a generous amount of butter on it with half a teaspoon of salt and the pepper and paprika which your taste calls for. When steak is done turn it over once or twice in this dressing, then dot with bits of butter. Steak should always be served hot.

Most men like onions—or mushrooms—with any kind of steak. The mushrooms are peeled and broiled in butter or, if you use the canned, just broiled. The latter is a matter of about three minutes while the fresh mushrooms require 10 to 15 minutes to cook thoroughly.

Onions are peeled and sliced a quarter of an inch thick and separated into rings. Cover with salted water and cook until tender in an uncovered skillet. Drain and return to fire to dry. Add a tablespoonful or more of butter and cook to a delicate brown. Season to taste and serve around steak.

SWISS STEAK

Here is another universal favorite with men. Purchase a thick slice of round steak, at least one and a half inches thick. Pound into this about a half cup of flour, turning the meat often so as flour will go into both sides well. Salt, pepper and paprika is pounded in with the flour. Brown a sliced onion in some Crisco. Add meat and cook for 10 minutes, turning often. When thoroughly brown, pour a cupful of boiling water into skillet. Cover and simmer until tender. Serve this steak with tomato ketchup and its own gravy, to which a little Lee and Perrins Worchestershire sauce has been added.

The preparation of any kind of roast is important. So many people think that to surround with water, add salt and pepper and baste occasionally is all that is necessary. This is the worst kind of a mistake. Veal, pork and lamb require more cooking than beef. They have to be well done.

To do justice to a beef roast it should be placed on a broiling rack, seared quickly to brown and seal juices. Then sprinkle with salt, pepper and paprika; lower flame to 350° F. and cook until done, basting frequently with the grease which drips into broiler pan. A beef roast requires 15 minutes per pound for very rare, 25 minutes for medium and 30 minutes for well done. When done, rich brown gravy can be made by sifting flour into the beef grease, browning and thinning with water.

For other dishes, men like asparagus cooked in salted water and served with either drawn butter or with a cream sauce into which has been melted a little grated American cheese. Brocolli cooked in this way is also nice. Or, if you prefer, serve it with Hollandaise Sauce.

HOLLANDAISE SAUCE

1 teaspoon salt	1 teaspoon paprika
½ cup cold water	2 tbsps. lemon juice
3 egg yolks	3 tbsps. butter

Into a small sauce pan place salt, paprika, cold water and egg yolks. Stir thoroughly until well mixed. Add butter. Five minutes before the sauce is to be served place pan into boiling water and stir briskly and constantly. When butter is entirely melted sauce will start to thicken. Lift from water. Continue stirring. Lower again to water. Continue this method of stirring and lowering to water until sauce is like soft custard. Remove from stove and stir in lemon juice. Serve immediately.

French fried potatoes are another favorite dish with men. And baked potatoes are also well liked.

I have never yet found a man who did not rave about Cheese Pudding. It is as light as a thistle and can be made ready for baking hours before hand.

CHEESE PUDDING

½ pound cheese	1 pint sweet milk
2 cups bread crumbs	2 eggs
½ teaspoon soda	Salt
Butter size of an egg	Cayenne

Mix milk and soda, cut cheese in small pieces and put in milk and cook until creamy, stirring constantly. Beat eggs lightly. Take mixture from stove and stir

in eggs. Then mix in butter, pepper, salt and bread crumbs. Pour into a Pyrex dish and bake 20 or 30 minutes. Serve at once.

Jellied consommes usually make a great hit with men. The simplest and easiest way to have a fine flavored cold consomme is to take, for a tomato flavor, C. & B's Consomme Madrilène and pour it into the ice compartment of your frigidaire. It will be ready for use in about an hour. You can do the same thing with their plain consomme if you desire the beef flavor. Of course, if you prefer to make your own jellied consommes this recipe will turn the trick nicely.

JELLIED CONSOMME

1 package Royal Aspic Gelatin
1 cup boiling water
1 cup cold water

Dissolve gelatine in boiling water. Add cold water. Stir again. Chill until firm. Before serving, break up slightly with a fork. Serve in bouillon cups with garnish of minced parsley and sections of lemon.

Salads are a woman's dish. Few men like them though they usually enjoy olives, celery and radishes. However, in this season of green vegetables, a combination salad on lettuce with French dressing is a nice addition to any meal.

Most men like rich desserts. All kinds of fruit pies make a hit and these can generally be bought for much less than they can be made. But here is a five star favorite that can be made in less than half an hour, including baking time.

PASTRY

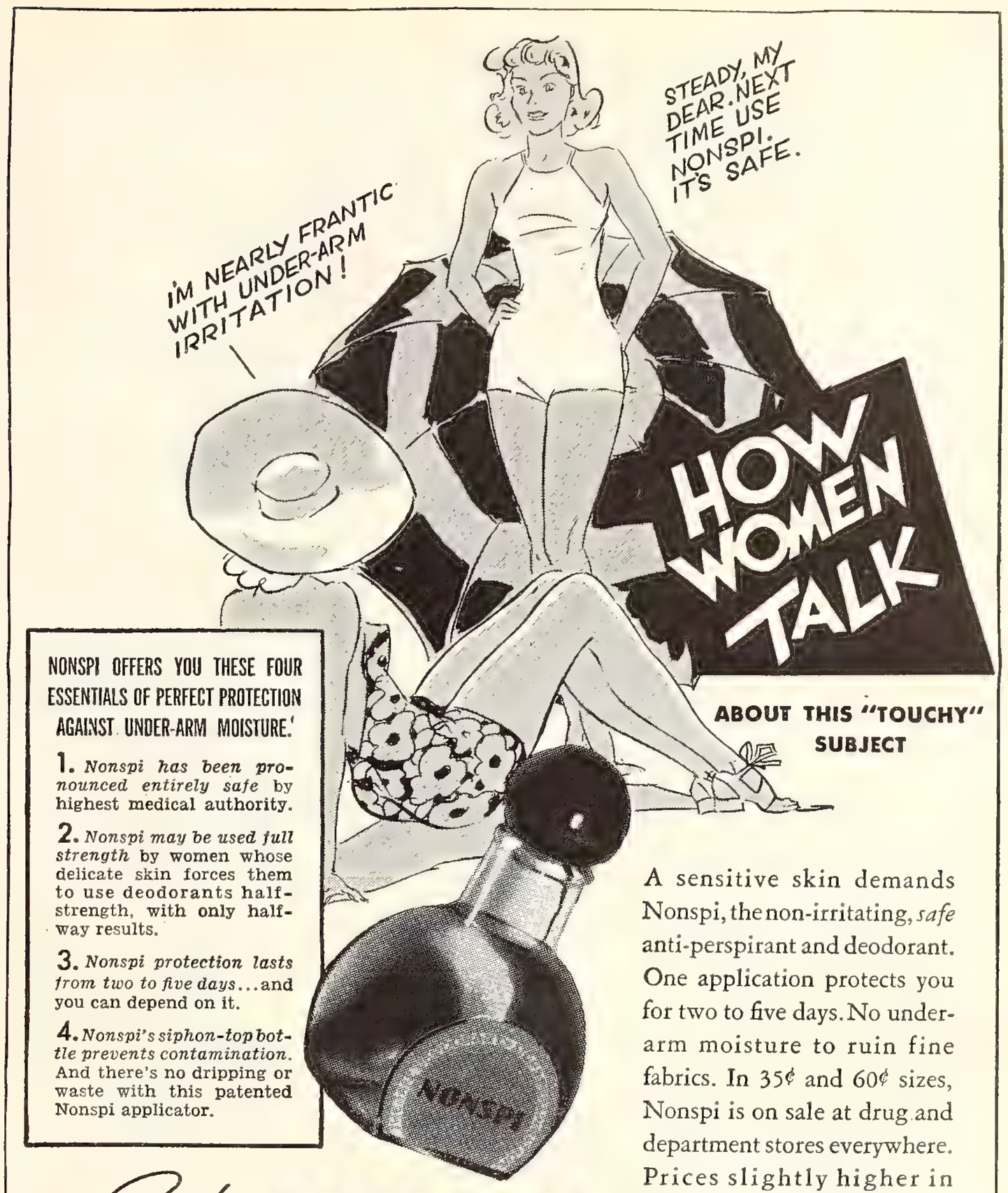
1 cup Gold Medal Flour
1 teaspoon Royal Baking Powder
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup butter or Crisco (¼ lb.)
1 tablespoon sugar
Ice water

Sift together flour, baking powder, salt and sugar. Add shortening. I prefer butter because it gives better results and flavor but any *good* shortening will suffice. *Use your hands* for mixing shortening, rubbing the mixture again and again through your hands until it forms into small, sticky balls. To this add not more than a tablespoon of water, half at a time, as the sugar will melt as soon as the water touches it, and lift dough around bowl until it combines thoroughly. Cover your board with plenty of sifted flour. Now lift your dough, which has been slightly dried by a fine sprinkling of flour in bowl after the addition of the water, onto the board. Pat flat with your hands and then, with a well sifted rolling pin, roll out to a thickness of about ⅛ of an inch. Cut in a circle about one inch larger than pan. Due to the shortness of pastry you will have to roll it carefully back on pin and lift onto ungreased pan, then quickly unroll off pin onto pan. Smooth and indent edges by placing your left thumb against outer edge of pastry and with the thumb and forefinger of your right hand placing pastry against it. Continue this around edge. It is amazingly easy. Puncture pastry in pan and push out air. Bake in a hot oven, 450° F. about five minutes or until light brown. While it is baking make a—

CHOCOLATE FILLING

2 squares Bakers Chocolate
½ cup water
1 can Eagle Brand Condensed Milk

Melt chocolate in top of double boiler. Add Condensed Milk, stirring over boiling water five minutes until mixture thickens. Add water, stir until thoroughly blended. Pour into the baked pie shell. Chill and cover with whipped cream or serve plain. Keep in refrigerator until ready to serve.



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3. *Nonspi protection lasts from two to five days*...and you can depend on it.
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A sensitive skin demands Nonspi, the non-irritating, *safe* anti-perspirant and deodorant. One application protects you for two to five days. No underarm moisture to ruin fine fabrics. In 35¢ and 60¢ sizes, Nonspi is on sale at drug and department stores everywhere. Prices slightly higher in Canada. Try it—today.

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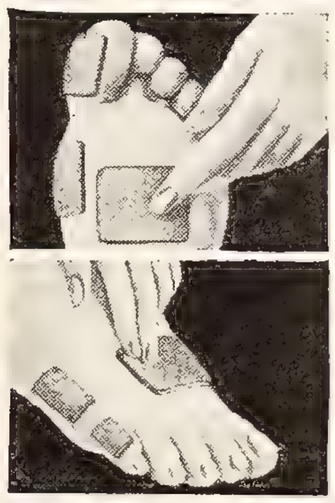
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BEN BERNIE
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NED SPARKS
JACK HALEY

GRACE BRADLEY • WALTER CATLETT • LEAH RAY
JOAN DAVIS • DOUGLAS FOWLEY • MILES MANDER

Directed by Sidney Lanfield.
Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan.
Based on Dorothea Brande's Book.

Darryl F. Zanuck
in Charge of Production

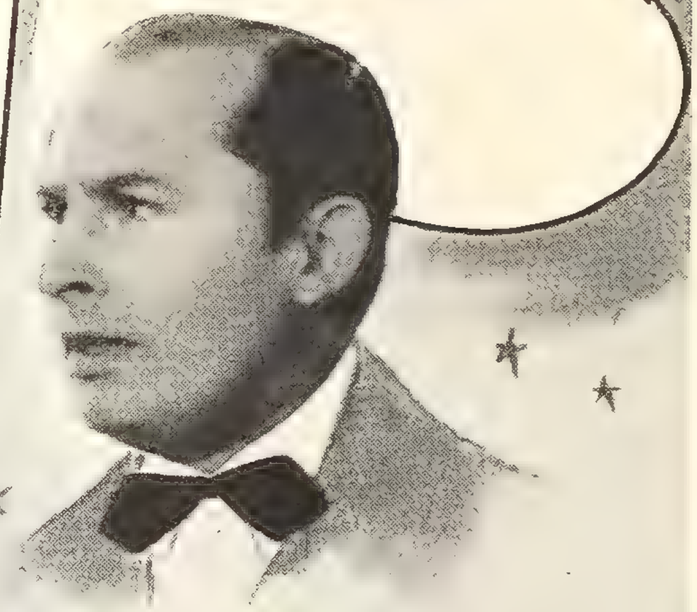


'OKAY, AMERICA! ORCHIDS TO 'EM ALL—EVEN BERNIE—FOR A SWELEGANT SHOW! I HOPE I DIDN'T SPOIL IT ANY MORE THAN BERNIE DID! IT'S CINEMAGNIFICENT! I SHOULD HAVE PAID TO BE IN IT!'



'YOWSAH! IT WILL THRILL YOU IN SPITE OF WINCHELL! WITHOUT WINCHELL, IT'S GRAND —WITH WINCHELL, I'LL NEVER SEE IT! —BUT GEE WHIZ, KIDS, IT'S THE MOSTA OF THE BESTA EVER PACKED INTO ONE FILM! YOWSAH!'





Galamorous! Galorious! Howlarious! Winchell's wincing . . . Bernie's burning . . . as they flipcrack face to face!

20th CENTURY FOX

The studio that gave you "Sing, Baby, Sing", "One In A Million","On The Avenue" now brings you the greatest of all musicals!

Nine Gordon and Revel hits to make you come alive all over!

including

'It's Swell Of You'

'I'm Bubbling Over'

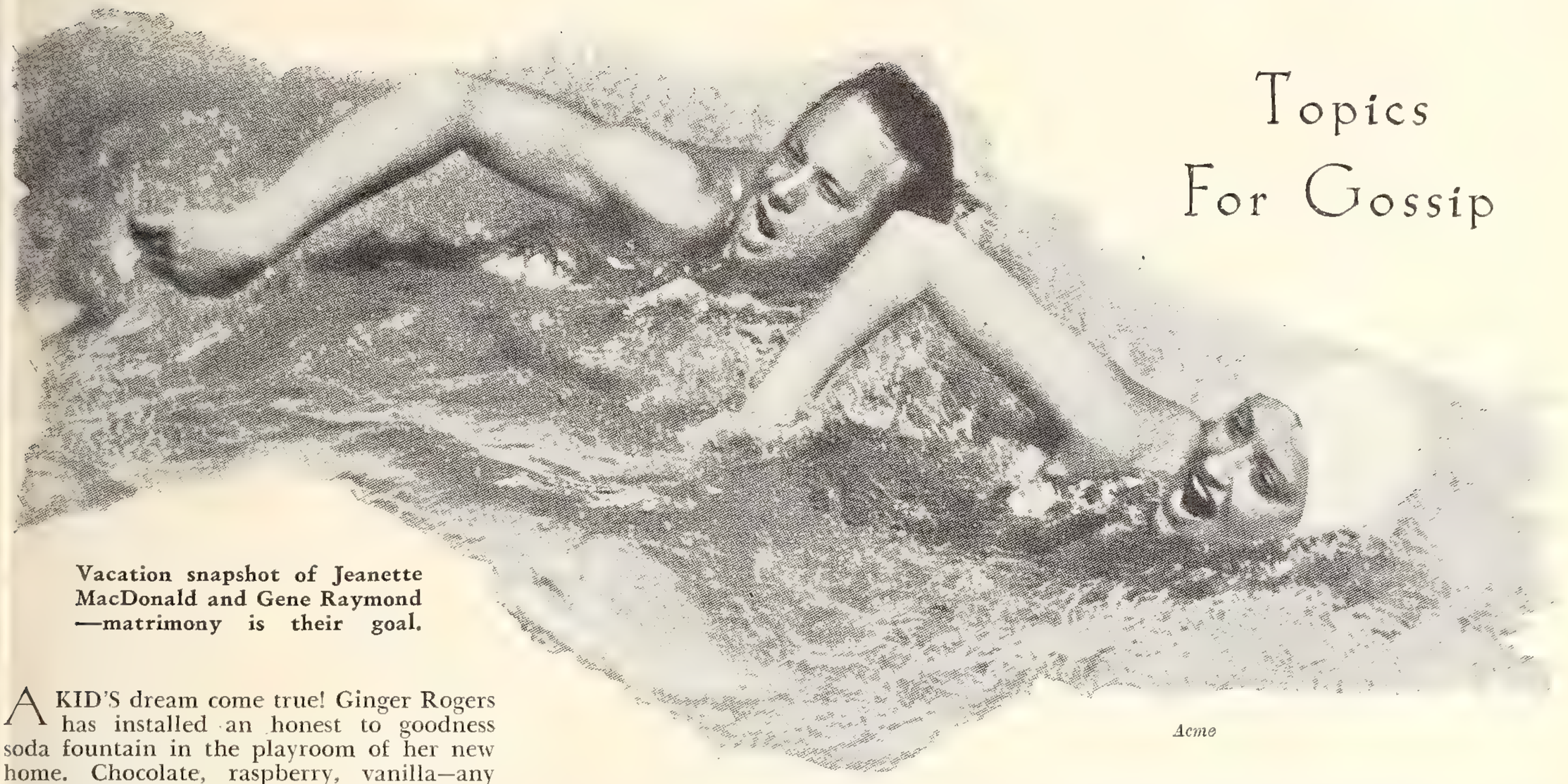
'Never In A Million Years'

'There's A Lull In My Life'

'Wake Up And Live'

SILVER SCREEN

Topics For Gossip



Vacation snapshot of Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond —matrimony is their goal.

Acme

A KID'S dream come true! Ginger Rogers has installed an honest to goodness soda fountain in the playroom of her new home. Chocolate, raspberry, vanilla—any flavor soda you want. Can't you just see little Miss Rogers fixing herself up a strawberry, marshmallow, nut sundae for her luncheon? And Ginger doesn't have to worry about calories—her dancing takes care of all that.

Ginger and Virginia Bruce are still the two most popular gals in Hollywood right now. James Stewart seems to be head man in Ginger's life, and David Niven in Virginia's. David and Virginia parted from each other in the lobby of a night club recently with a kiss that would have brought out the Hays Office shears had it been in pictures.

YOU could only see it in Hollywood: Napoleon reading a movie magazine. Of course Napoleon happens to be Charles Boyer, in the most perfect make-up any screen Napoleon has ever had.

WHENEVER Marlene Dietrich goes out to dinner with another man Douglas Fairbanks Jr. manages to get the next booth or table to them and sits in sulky silence until Marlene leaves. Doug Jr. is so smitten with the glamorous Marlene that he hasn't had a date with another girl since he returned to Hollywood from London some three months ago.

THERE'S a rumor going around that Fred MacMurray didn't do the hot trumpet playing in "Swing High, Swing Low"—it was a couple of other fellows from the Paramount music department.

THIS is what we call an anti-climax: The Countess di Frasso has been in town for weeks and hasn't tossed a party.

FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW thought he was so good in "Captains Courageous" that he asked his Aunt Cissy to raise his allowance from five cents to ten cents a day. And Freddie was the first to wire the Mauch twins after their sensational success in "The Prince and the Pauper." Clark Gable can worry about Robert Taylor, who in turn can worry about Tyrone Power, but Freddie is still too young in the ways of Hollywood to worry about the Mauch twins. He thinks they're swell.

AND the Mauch twins, according to Warner Brothers, can be quite a problem. They look so much alike that the studio has to keep them both under contract though there are very few "dual" rôles for them to play. But they can't keep Billy on contract without Bob because Mrs. Mauch might sell Bob to another studio—and you can well imagine what difficulties that would bring on. Identical twins are going to be a major Hollywood problem.

JUNE 17th is still the date set for the Jeanette MacDonald-Gene Raymond wedding, and Jeanette swears she will keep it even if she has to be married right on the studio set. Her trousseau for the Honolulu honeymoon is something that will really take your breath away. The wedding gown is by Adrian, who is delighted that at last one of his "creations" will make a bona fide altar.

ONE of those it-could-only-happen-in-Hollywoods: Margaret Sullavan and her new agent-husband, Leland Hayward, have settled down in Hollywood to await the Hayward heir. And, much to their surprise, the house they rented is right next door to the one occupied by the Henry Fondas! Henry, you recall, if you brush up on your cinemania, was Margaret's first husband. Just one big happy family.

THEY'LL tell you up in Reno, where Arline Judge recently got her divorce, that Arline was the best thing for the tourist trade that Reno has ever had. Whenever Arline was rumored in a night club the tourists piled in. Finally it got so that the touirsts even followed her in droves down the street. It was a sad day for Reno when the judge handed her her blue-ribboned divorce decree—the night clubs practically went into mourning. And hardly did she have her hands on the divorce decree before Arline skipped over to Virginia City, Nevada, and was married to Dan Topping, New York sportsman, and by the same judge! Wesley Ruggles, her ex-husband and well known director, is consoling himself with Toby Wing, who, we hear, is quite a consolation.

FRIENDS and fans of red-haired Nancy Carroll will be delighted to know that Nancy will soon return to the screen in a picture called "The King Business," a romantic comedy authored by none other than the famous Dashiel Hammett, and it sounds like Nancy has something worthy of her talents at last.

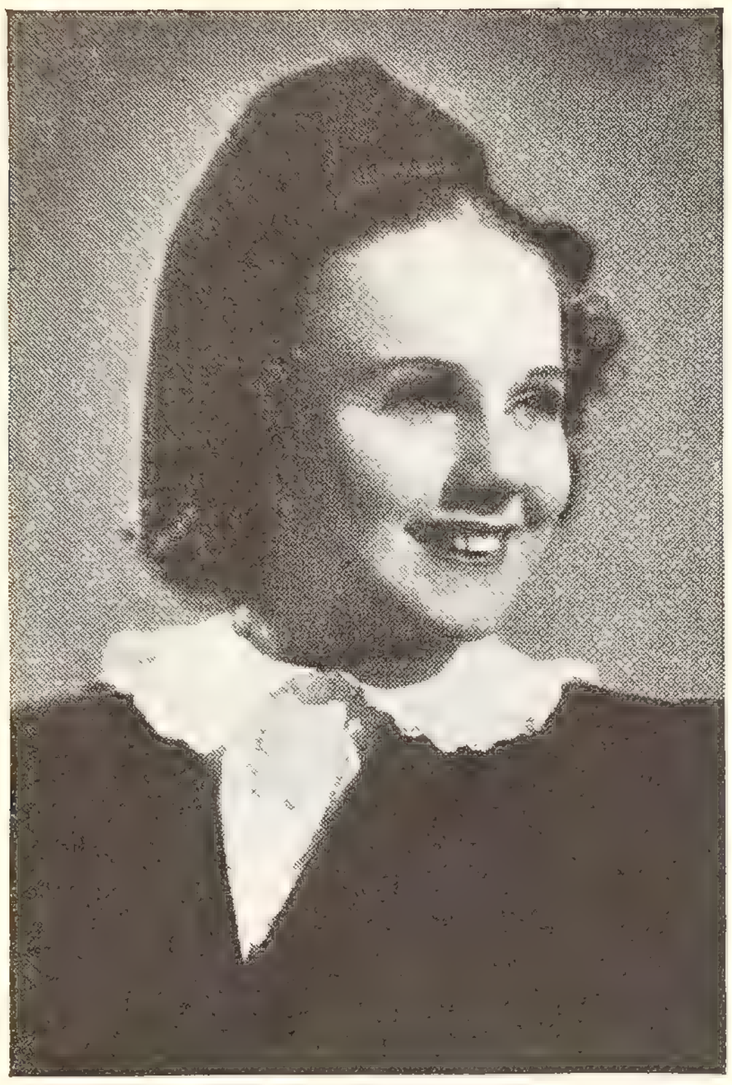
IT USED to be Hollywood mothers who got in your hair—but times have changed, it's Hollywood husbands now. And it is generally conceded that the most annoying of the Hollywood husbands is Frank Ross. He who manages Jean Arthur.

ELEANOR POWELL has had hundreds of requests from children, asking for the doll she used for "learning dance steps by proxy," when she was in bed with a leg injury sustained on the "Broadway Melody of 1937" set.

The dancer would like to send the doll to one of the children, but she can't—because she borrowed it from a youngster who is her next door neighbor in Beverly Hills.

WHEN you see Maureen O'Sullivan in her rôle in "The Emperor's Candlesticks," she will be wearing an entirely new hairdress. The little Irish actress has been reading "Empress Elizabeth," as a little personal researching in the way of authentic hairdresses.

THE six-foot model airplane which James Stewart has been making, during his spare time for the past few months, is now practically ready for its test flight. He is thinking of having a group of friends over to the house as spectators when the time comes.



Deanna Durbin sang over the phone from Hollywood to New York. That's going a long way to please, and she did.

AS I sit here in the study of my Hollywood home, writing these words, I know that from all over the world an army of human beings, unorganized but inspired by a single hope, is advancing on Hollywood. On ships, on trains, on foot, in rattletrap cars and homemade trailers, on horseback and in swift airplanes, this army is converging today on the Film Capital; and though each individual member of it may differ from his fellow in appearance, dress, age or specific ambition, every one without exception cherishes the same dream. That dream is to make good in pictures. For Hollywood, in this day and age, has become the Mecca for talent the world over.

When I was a young man, New York was the magnet that drew the dreams of youth. My own case is typical of that day. Having been graduated, by sheer good luck and the benevolence of my professors, from the Cornell College of Law, I was destined by family influence to a job in a dignified law office in my home town, Cincinnati, Ohio. But I wanted to be a writer. So, a few days before Commencement, I boarded a train and arrived breathless and—as I recall it—hatless in the great city of my dreams. New York, as I saw it from the upper deck of a ferryboat crossing from Jersey City, seemed the only place on earth large enough and thrilling enough to be worthy of my vast talents and vaster ambitions. When a friend got me a job on the old New York *Evening Sun* as a cub reporter at $15 a week, I was quite sure that fame and fortune were mine. New York was the place for a budding Shakespeare to be. Later I discovered that practically every other person I met in New York was some sort of genius in the bud. Writers, painters, actors, playwrights, sculptors, scenic designers, musicians, architects and other practitioners of the creative arts made up a large part of the metropolitan population. New York was the town for talent in those days.

Let me add hastily, in order to avoid a transcontinental civil war, that New York still attracts its share of geniuses. So does every large city in the country, for that matter. But judging from my own observation, I think it fair to say that Hollywood today is the final goal of the great majority of persons who believe, rightly or wrongly, that they have something to offer the world in the way of personal talent.

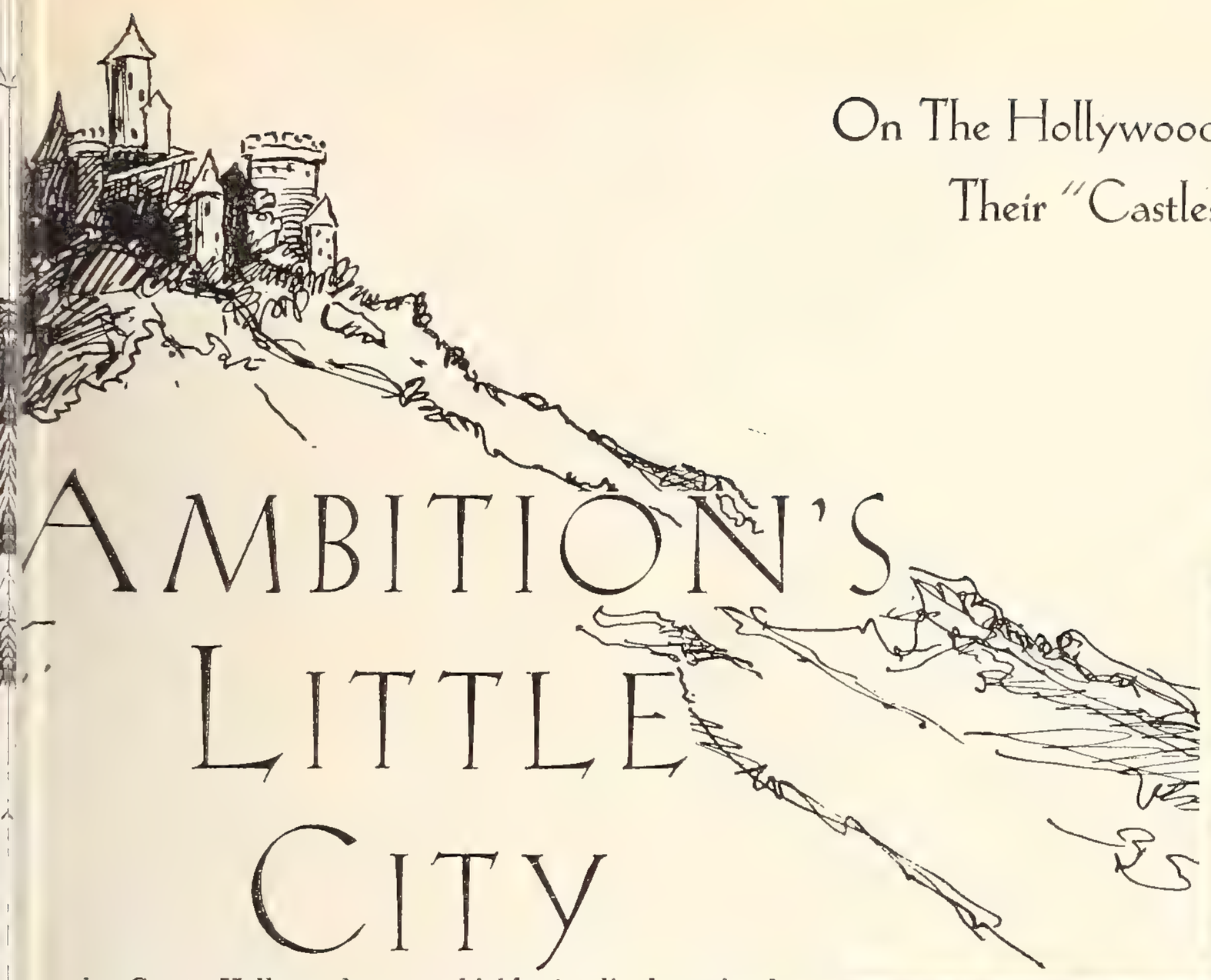
It was not always so. Ten years ago, when I took my first writing job on



One break and Alice Faye went on to stardom. (Right) The three Ritz Brothers, those inspired zanies of stage and screen.

On The Hollywood Hills They Build
Their "Castles In Spain."

By Dana Burnet



AMBITION'S LITTLE CITY

the Coast, Hollywood was a highly localized, curiously isolated, provincial town. The motion picture industry, born in a barn, had attracted to itself only those specialists who were interested in the making of silent pictures. Professionally, life in Hollywood had comparatively little to do with any other form of artistic life in the outer world. It bought stories and plays from established writers, and occasionally it snatched an actor or actress from the theatre to star in one of its epic pantomimes. But on the whole, it was pretty self-sufficient and generally independent of any talent lying East of Hollywood Boulevard. Socially, too, it was anything but cosmopolitan. Though many of its people were foreigners, it still had a purely local, almost small-town air. Looking back on the social life of Hollywood in 1927, I must admit that there was a certain charm in walking into a party and finding Greta Garbo there, usually wearing sport clothes and conversing in imperfect English with her friends of the silent picture days; or in watching Charlie Chaplin go through an impromptu routine of parlor impersonations; or in driving up to the late John Gilbert's mountain-top home and playing tennis with Jack and his friends, who included most of the prominent stars, directors, producers and scenarists of that time in Hollywood. Of them all, I was the only out-lander. They were all dyed-in-the-wool picture people.

The other day—(speaking of tennis)—I saw playing on the courts of a fashionable Hollywood club, in addition to the usual sprinkling of movie stars, a former New York theatrical producer, a composer of international reputation, a British Earl with movie ambitions, a Russian director, a well-known German writer, a great French opera singer, an ex-editor of one of our most popular American magazines, a king's grandson, an Italian countess, a famous Broadway playwright, an Austrian architect (now turned scenic artist), a New York banker and an Irish polo player who combines polo with the job of assistant producer at one of the major studios. Not to mention a Maharajah of India, a ranking bridge player and a well-known radio band-leader. And in the lounge of that same club was a collection of paintings by a great Mexican painter and an exhibition of sculptures by a distinguished American sculptress. Those sculptures and paintings were there because Hollywood today is not only a gigantic movie metropolis, but an art center as well. "Hollywood culture" used to be a cause for loud and raucous laughter. The laugh has died; for a large number of the men and women who are responsible for modern culture are in Hollywood, or are on their way there.

I don't mean to say that Hollywood has become a paradise of good taste or that the presence within its environs of titled foreigners, multi-millionaire bankers and Broadway playwrights is any guarantee of social or intellectual eminence. I am merely reporting the fact that Hollywood today is attracting a cosmopolitan company, many of whom are already prominent, some of whom are extremely talented and all of whom think they have talent and hope for prominence.

What is the magic element that draws [*Continued on page* 64]





(Above) Bing Crosby, who sang his way in. (Left) Jane Withers broke in, and she's in to stay.



The stork, having an eye for screen needs, brought Shirley Temple to a home within ten miles of the studios.

Hearts Still Throb In Hollywood, But Which Throbs For Which?

ALL the world loves a lover. Wherefore, *mes enfants,* a knowledge of the luscious real life romances of our starry screen personalities does make them thrice as fascinating, for then we have a sense of being on intimate terms with Cupid. We may as well admit the truth that we are all crazy about lovers. When we hear that some fellow is romancing with our favorite Glamour Girl it helps immeasurably to elevate that gentleman to a high place in our affections. No doubt about it. Love is always the closest thing to our hearts and it is as keen a subject of conversation at the drug store lunch-counter as in the Trocadero.

No question, it IS love that makes the wheels of the earth spin around. This most important thing called Love is the vital essence of mankind, and particularly an important factor in the life of a sensitive and emotional screen actor. Few male celebrities have long been able or willing to resist falling in love with at least one of the exquisite Hollywood Dream Girls, so magnificently beautiful are some of them with their perfect bodies, arched eyebrows and soft, dreamy eyes. Maybe falling in love has something to do with making actors great, and maybe that's why in Hollywood they are ever ready to enter into some kind of a race. And so who's who in the current romancing Handicap? What girls are affecting the careers of our matinee idols? That's an order.

It's hard to tell whether Katherine DeMille and Michael Whalen are terribly serious, but the two of them do seem to have a lot of fun together and that's the first sign of a real romance. Collegiate Tom Brown who dances divinely with Natalie Draper at the Cocoanut Grove gives definite evidence of being in love, indeed, and what cute youngsters they are when you see them together spending a day at the beach.

I mustn't forget Bruce Cabot's feeling toward Heiress Gloria Baker, or the way in which Director Eddie Sutherland looks with admiration at Loretta Young, or the quiet devotion of Dr. Frank Nolan to demure and winsome Mae Clark. Oh yes, there's also George Raft in love with Virginia Pine.

Just in case Jockey Cupid is able to boot both the June Lang-Vic Orsatti and Helen Wood-Ernie Orsatti romances to victory in the matrimonial sweepstakes it will make Glamorous June and the little Tennessee beauty sisters. The betting is heavy in their favor and they are certainly off in a rose-colored cloud of dust.

Another romance that is expected to wind up at the altar has Miriam Hopkins and Anatol Litvak, the director, as principals. Neither of them will admit that matrimony is in the offing but when a girl will drive fifty or sixty miles through a steady rainstorm to visit her boy friend it is gesture enough in any town or language that there must be love. And that is exactly what Miss Hopkins did when her director-sweetie was filming "The Woman I Love" on location at Point Magu, up the coast near Ventura, California. Although Miriam co-stars with Paul Muni in the picture she was not used in any of the location sequences but nearly every day that the company was absent she drove up to see her heart throb. As a rule actresses do not go to so much trouble unless there is a genuine romance. But true love runs deep and that is why a bet on this entry would likely not be amiss.

Behind their romance is an interesting story of how they met. Litvak was signed in Europe to direct the picture and Miss Hopkins was in England appearing in another production. When she was secured for the leading feminine rôle in Litvak's film, she boarded the Normandie for America, Litvak was on the same liner and they met after one day on the high seas. It was not until they nearly reached New York that they learned, to their amazement, that Litvak was to direct her in his first American picture.

There's Betty Grable and Jackie Coogan, already set to be altar-haltered. Some say that theirs is a publicity stunt, but don't let anyone kid you. Jackie hasn't looked at another girl since he was caught in the tide of romance with Betty. She declares that the engagement is still very much on and, in fact, she and Jackie have gone so far as to buy a lot in Beverly Hills and will start building their future home soon.

Martha Raye, the up-and-coming feminine Joe E. Brown, has been swept into an emotional adventure with King English, the radio writer. It looks like she and Jerry Hopper have decided to call it quits. James Stewart, that good-natured, lanky boy, evidently believes that there is safety in numbers because he divides his attention between a half-dozen or more girls, chief of whom is sparkling, red-headed Ginger Rogers. Ginger has become quite a rival of Carole Lombard in matters pertaining to entertaining. Recently she and the millionaire sportsman, Alfred Gynne Vanderbilt, rented a Los Angeles skating rink where they entertained a party of four-hundred notables.

When Brian Aherne returns to Hollywood for another picture don't be surprised if Merle Oberon is with him as his bride. Aherne has just turned down a picture to leave for London where he can be with Miss Oberon, who recently announced that her romance with David Niven had faded. Niven is now courting Virginia Bruce.

The latest fad to strike Hollywood with a bang is the trading of sweeties, especially among leading feminine players, and that accounts for much of the gossip to the effect that certain romances have gone cold. This trading seems to exist on a large scale and leading men, who formerly pledged their time only to a certain feminine star, now may be seen at the night spots with two or three different girls every week. This trading fad started when Alice Faye lent Michael Whalen to Sonja Henie as an escort. As a result of this magnanimous gesture Alice lost Mike—not to Sonja but later to Katherine DeMille. Recently Sonja reciprocated,



Jeanette MacDonald and Loretta Young, always at the top. Simone Simon, Katherine DeMille and Merle Oberon. Each a heartful for any bachelor.

LOVE GOES ON

By

Annabelle Gillespie-Hayek



Brian Aherne, Michael Whalen and Eddie Sutherland, Phillips Holmes and Gene Raymond. Are they soon to be bridegrooms?

lending Tyrone Power to Alice. So-o—the next day the papers had it that there was a riff. But such is the way of the gossips.

While this experience was disastrous in so far as Alice's romance was concerned, she quickly acquired Tony Martin. Now, this lending of boy friends business, once it gets into the blood, appears to persist. When Arline Judge wrote Alice from New York that she was lonesome, the latter telegraphed Tony, also in New York, to get in touch with Arline. This time luck favored Alice for when Tony came back it is rumored he brought a huge sparkler. And you know what that means.

Only recently Barbara Stanwyck set the gossips a-talking when she consented to Robert Taylor's accompanying Jean Harlow to the President's Ball at Washington, D. C. Speaking of Jean, it seems to be pretty definite that William Powell is her one and only, for the time being, at least. Of course you know that Cary Grant and Mary Brian are still holding hands, proving the potency of a long romance, and Michael Bartlett and Florence Rice are rewarming their friendship of some time ago.

Film colony swains are pikers compared to Manuel Yigorin, wealthy Peruvian lawyer, who seems to rate Number One with Eleanor Powell. Although Eleanor, on rare occasions, is squired to and from premières by whomever happens to be playing with her in pictures at that time, her real interest is in Yigorin. He accompanied her recently on a trip to New York and now that he has returned to his native South America is nourishing his romance in a different manner. Two of his relatives, Mr. and Mrs. E. Ferdini, are now in Los Angeles with instructions from the barrister to give a huge party for the dancing star. Their idea is to take over the entire Cocoanut Grove at the Los Angeles Ambassador for an evening, and have Eleanor invite eight hundred guests. Is that love, or is it?

For Dixie Dunbar there's never a dull moment. Whether or not her romance with Bob Levy, member of a wealthy New York family, is serious or not, there's no getting around the fact that cute little Dixie still has possession of the huge sparkler (it's a mere six-carater) which Levy presented her as an engagement ring. The thing is so big and shows up so prominently on her tiny hand that she is afraid she might be robbed if she wears it. For this reason she has placed it in a safe deposit vault. Levy is the chap who put in all those long distance telephone calls from a liner en route from Europe a few weeks back. He sees to it that Dixie is always supplied with orchids and roses. Quite a beau, don't you think?

Check over the filmdom entries in the present Sweetheart Derby and you'll see that romance is waging a heavy campaign with many favored to win. In addition to the above mentioned are such eligibles as Lois January and A. Meyer, the sound man; Madge Bellamy and Gilbert Roland; Cecilia Parker and Eric Linden; Patricia Ellis and Alan Christie, the dance director; Marie Wilson and Nick Brinde, and Anita Louise and George Brent. And we mustn't forget Buddy Rogers and Mary Pickford. Longest odds, but with few takers, are on Simone Simon, the fiery little French girl, and the suave and polished Phil Holmes. Simone's closest friends are Charles Boyer and his wife, Pat Paterson, who approve highly of Phil, and they are giving him invaluable cooperation. Simone's interest in Phil seems to come in spurts but one never can tell about romance, for there are so many, many ways of expressing it.

Then there's the case of Gene Raymond who is all set for a June merger with Jeanette MacDonald, one of our breath-taking beauties. Jeanette is a perfect example of the artist who seeks and gets inspiration in love. She frankly admits that she cannot sing her best unless she is in love, and she expects beauty, and inspiration from her romance. Those who have seen her in "Maytime" will know that something has inspired her to those great heights. Gene's love has worked wonders with her; it has humanized her. She is so happy herself that she wants the world to share in her happiness. She was engaged for a number of years to Robert Ritchie, her business manager, but with Bob she was always Jeanette the artist. With Gene she is Jeanette the woman; that's why he is so good for her. When she acts, she acts to him and he is her inspiration.

Indeed, the 1937 Hollywood Romance Handicap is very much under way, and it does seem that every actor-artist must have at least one real love. Who will be the first ones to come to victory in the wedding sweepstakes? It is hard to say. At this writing probably some have already motored to a near-by Gretna Green and had the magic knot tied.

With others Cupid may change his mind entirely.

The average American lives through several romantic episodes before he finds THE girl and marries her, and why should there be any exception in Hollywood? There is one thing—and only one thing—we may be sure of, and that is as long as the world goes around and so long as Hollywood is filled with such charmers and romancers Love will continue to score in every inning.

CHAMPIONS vs. THE SCREEN

Sonja Henie, Skater De Luxe, Is One Of The Few Champs To Click In Pictures.

IN THIS year of grace, 1937, Sonja Henie, champion figure-skater of the world, not only made a movie but an enormously successful one. The question clamors for an answer: "What has Sonja Henie got that Dempsey, Carpentier, Tunney, Max Baer and Babe Ruth didn't have? Why did she click where they flopped, despite the fact that some of them had greater publicity behind them?"

The editor of this magazine asked the question of me: "You wrote sports in New York for twelve years," the editor pointed out, "and you've known all of these sporting champions intimately. Why did they fail in pictures? Why has Miss Henie clicked?"

Your reporter, thus urged, retired to a bench in Central Park to cogitate. I can always cogitate best when I have pigeons or Broadway cuties cooing on my knee, but there were only pigeons in Central Park—pigeons and one or two creased and laundered horsemen jogging about the bridle path, hanging on to the reins and their instructors for dear life. I spent the greater part of the afternoon grappling with The Strange Case of Sonja Henie, and I've come up with some conclusions that may not be bright, but which at least are logical. First and foremost conclusion, of course, being that Sonja is the first feminine sports champion ever brought to the camera.

I have a vague memory of the first, and probably it was the last, moving picture that Jack Dempsey perpetrated. It was in the silent days, photography was in its comparative infancy, plots were made up out of old telephone books and, more often than not, the telephone books yielded wrong numbers. Or perhaps I'm being too critical: possibly his manager, Jack Kearns, wrote the plot of the picture. The good Doctor Kearns, in those halcyon days, was bubbling over with confidence and he would have knocked off a movie plot as readily as his champion knocked off the lean and cadaverous Fred Fulton.

The first close-up of the Dempsey flicker established the Manassa Mauler as a home boy, although the camera revealed something that looked more like a reformatory than a tumble-down shack in Athlone. At any event, the subtitle attested that this was the poor but humble home of Jonathan Dempsey, and the champion of the world was detected in the act of crossing the threshold. Now, the mere matter of entering a home never before had presented a problem. You just walked up to a house and entered it. Dempsey, however, face to face with a movie camera, became so self-conscious and awkward that when he crossed the threshold, he sort of went in sideways. He had more trouble getting across the door sill than George Washington had crossing the Delaware, without an outboard motor.

In actual ring action, Dempsey was a lithe, murderous panther. The movie cameras made him out to be an awkward, ill at ease ruffian. When he talked, his tongue wagged and lolled in his mouth with such ludicrous effect that audiences in the old nickelodeons snickered out loud. But the Manassa Mauler was always a good, game guy. He labored earnestly, if somewhat abashed, through the eight reels of homely drama, occasionally punching down the villainous characters who popped up in the script. There was no comedy to relieve this dreadful introduction of Dempsey to the moving picture audiences of the world. It was solemn and serious business, with the mortgage on the old homestead and Dempsey's nose being lifted simultaneously.

With variations to fit individual cases, Dempsey's experience with the movies has been the experience of other sporting champions who achieved enough publicity on Page 1 to justify the movie makers in using them for one picture.

Dempsey suffered in the movies because (1) the story was bad; (2) direction and photography were crude; (3) he had no comedy to relieve the dreadful dullness of the opus; (4) he had little or no sex-appeal. Sonja Henie, in "One In a Million" had an excellent story, magnificent photography and slick direction, the Ritz brothers, Ned Sparks and Borrah Minnevitch for comedy relief—and Henie had considerable sex appeal. She had, in other words, everything that other sporting champions lacked in their first picture.

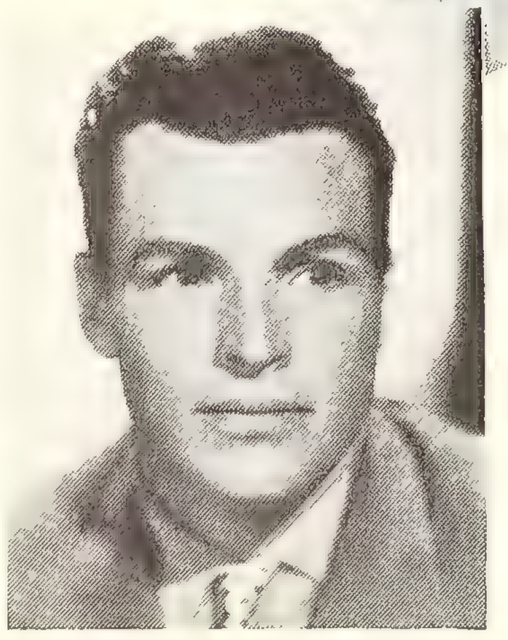
Do not disregard either the fact that Miss Henie bobbed up on the celluloid horizon at the exact moment when the country was in its wildest craze over winter sports. Sporting goods stores will support this assertion because their sales of skis and skates topped all figures this past winter. If she had timed her arrival, Sonja couldn't have picked a better moment for her debut. The



Wide World

(Above) Jack Dempsey and his wife, the former Hannah Williams. Jack had a punch, but his films did not.

(Left) Myrna Loy and Max Baer in the surprisingly good "Prizefighter and the Lady."

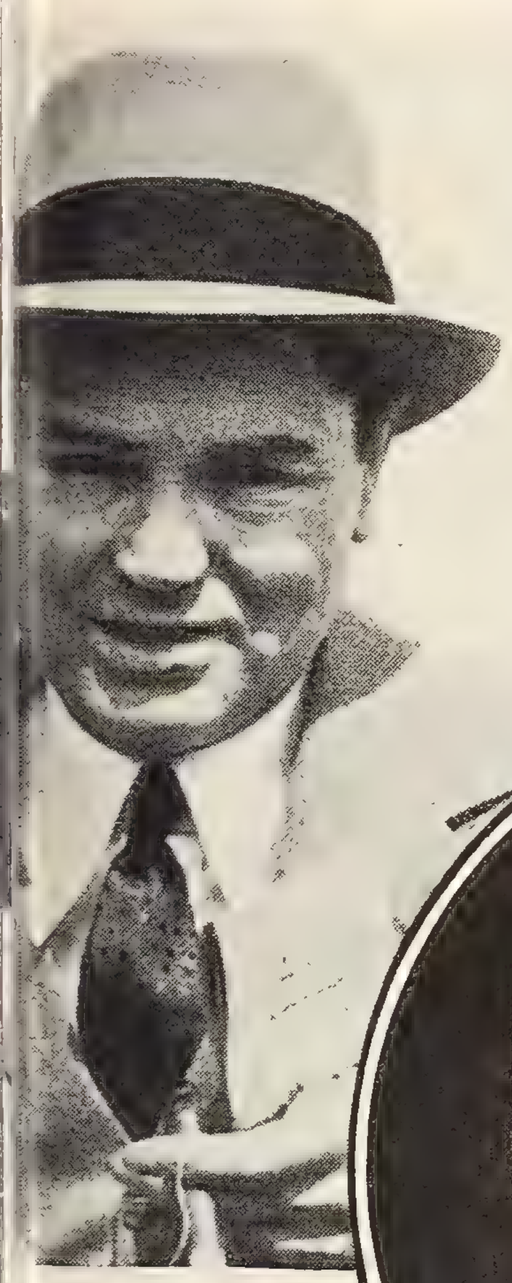


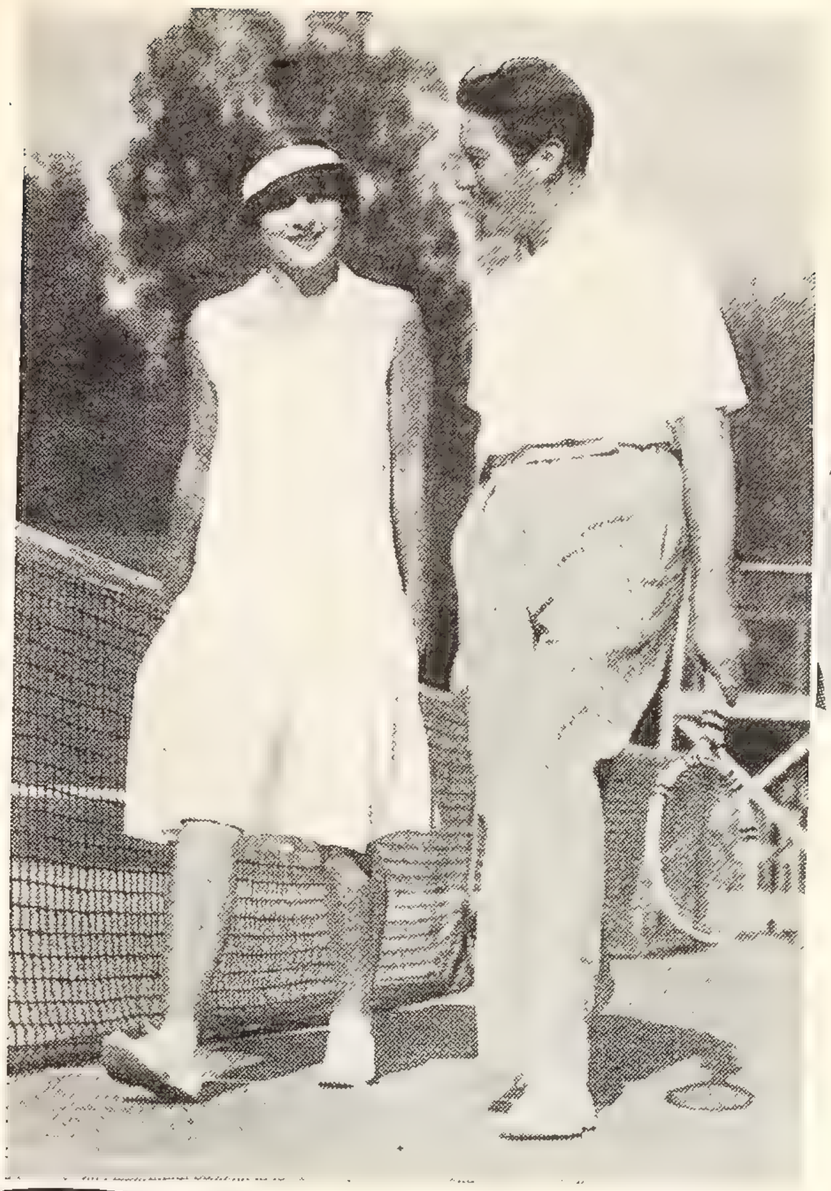
Buster Crabbe has a brilliant record as a swimmer, but he has made only a slight screen success.

By

Ed Sullivan

An undefeated champion, Mrs. Helen Wills Moody, has taken a test for a screen career. John Boles gets some pointers on tennis from her.





Wide World



(Above right) Johnny Weissmuller is "Tarzan" to the movie world and nothing more. (Left) The wonderful exception to all rules is graceful, pretty, Olympic Champion Sonja Henie. Her picture clicked and her personality won all America.



country, intense in its enthusiasm over the great open winter spaces, was in a receptive frame of mind.

But other things enter into The Strange Case of Sonja Henie! No other sporting champion ever has appeared in a *musical!* It was as if an Eleanor Powell or Ruby Keeler had been placed on skates, incredibly graceful skates, more graceful than any ballet dance ever could be, and set to music. That is the answer to Miss Henie's film success. Champion of the world, at the most graceful sport in the world, she scored on sheer grace and form. The movies had never seen anything to equal her spins and loops and figure eights. Here was a girl more graceful than Pavlowa, more talented on her feet than even a Fred Astaire. She couldn't miss.

No other sporting champion had what she had, expert fluidity of motion. Dempsey offered little grace or form in chopping down the punching bags that Hollywood set up before him. At best, it was a brutal, thudding exhibition that made women turn from the scene in distaste. Babe Ruth, belting a homer at the Yankee Stadium, was a thing of beauty, but on the screen he was a portly, ridiculous figure in contrast to the Leslie Howards and Astaires. But, where Dempsey and Ruth appeared awkward in comparison with the matinee idols of moviedom, Miss Henie made the movie stars appear awkard in comparison with her spectacular skating.

It mattered not that off her skates, Sonja couldn't act. The public didn't expect her to act. In contrast to her labored acting, Max Baer, by comparison, was a Charles Laughton or a George Arliss. In "Prizefighter and the Lady," Max Baer turned in the finest acting any sporting celeb has brought to the movies. Baer had enough screwball in his makeup to be blissfully unconscious of the camera, director and everything else. As a result, where Dempsey and Ruth tightened up and destroyed their natural grace, Baer moved through seven reels with the greatest of ease and nonchalance. He was an excellent actor, an amazingly competent performer.

A lot of reasons have been advanced for the comparatively poor box-office returns of "Prizefighter and the Lady." My guess is, ignoring all others, that women not only stayed away in droves because they didn't like prizefighting but they also stayed away because of all fighters, they liked Baer the least. He was too noisy, too much the braggart to become a drawing card in movie houses. Myrna Loy, who played opposite him, and played expertly, was not at the time a box-office name. It wasn't until she clicked in "The Thin Man" that her name developed marquee strength. Walter Huston, who played the rôle of the prizefight manager, gave his usually grand interpretation, but Huston was never a movie "draw." So the ironic conclusion came about that Baer, who gave the most brilliant performance of any sporting celeb, did the least business.

By all odds, however, Baer still holds the crown among the athletes. Compare him with Johnny Weissmuller, and you must admit that not only was Maxie a greater actor but he stripped better, too. Buster Crabbe, Nat Pendelton, Frank Shields—none of these held a candle to the chap who was later to be counted out on one knee against Joe Louis.

Bobby Jones, I guess, came closest to Sonja Henie as a movie money maker, but the Atlanta golf champion was confined to two-reelers and his earning power was proportionately reduced. His series of instructional shorts scored heavily with the public. Golf, however, because of the distances involved in the shots, does not lend itself readily to photography. There is a break in action, an interruption in rhythm, when the camera has to show the impact of ball against club in one closeup, and then must divorce itself from the player to show the ball landing on a green.

Miss Henie's sport, figure skating, lends itself readily to photography. A skating rink has plenty of photographic glamour to it, and the longshots cover the entire vista. When she went into her intricate spins, the cameras were able to move in for dolly shots that were as accurate and exciting as a closeup of Astaire and Rogers.

[*Continued on page* 63]

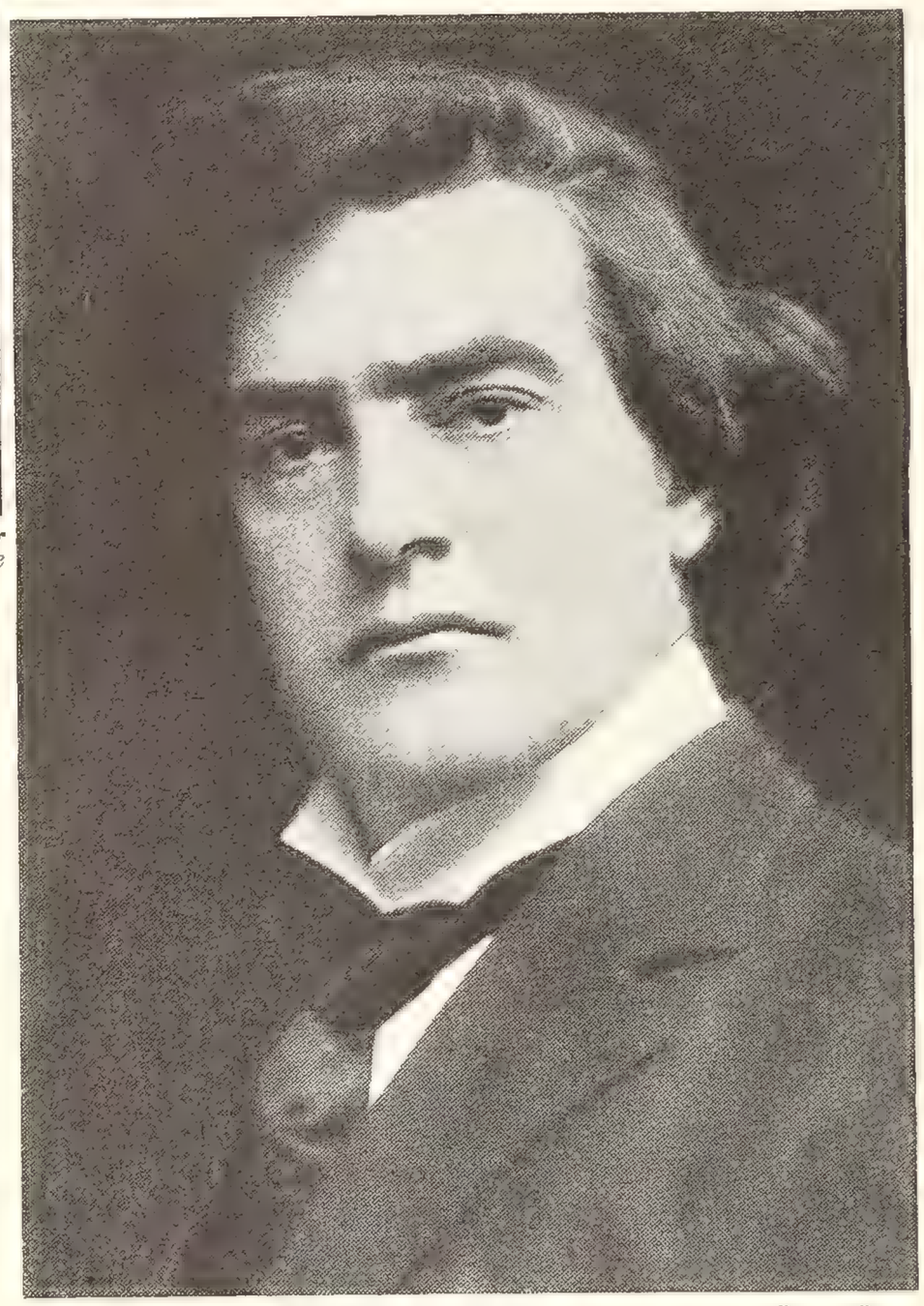
Generation After Generation The Name Tyrone Power Has Been Identified With Actors—Brilliantly Talented.



TYRONE POWER *Culver Service*

(Above) The great grandfather of the present player was a celebrated comedian on the English stage, especially in Irish parts. He also won fame as a playwright, poet and novelist. In 1836 and 1839 he visited America, and in March, 1841, he embarked on the steamship "President" which was lost at sea. Tyrone Power went down with the ship.

The father of Tyrone Power III was an actor on the legitimate stage and stood high in his profession.



Brown Bros.

TYRONE POWER II



TYRONE POWER III

A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK

By Helen Fay Ludlam

TYRONE POWER III, the name became famous in theatrical history when his grandfather trod the boards, breezed in and out of New York on a three day trip occasioned by his appearance on a Rudy Vallee radio program. Probably most of you heard him, and some thousands or so of you crashed the gates and saw him. I know, because I had to wade through a few dozen giggling, excited girls to get to him myself.

When I got the assignment to interview him I was very pleased because I knew his father slightly, played with him in fact during my own Thespian days, and I wanted to see whether the boy had promise of later measuring up to the majesty of Tyrone the Second.

In announcing him, Rudy said that Tyrone Power was another proof that the public and not the publicity department made a new star, and not since Robert Taylor appeared on his program had there been such a deluge of girl autograph seekers as thronged the green room of the studio—and *that* after well organized efforts on the part of the National Broadcasting Company to keep them out.

When we emerged from the rehearsal room, into which not even the bravest of the fans could penetrate, a swarm of girls fell upon Tyrone like a hive of bees. He waved goodbye to me and ducked into a corner to talk a moment or two with an acquaintance. That stopped the girls for a minute but I heard a businesslike little voice pipe briskly "Excuse me. Excuse me." And there was a lad who must have been all of seven striding towards Hollywood's newest matinee idol with pencil and paper in unmistakable evidence.

The youngster, himself a radio performer, knew there was no use waiting for a celebrity to be free. They are never free, and the only way a business man can lick the situation is for him to state his wants briefly and have the implements necessary to expedite matters right at hand. He got his autograph too. No conversation on either side, just a flash of amusement from Tyrone's handsome dark eyes and a grin of understanding between them.

"What scares me," Tyrone had said to me earlier, "is what's going to come next. Two years ago I couldn't get a look-in anywhere, pictures or radio. Then suddenly all this ballyhoo, and it just doesn't make sense. I'm no different and not a bit better than I was then, though I've had a little more experience. I tried so hard to get a chance to do anything at all, and they wouldn't give me one. Then when I stopped trying and the stage gave me another job the excitement broke loose.

"It makes me uncomfortable to think that in a year I'll be better known than my father was in his whole life, with all his fine work and experience."

"That's because you're in pictures and reach so many more people than the stage can," I chanted.

"I know. And don't think I'm not crazy about it. I am. I love anything that has to do with acting. Only it doesn't seem fair to Dad when he was so much more deserving of all this than I am."

I liked that speech. It showed a nice sense of values and a complete lack of conceit. Although he has made a sensational

success he has not yet reached his stride, and he knows it. He will probably go down and up again several times before he does reach it and he fully expects an uneven road.

"Another thing I've got to get used to is having people recognize me no matter where I am. That's really uncomfortable. A taxi driver in New York throws open the door of his cab and says, 'Where to, Mr. Power?' and when I got off the train for a minute in Kansas a girl said, 'Oh, Mr. Power!' I was stunned. Why, I'll never be able to have a night out with the boys again."

My screech of mirth almost broke up Rudy's rehearsal.

"Well, you know how it is. If you are seen taking a drink you are reported as 'drinking' and that grows according to the imagination of the hearers. I'll wake up some morning to hear that I've been carried home or something. Those things hurt Hollywood and it isn't fair, though I'm not going to worry about it. I like to take a drink now and then and I always will when I feel like it, only I'll have to pick and choose my places now—the old freedom is gone."

I smiled. "Just a lifetime of slavery from now on."

"Not as bad as that," he laughed. "But you know what I mean. It's like moving into a new house that you always wanted to live in and getting settled. It seems strange and unhomelike at first. I know everyone in the limelight has the same experience. Mine isn't any different, only it *is* mine, new to me, and so it seems different from the others."

Well he hasn't much to worry about from now on I guess. He is only twenty-three, and for a lad of twenty-three to have handled the role of Jonathan in Lloyds of London as splendidly as he did is worth any studio's top bet. In several of those scenes he reminded me of his famous father.

Tyrone the Third was about three years old when his father appeared in some matinee performances of Julius Caesar in New York. Walter Hampden played Marc Anthony, Tyrone Power was Brutus, one of his great roles, Howard Kyle was Caesar and Cyril Keightley was Cassius for this performance, though Pedro de Cordoba usually played it. I was a Roman damsel. Sounds romantic, doesn't it?

We were all gathered in the wings waiting for the curtain and talking shop. Tyrone Power, who had just come from Hollywood, remarked what a magnificent Marc Anthony William Farnum had been in a gigantic production of the play given in the Hollywood Bowl the year before.

Cyril Keightley said that he didn't know Bill was such a fine stage actor. He thought Dustin was the star of the family on the stage and that Bill only excelled in pictures.

"A polar bear can't swim in a bath tub, but if you give him the ocean he can make quite a splash," replied Mr. Power. "Bill never had a chance on Broadway, as Dustin had. Good parts—yes—but not for him, and they didn't give him any elbow room, except in Ben Hur. That should have made him on Broadway, but Klaw and Erlanger took him on the road and kept him there four years. He cleaned up a fortune for them but it was suicide for him. Give Bill a part big eonugh for him and he'll top any of *us*."

And though we hear so much about professional jealousy that speech proves that some actors are big enough to be above it and that Tyrone's father was one of them. The boy seems to have this fine quality of appreciation and justice also.

He would have liked a few more years on the stage, though when the call from Hollywood came, during his engagement in Katharine Cornell's "Saint Joan," he accepted it gladly.

"Money," he said with a grin. "Father never was able to save much. Salaries weren't so large on the stage and he did few pictures. I want mother to have no more worries on that score. I'll work hard and keep studying, and I'll keep up with this break I've had—at least I'll try to."

He has his father's charm and magnetic personality, a little taller as I remember, and slighter in build, but with his breadth of shoulder, grace of manner and carriage. Given a few years he will, I am convinced, develop into one of the finest actors and one of the most fascinating personalities on the screen. You think he's that already, maybe. Well, wait awhile. You ain't seen nothing yet. He has not yet learned to project the full charm of his personality over to his audiences. Wait till he does. *You'll* stay out for the count.

After his father died, Tyrone decided to try his luck in New York, since Hollywood would have none of him. Poor Hollywood, you act dumb year after year, don't you? Never can pick a winner, even though you stumble over him, or unless Broadway points him out to you. Well maybe you pick 'em but can't believe your luck and want to try him out on the dog—we'll let it go at that.

Anyhow Hollywood gave Tyrone the idea that he was wasting his time out there and he pulled out. His financial circumstances permitted no flights of grandeur. He had just enough for one of those chair car rides and he figured he'd have twenty dollars left with which to lick New York—not assurance on his part, just desperation.

[*Continued on page* 58]





Culver Service

(Above) Since "Lloyds of London," Tyrone has made several pictures and has firmly established himself in the hearts of the fans. (Left) A scene from a 1912 production of "Julius Caesar." Tyrone Power's father as Marcus Brutus kneels before Caesar (played by Fuller Mellish). Behind the star is our own old friend, Burton Churchill, and at the right is Frank Keenan.



Sketches by Julie Dean

(Upper, left) Is Mae West hard to get along with? No siree! You get along or git. (Left) Spencer Tracy insists on joining a circus. Try and stop him.

PECULIARITIES PICTURE

Some Stars Are Tempera=mental, Some Are Gen=iuses And Some Are Nuts.

By Grace Simpson

THE more important your Hollywood movie star of 1937, the more freak clauses in his or her contract. Of course, as you probably know, the principal idea of a long legal agreement between a studio and a star is to specify just how much money is to be paid and just how many weeks of work are expected.

But—you'd be somewhat surprised (and probably amused, too) at what other interesting reading matter some of these contracts contain. What's more, you can, by a brief perusal of formal sounding phrases, discover quite a lot about a star's character, his idiosyncrasies, his hobbies, foibles, faults and personal life!

And not all the jokers are inserted by the studio lawyers, either. The various film celebrities of more or less important standing have become wise to the idea that what's fun for the studio is fun for them, too. Or, as the old saying goes, "what's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander."

So what did John Boles do but whisper in his lawyers' ears, and lo and behold! they immediately fixed things so that he positively wouldn't have to work on Saturday afternoons during the football season. Other Saturdays, yes, but not when U. S. C. is playing Notre Dame, Stanford or some other college.

Furthermore—and this will undoubtedly come as bad news for the many Boles fans—he will probably not sing again on the screen for a long, long while. Possibly, never! Don't misunderstand; his voice is okay, in fact, better than ever, but he has won his long hard fight for recognition as a dramatic actor rather than as a singer. He fought for and obtained a clause in his Universal contract guaranteeing that he will not have to appear in any more musicals—at least, not in a singing rôle.

Queerly enough, this same concession was made to Walter Pidgeon, which leaves Universal in the odd position of having two of the best masculine voices in Hollywood under contract, but unable to use them!

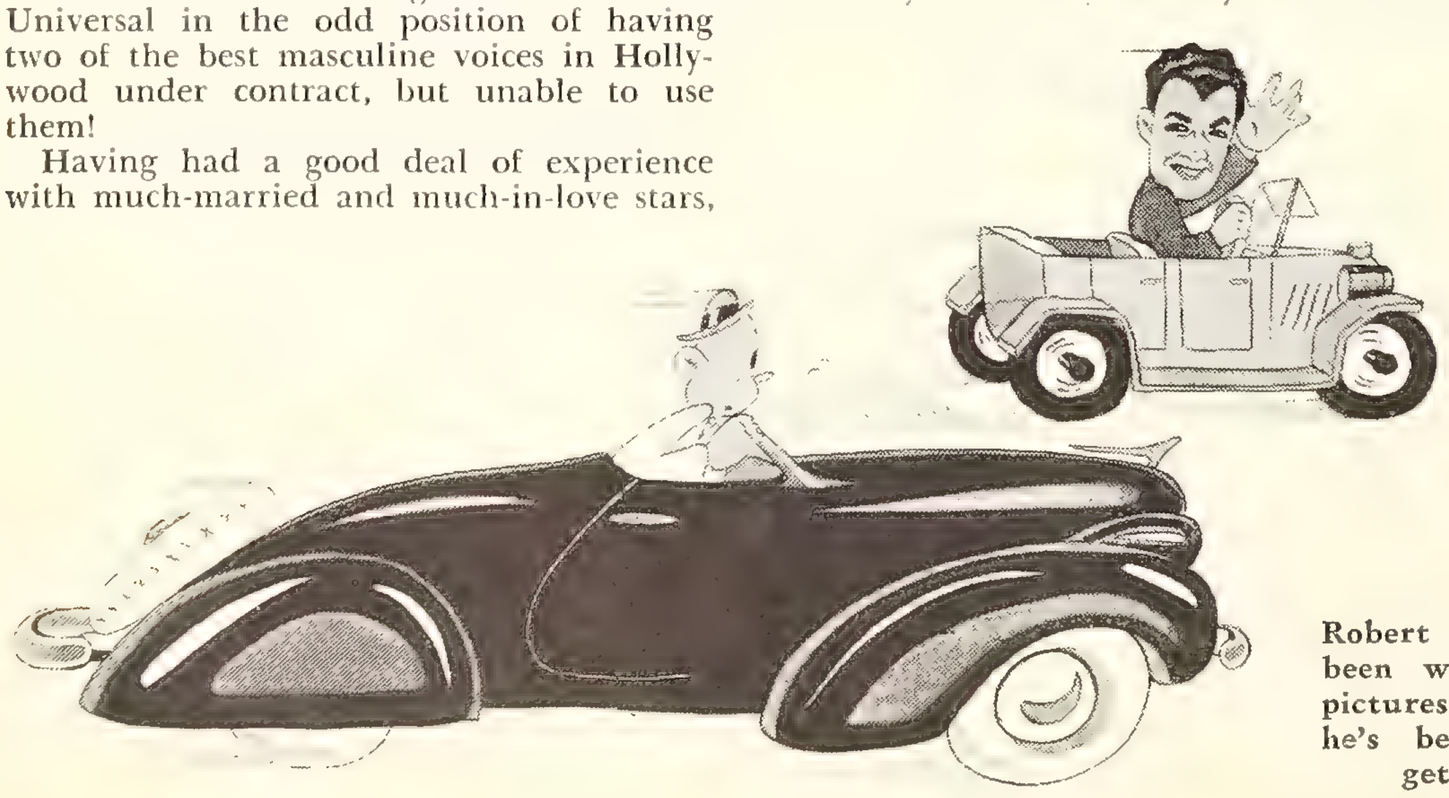
Having had a good deal of experience with much-married and much-in-love stars, Paramount stuck a little paragraph in the contract of Frank Chapman (husband of Gladys Swarthout), which says he positively cannot come on, or even approach, a set when his wife is enacting a love scene! Chapman was more than a little bit astonished when he read the clause, but he signed anyway.

The W. C. Fields' contract says he can write his own dialogue any time he feels like it. Mae West also insists of a similar clause in her contract and, besides, she is at liberty to hire or fire anyone she wishes when her productions are under way. And Merle Oberon had Sam Goldwyn put in a very special clause to the effect that he would always give her Gregg Toland as a cameraman.

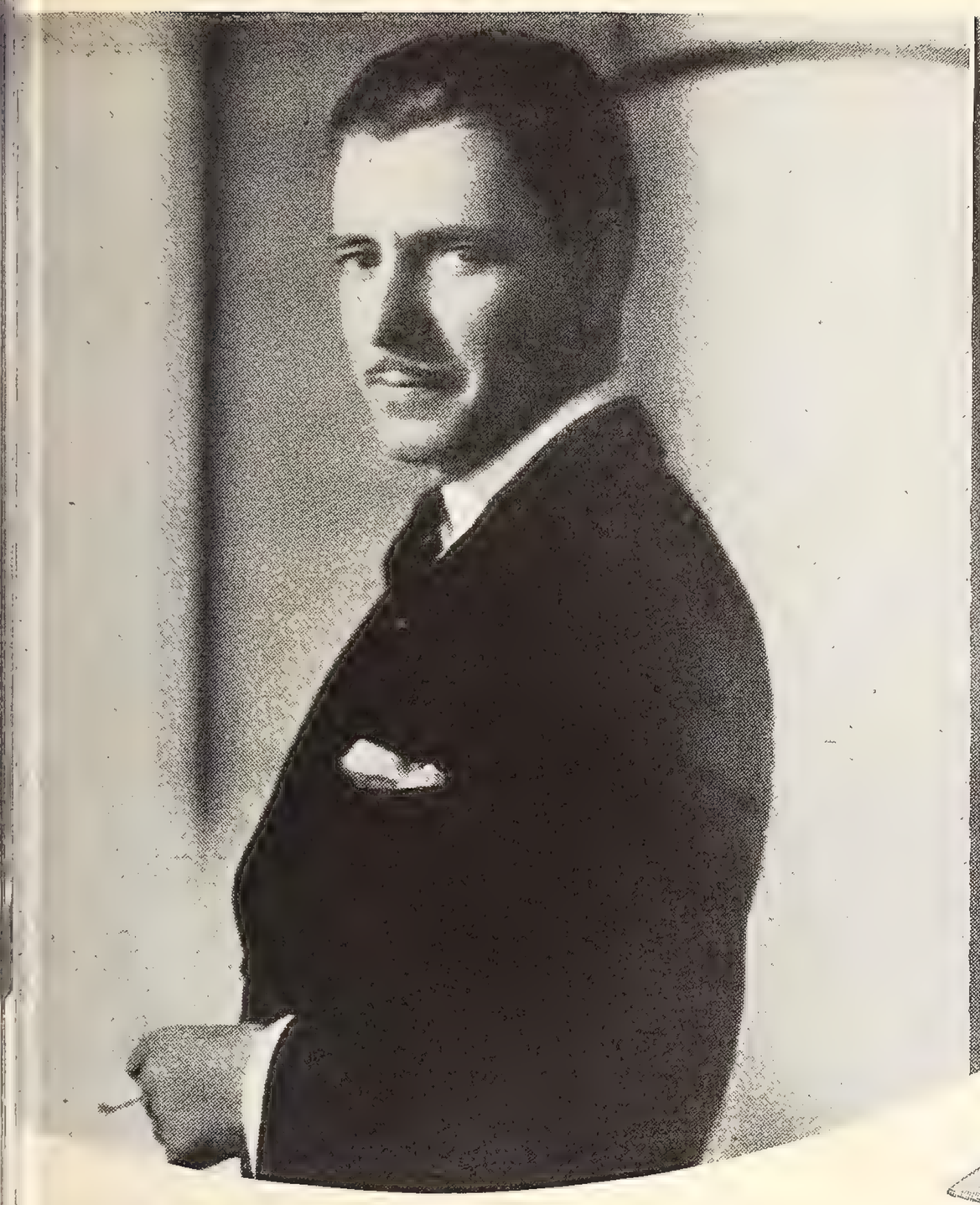
On the other hand, Warner Brothers, until this last year, had a "no marriage or we will fire you" clause in Dick Powell's contract. At last option time, however, Jack Warner lifted this. Watching Dick with Joan, he figured he might just as well relent, if Dick were to be happy!

The Georgia-born and Florida-reared James Melton also has a rather unusual working agreement with Warner Brothers Studio. He is allowed to sing at least one old southern song in each of his productions.

In his musical, "Melody for Two," he sings *Mah Linda Lou,* accompanying himself at the piano. He sang *Shortnin' Bread* in his last film, "Sing Me A

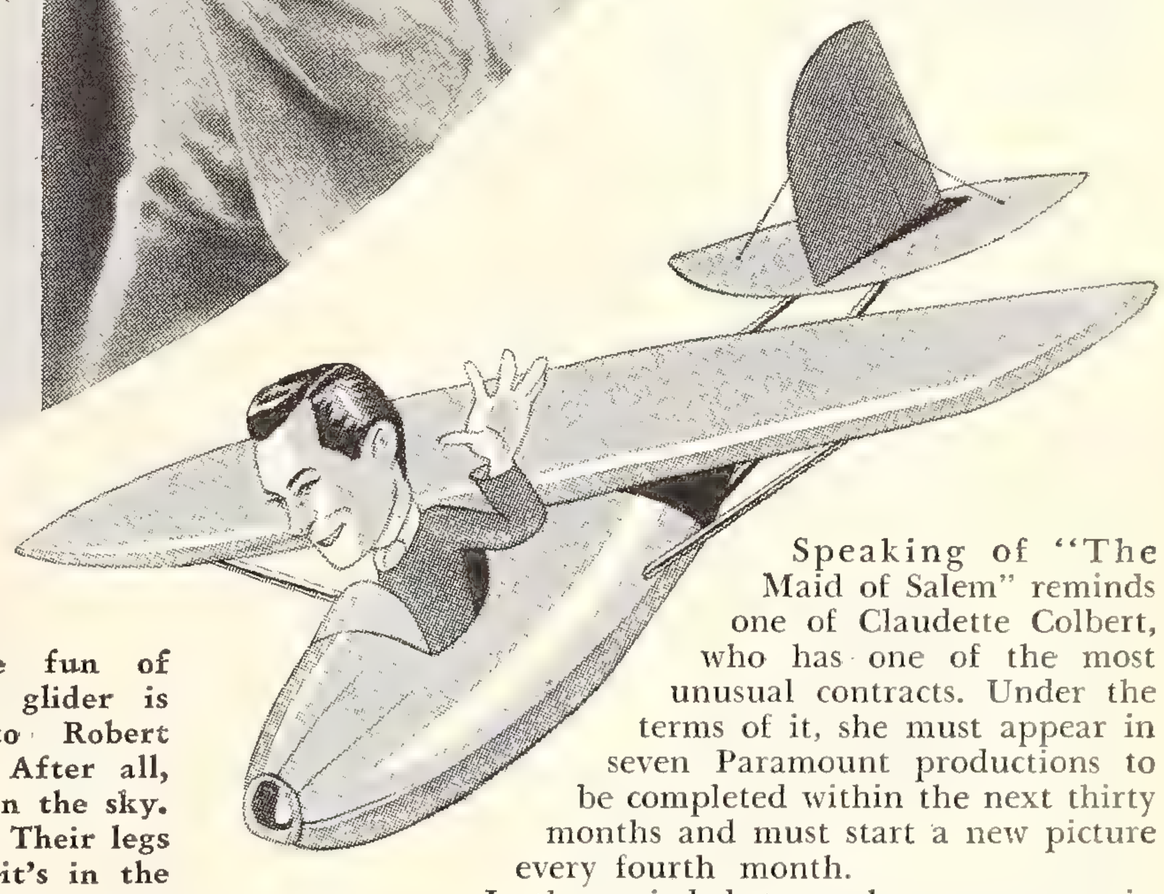


Robert Taylor has been welcomed in pictures and now he's beginning to get ideas.





(Left) Marsha Hunt who, contract or not, is proud of her legs. (Next) Ronald Colman and Irene Dunne both have odd clauses inserted in their contracts.



(Right) The fun of sailing in a glider is irresistible to Robert Montgomery. After all, stars belong in the sky. (Below, left) Their legs are private—it's in the contracts of Constance Bennett and other stars.

OF MAKING



Love Song." His explanation for the clause is simply that he wants to do his part in keeping the old and beautiful songs alive as much as possible.

There has been a lot of talk about Marsha Hunt's contract with Paramount, which says that she cannot be posed so that her limbs are visible to the public eye! Marsha laughs about this and says it was put in just for a joke. Says, too, she'll pose for pictures any time and show off her legs to a reasonable extent, because she is rather proud of them, they being quite as good as those of Marlene Dietrich and Carole Lombard, and, furthermore, she wants it known that she isn't a prude!

On the other hand, Constance Bennett won't have her legs photographed—ever. Neither will Irene Dunne or Katharine Hepburn. There isn't anything the matter with their legs, but, nevertheless, they have it down in black-and-white that their nether extremities must remain covered. Irene, also, is never to be called upon to parade around in only lingerie.

Paul Muni dislikes to smile, especially for photographs, so he has a clause which says he shall never be called upon to smile in front of any still camera.

John Barrymore has a paragraph saying he shall never be photographed from one certain side. John insists on this himself. Few people have ever seen a portrait of Barrymore showing his right profile. Did you know that?

Now Edward Ellis, familiar character player, has brought up a new clause that he will insist upon when next he is engaged for a picture rôle. It is that his housekeeper shall be allowed to accompany him on any and all extended location trips, to cook his meals!

The reason? He has a "trick" stomach, and it acted up on him through six weeks of exterior shooting for "The Texas Rangers," and again during the two weeks he was away from his studio with the "Maid of Salem" company. Only his housekeeper, he says, is capable of suiting his dietary whims.

Speaking of "The Maid of Salem" reminds one of Claudette Colbert, who has one of the most unusual contracts. Under the terms of it, she must appear in seven Paramount productions to be completed within the next thirty months and must start a new picture every fourth month.

In the periods between her appearance in Paramount pictures, Claudette has the right to star in three other features for any other producing companies. But she must never go roller skating, swimming alone in lakes, or stay out in the rain!

Long ago, Fred Stone made his wife a promise that he'd never fly in any airplane. Not so long ago he utterly refused to go back on this solemn promise.

Visiting Mrs. Stone and his daughters in New York, Fred suddenly was handed an urgent wire from an R-K-O executive telling him to take the first plane back to Hollywood to appear in a picture.

Stone wired back he would take a train even though it might cause a delay—and take a train he did. He promised Mrs. Stone not to fly after he had had a rather bad accident some years ago, and has never violated it except to once take a short sightseeing trip in a blimp. And when he reached Hollywood he made his bosses insert a contract clause saying he should never be called upon to take airplane trips.

Robert Montgomery is forbidden to play polo, because of the risks, so he's turned to a sport considered second to none in daredeviltry—gliding. He took his first lesson from a hardy group of fliers at Santa Ana a few months ago, being launched from the ground by a long rubber cable. Now, the studio is thinking of forbidding him to glide, so poor Bob never expects to be flying his own soaring-type glider.

Bing Crosby must never publicize the nickname by which he is known to his immediate family—namely, "Trevis McGutney." And his weight must not go up over seven pounds more—or else!

[*Continued on page* 60]

SECRET FAMILIES

Players Are Warned That Home And Marriage Take Away That Romantic Appeal—But It Isn't True.

By
Maude Cheatham



Basil Rathbone

SECRETS are always intriguing. And, if coupled with romance, they become doubly intriguing. That's the reason why, whenever a screen favorite reveals a "secret family," the imagination is stirred and an additional glamour hovers over everybody concerned.

Once the stage encouraged its actors to keep their domestic affairs from view, but the screen has never created such a ban, though in the early days of motion pictures several players thought it wise to hide their families in order to enhance the mystery the film emphasized. Remember how the first screen Adonis, Francis X. Bushman, kept his many children a secret? And the late Belle Bennett passed off her son as a younger brother?

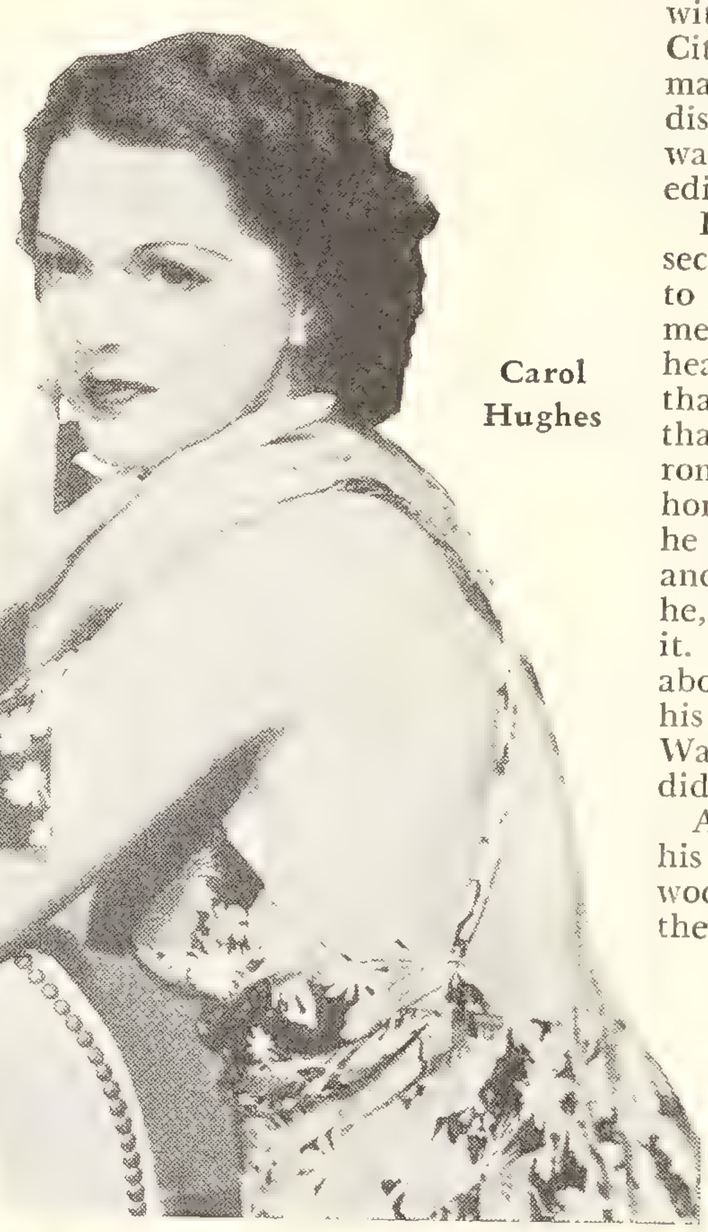
Modern Today, however, doesn't bother much with secrets. That is, as a rule. So the surprise is even greater, now-a-days, when a popular player suddenly divulges hidden chapters in his—or her—personal romances, and trots out a hitherto unknown husband, wife or child.

The most sensational "secret family" disclosure was that the handsome Phil Regan was not a romantic bachelor but had been married for thirteen years. Furthermore, that four husky children called the singing Romeo *daddy!*

The film world buzzed with the news but Phil's fans were so delighted that during the following week he received more than eight hundred congratulatory letters and wires from all over the world.

Phil was happy to have the truth come out. Unlike most stories of this kind, it never had been his idea to throw a veil of secrecy over his family, instead, it was the gallant Mrs. Regan. She argued that a wife and children would interfere with her husband's budding screen career and insisted that he should appear as a fancy-free bachelor. Few wives would have had this courage, but she knew her man; she had no fear of his going Hollywood. So, arriving in California three years ago, the Regans leased a quiet home in Pasadena, where the children entered school and Phil commuted to the studios, some fifteen miles distant.

Oh yes, they both admit, there were times when the "secret" complicated their lives but they managed the situation with amazing skill. Ever gay and debonair at the studio, Phil faded from sight when the day's work was over and if something came up calling for him to make an appearance, he was always accompanied by his pretty girl friend, Josephine Dwyer, of Pasadena, whom everyone admired. As for the children, Joseph, aged twelve, Phil, who is ten, Jo Ann and Marilyn, seven and six, they thought it a great joke and never so much as peeped to their school friends as to who their beloved daddy really was. I'll say, that's a fine family loyalty!



Carol Hughes

It was fourteen years ago, in Brooklyn, that Phil first met his Josephine, when she accompanied some friends to the hospital where he was ill.

"It was love at first sight," Regan gaily explained. "I sensed Cupid's swift steps down the hospital corridor even before the door opened and I caught a glimpse of Josephine." Then he added, "Here's a record of fidelity that few couples can top; we've never been separated a single day since our marriage thirteen years ago!"

An exciting surprise was to discover that George Raft has a son—a son who looks much like his father. The lad has lived with George's idolized mother in New York City ever since the breakup of his early marriage, and it wasn't that he deliberately disclaimed the boy to the screen world, it was just one of those peculiar Hollywood edicts that overtakes some players.

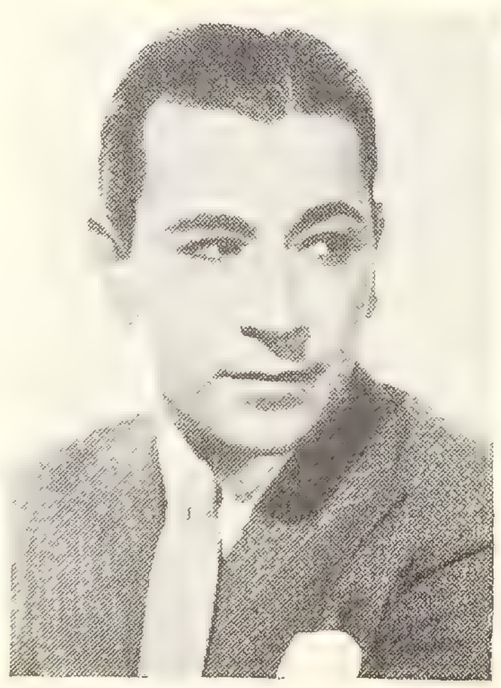
Following the sensational success of his second film, "Scarface," the studio decided to feature Raft as a menace, but a romantic menace, mind you, with a warm, warm heart. He was instructed not to mention that he was a father, it being explained that children were not counted an asset to romantic appeal. Innately sincere and honest, this didn't please George at all, yet, he figured, if he could make big money and give his son all the advantages that he, himself, had missed, it would be worth it. So, the sleek-haired hero kept mum about his early romance and no one guessed his secret. Even that famous newshound, Walter Winchell, who knew all about it, didn't tell.

A couple of years ago, George sent for his mother and the boy to come to Hollywood for the summer and he introduced the youngster as his nephew. Perhaps it was his devotion to the handsome twelve-year older, perhaps it was the striking resemblance between them that aroused the suspicions of the columnists. Anyway, when asked the direct question, George refused to lie and proudly admitted this was his son.

"He's studying to be an aviator," George told me with happy enthusiasm. "All his life he has been fascinated with airplanes; why, he even keeps a scrapbook of the new inventions and of the record flights. Once, he won a miniature machine in a contest. I'm glad he chose aviation and I'm going to see that he has every chance. Proud of him? You bet I am, he's all that a father could wish for in a son. Want to know something? Just thinking about him makes me feel rich, very, very rich!"

Hollywood took another

[*Continued on page* 69]



George Raft



Phil Regan

When Stars Are Pals

They Help One Another And Never Tell.

By Katherine Albert



(Left to right) Eleanor Powell, Olivia de Havilland, Madge Evans, Margo and Luise Rainer. Friendship means something to them.

THERE are a lot of nice things about Hollywood—the gorgeous beaches, those sable coats the stars wear, and Gary Cooper, to name a few.

But one of the nicest things about the town, it seems to me, is the fact that when a star makes an unselfish, gracious gesture she doesn't go around boasting about it. It's so easy when you've been "terribly sweet" to someone to let the world know it, just to drop a subtle hint that you're all full of goodness and light. It can be done like this: "One thing I like about Betty is that she's so grateful. Last summer when she went on her vacation and I loaned her my best evening dress—poor thing, she doesn't have much, you know—tears of thankfulness came into her eyes." Or like this: "No, my dear, I can't possibly go shopping with you this afternoon. You see, Mrs. Andrews is ill and I'm getting the dinner for her and taking care of the children."

Yet during all the years I've spent in Hollywood I've never heard such subtleties (!) pass a star's lips. You hear their kind gestures from those they have befriended—if you hear them at all—and they usually get terribly embarrassed when they're thanked. But it seems to me only fair that you should learn about star loyalties. In a town supposedly ruled by professional jealousy and glamour competition it's kind of grand to see the other side of the picture.

The first incident that comes to mind concerns the time that Florence Eldredge was given the role of *Queen Elizabeth* in Katharine Hepburn's "Mary of Scotland." Florence was both thrilled and terrified. Once her name had been more important than Freddie March's. But for the past years she had been ye complete homebody. Her home, her children, her husband had taken all her time and energy. Now that the babies were no longer infants she longed for the thrill of the work she loved.

The day she was to report to the studio for the first time she was up at five A.M. When she went downstairs she found Freddie pacing the floor. He was as nervous as she, as anxious for her to make good. Even the kids—sensing some momentous thing was in the air—were up.

Fred wasn't working. He stayed home that day while Florence drove to the studio. The kids thought the whole world had gone mad—Papa home, Mama at work, what topsy-turvy business was this! Florence was dressed and made up and on the set even an hour before the electricians. And while she sat there waiting she saw some men bringing in Ginger Rogers' portable dressing room.

"Miss Rogers sent this for your use, Miss Eldredge," one said. "Thought you might like the rest between scenes."

Ah, how well Ginger knew the solace of silence and relaxation when working on a difficult job. But the thing that made tears come to Florence's eyes was that she knew Ginger would have given her dancing feet to have played *Queen Elizabeth*—that Ginger had had a dozen tests made in costume and had begged the producers for a chance at the rôle. But they did not want the Rogers kid to step out of character. No, she had to be the gay dancing gal before the camera. No serious dramatic rôles for her! So Florence got the part—and used Ginger's dressing room.

When Eleanor Powell was given the leading rôle in "Broadway Melody," the theatrical wiseacres shook their heads. Sure, the girl could dance—was probably the greatest feminine exponent of tap on Broadway, but she wasn't an actress. Could she read lines? No. Was her diction good? Again, no. Well—maybe the dancing would carry her along.

And these same wiseacres were amazed when they saw the film and watched her knock off as neat an imitation of Katharine Hepburn as the celluloid has reported, heard her speak her lines like an old-timer.

As Eleanor is the first to admit, the reason was Una Merkel. Eleanor realized her limitations. She told Una—who had a part in the picture—how inadequate she felt the minute she stopped dancing. So Una began by making "suggestions" and ended by being Eleanor's unofficial coach.

Before every scene those two would have their heads together—Una showing Eleanor just how to get the most value from every word. During that time Una's old friends thought she had gone high hat because they couldn't make a lunch date with her. Una was giving up all her lunch hours trying to help Eleanor. And she didn't even tell her husband what she was doing. And now here's the way Eleanor repaid Una. "Broadway Melody" made the Powell girl a star. Una—for all her years of experience—has had to fight for good rôles. When "Born to Dance" was being cast Eleanor said she wouldn't appear in the film unless the executives gave Una a big fat part. They protested, because the girl who played this rôle had to do a dancing routine. They knew Una couldn't tap.

"Give her the part," Eleanor said. "She'll tap!"

And—what's more—she did. Eleanor Powell taught her how!

When the romance between Jeanette McDonald and Robert Ritchie was at its height, Bob went to Europe on business. (He was Jeanette's manager, you remember.) There he met Luise Rainer and came back to Hollywood screaming about her talents. At first M-G-M wouldn't listen. But finally Bob made himself such a nuisance that they decided to send for the gal and see what had inspired such raves. Incidentally, Luise's contract wasn't signed until after "Escapade."

Now you would certainly think that it would irk a beautiful woman to hear her

[*Continued on page* 60]

ON THE PAN

There Is A Clique Of Insiders Who Know The Important Developments Long Before The Public.

By Ben Maddox

ALL sorts of fascinating cliques color Hollywood life. Each month I have told you of the particular crowd of celebrities whose hobby is the current sensation. Now the most interesting group in the entire motion picture colony is that intriguing, choice circle of stars who are *In The Know*. What they are sponsoring might be called gossip. Only when they get together the tales they pass on are vitally important. Their favorite stunt is talking shop, hour after hour, and what they say rings with genuine authority.

They can amplify and predict the actual inside facts of the astounding film business in an astonishing manner. They are fully aware of what's going on behind the scenes and of the exciting things to come. They aren't surprised by the present crop of hits; they even know tomorrow's headlines and whispers today!

It is an unparalleled thrill to be able to say, "Oh yes, why of course. Just as I predicted!" Especially when you're speaking of the movies and their glamorous folk. These are the stars who can do this, who *know* immediately what's happened to everyone of importance in Hollywood; the Bennett sisters, Myrna Loy, Carole Lombard, Clark Gable, Marlene Dietrich, Claudette Colbert, Madeleine Carroll, Dolores Del Rio, Fredric March, Sally Eilers, Jean Harlow, Gary Cooper, William Powell, and Charles Boyer.

They don't, as you might suppose, meet over luncheon tables. The bustling Vendome isn't a cozy coffee shop for this group. Nor do they assemble at the muchly publicized Trocadero night club to be confidential. They come together at private homes.

What are they discussing now? If you want to crash a splendid mansion and be in on the stories being repeated right at this time, come along with me!

They know that Paul Muni is determined to forget Hollywood for a long spell and that Janet Gaynor isn't through, that two Viennese baronesses have been quietly under cover and will be starred by rival companies next month. They know that Olivia de Havilland's severest competition for ingenue laurels will be furnished by her own sister, Joan Fontaine. They know why nothing is being said about Will Rogers' daughter, and that Allan Jones is the serious menace to Nelson Eddy; that there is a girl who'll race Deanna Durbin and that Eleanor Powell is teacher's pet at M-G-M. Frances Farmer must cultivate tact and



Alice Faye gets first crack at the musical heroines at 20th Century-Fox.

They know that Sylvia Sidney takes an Italian lesson nearly every day from a professor at U.S.C., so she can star in the film Walter Wanger will make in Rome under Mussolini's patronage. They know that Taylor and Harlow will be teamed again this month, but this time they will be better, for they won't be rushed through their stuff in fourteen days. They know why Fred MacMurray, new top man at Paramount, never speaks of his marriage to the press. They know that Robert Montgomery's fate is in the balance and that Mary Astor will get herself into the doghouse if she has any more impetuous moments up her sleeve. They know that Tyrone Power's love scenes with Loretta Young were tame compared to his current burning up with Sonja Henie. For the Power-Henie romance is fast becoming as red-hot as the Taylor-Stanwyck devotion.

But about Paul Muni, for instance. He has just one more picture to make on the five-year contract he is concluding at Warners. Besieged with offers, he is nevertheless determined to wipe acting from his mind for an unlimited length of time. Only when he is thoroughly re-inspired will he work once more. His role in "The Woman I Love" wasn't pared as punishment for his



Are they going up in smoke? Janet Gaynor, James Stewart and Humphrey Bogart, Fred MacMurray, Doris Nolan and George Murphy are talked about when studio rumors are discussed.



Sally Eilers, Clark Gable, Fredric March, Jean Harlow and Bill Powell always know when a big break occurs.

deafness to the producers' pleas that he stay on and cash in for himself and them. Paul's part was smaller than Louis Hayward's to begin with, and he didn't care. He made this picture because he felt he owed a debt of gratitude. The man who produced it was starting off on the RKO-Radio lot and securing Paul meant tremendous initial prestige. Anxious to quit for complete relaxation, Paul remembered that this same man was the first person to give him a break on Broadway.

What's happening to Janet Gaynor is no secret to the inner circle. For ten years she was undisputed empress at Fox, tiny but supreme. Darryl Zanuck took over the studio and she left. It was widely rumored that he didn't agree with the former regime's high opinion of her. This isn't so. The stars who have the lowdown on everything know that Zanuck offered to renew Janet's contract. It was her own decision to free lance. Janet, you see, is a born diplomat. Perhaps the new boss mightn't always see things her way, so why not politely shake hands and vow she'd be glad to work for him whenever he had a vehicle she liked? Instead of a scrap, Janet cannily forestalled any possible rift.

Cecil B. DeMille is up to his old magical trick. He's cleverly grooming a brand-new lady star. Franciska Gaal is her name and she is debuting in the lead in "The Buccaneers." A gay Austrian baroness of twenty-three, she looks like a brunette Sonja Henie. She couldn't talk English at all when she arrived last December and you've heard nothing of her because DeMille wished it so. He found her as he gets all his players—by examining pictures they've been in. She's made a couple abroad.

While Miss Gaal's baron is with her, Luili Deste, Columbia's Viennese baroness, is a widow. A sophisticate, in contrast to Franciska, Luili looks like Myrna Loy in person, and photographs like Dietrich. She is as cosmopolitan as she is chic and Harry Cohn is industriously seeking the proper story in which to launch her.

So, talent is still being imported from Europe, despite agitation to exclude foreign artists. Hollywood won't ever become so narrow as to do that. But the fact that two baronesses are among those present no longer dazes the colony, as it would have several years ago. Worship of titles, a naive practice, is passe. These baronesses haven't been given a social rush. They must click on their own merit.

If you dropped in with me at Constance Bennett's Georgian home in Holmby Hills, you'd first learn that Connie is building guest rooms over the garage. She's gone that sociable! Then there'd be dinner, in state. The *In The Know* clique, no matter whether they're at Connie's or Del Rio's modernistic mansion or Gary's Bahaman cottage, have dinner in formal attire. Afterwards there's generally cards. And it is over the card games that the unpublished news, merely tossed off as asides during dinner, gets to flying fast and furiously.

As Joan Bennett is on the verge of scoring a grand slam, Bill Powell murmurs that Judy Garland and George Murphy are goaling 'em at Metro. Judy's singing in "Broadway Melody of 1937" will give Universal and Deanna Durbin a run for honors in this new adolescent star class. Then, George Murphy's singing and dancing in the same film is proving Louis B. Mayer right in declaring George deserved to advance.

There is no relying on imagination when sitting between Carole Lombard and Marlene Dietrich. They discuss tomorrow's screen names without a trace of langour. At 20th Century-Fox, of course, Gracie Fields skyrockets in July. While she was in England, Marlene found out that Gracie is Britain's highest-paid star. Meanwhile, Carole interrupts, the feminine dark horse on that lot is Mary Rogers, daughter of Will. And Mary has begged Mr. Zanuck not to give her any publicity campaign; Mary thinks it would be extremely poor taste to capitalize on her father's reputation. It was a shame she became ill after starting her debut in "Slave Ship." She's been studying acting in Eastern stock companies. Yes, Mary Rogers will be big!

Speaking of Paramount, their home lot, Marlene asks Carole if she believes John Trent and Lloyd Nolan will be—as the studio hopes—the foremost men of next year. Carole thinks the men at the top are plenty astute and doesn't doubt John and Lloyd will register emphatically.

Sally Eilers beams. She knows something! She knows that Warners have destined Humphrey Bogart for stardom. Also that Barbara Read's performance in "The Road Back" assures prominence and that Universal is scheming to introduce Jack Dunn, the male Sonja Henie. Carole glows when [*Continued on page* 78]

PROJECT

GINGER ROGERS

TODAY, at twenty-five, red-haired Ginger Rogers is what every girl at one time or another has longed to be—the Most Popular Girl at the Party. Every waltz is taken by Cary Grant and Jimmy Stewart and Alfred Vanderbilt, no less. Her phone rings constantly. So does her door-bell. There are roses with long stems, and orchids with white petals, and cute little knick-knacks in gay boxes from Cartiers. And Ginger who is a warm, friendly sort of person is as excited as a debutante at her first ball.

She has always been a party-girl at heart, she loves laughter and lots and lots of people, but ever since she was a little girl in her early teens she has worked like a Trojan, like a whole army of Trojans, on her career—and what with vaudeville and night clubs and musical comedies and radio and movies and rehearsals, interminable rehearsals, there has been very little time to play.

But today she has "arrived." She is an established movie star with a telephone number salary and rates right up in the Big Ten according to the Box Office poll. She can afford, for the first time in her life, to relax, enjoy herself, spend her money, and become a part of Hollywood's mad social whirl.

When Ginger, who was already well known on the vaudeville stage, but not in movies, was on her way to the Coast some six years ago to make B pictures for Pathe, and support Joe E. Brown in comedies, she met Harold Ross, editor of the *New Yorker,* on the train, and when the Chief pulled in at Pasadena Mr. Ross received an invitation from a well-known screen supervisor to a party at his home that evening.

Ross invited Ginger to go with him to the party, and after a bit of conspiring with her, he introduced her to their supervisor-host as Elizabeth Du Pont, young heiress on her way to Honolulu. The supervisor didn't recognize her, nor did any of the guests, until the Marx Brothers arrived and they of course spotted her in a second. They were let in on the gag by Ginger and Ross and helped matters considerably by whispering around that Miss Du Pont looked like excellent screen material and somebody in Hollywood ought to give her a test. After a terrific build-up the supervisor became so interested that he insisted that Miss Du Pont postpone her trip to Honolulu and make a screen test at the studio the very next day. It seems the movies could not survive much longer unless blessed with the grace and beauty of Elizabeth Du Pont.

Ginger, every inch an heiress, was politely regretful. The supervisor still gets wires from his friends wanting to know when he is going to give that Du Pont girl a screen test. Ginger Rogers does not go unrecognized at parties today, you may be sure. Even bona fide Du Ponts get shoved about something awful when Ginger makes an appearance.

And when a movie star has worked hard all her life and decides to rest on her oars a bit what does she do besides romping like a mad young thing? You guessed it, Bright Boy, she builds a home. After six years of moving and renting and moving and not being able to call her patio her own, Ginger has bought herself some good earth on the top of Beverly Crest and built herself a home, her first real home. She calls it a "stylized farmhouse" and it is low and rambling and has nine rooms all on one floor, with a most breath-taking view of the hills and ocean.

There's a huge play room which would warm the heart of Abercrombie and Fitch, for it is equipped with everything from ping pong to checkers—our little Ginger being a perfect pushover for any kind of a game. The director of "In Person" (the one about the movie star with George Brent) will tell you about the day on the set that Ginger was to do her big emotional scene for the picture. Everything was ready, but there was no Ginger. "Poor kid, probably trying to get herself into the mood," said the director who had worked with other glamour girls and had a mental picture of Ginger pacing dramatically back and forth as the victrola played a recording of Tschaikowsky's Fifth Symphony. But it wasn't the plaintive strains of the violins he finally heard—it was the thump, thump, thump of a rubber ball. Ginger was discovered behind a prop bar playing a heated game of jacks with the two little girls in the picture! She had crashed the game and was winning all the jacks.

Ginger's house is modestly and comfortably furnished, as a farmhouse should be, only in her bedroom did she let herself go. The room is done in blue, which is Ginger's favorite color, and is as feminine as a feather fan.

There's a tennis court which faces in the right directions, and a swimming pool that's deep enough to dive into without cracking your skull. There's also a barbecue grill and Ginger can hardly wait until the nights get warm enough to give outdoor barbecues.

She even smacks her lips, a gesture which in you would be vulgar, but in Ginger is cute, as she thinks about it. For Ginger, dear people, is one of the few movie stars who admits, mercy she even boasts, that she has a hearty appetite. Next to grilled steaks she loves ham and eggs, and on the hottest day of summer (after dancing for hours with Fred Astaire) she will sit down to a luncheon of ham and eggs while the rest of glamorous Hollywood is swooning over a lettuce leaf.

Ginger has never dieted in her life. When she is rehearsing dance routines she drinks gallons of iced tea with plenty of sugar. When you marvel at her appetite and her perfect figure she matter-of-factly tells you that if you exercise as much as she does you'd be slender too. In this homestead high on

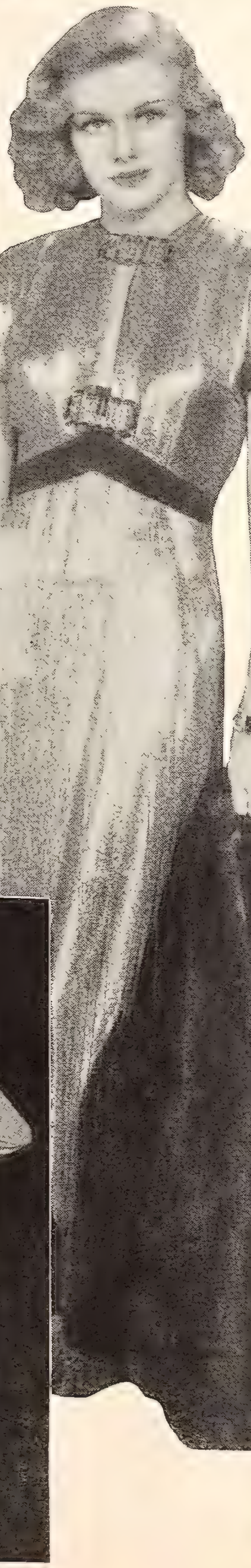






ONS

By Elizabeth Wilson



(Below, left) An old family photograph of Ginger when she was the youngster known as Virginia Katherine McMath. (Next) With her mother, Mrs. Lela Rogers. (Below) Skating with her party guest, "Mercury Jack" Oakie. (Right) The great dance team of the screen, Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire, in a scene from their new picture, "Shall We Dance?"





Beverly Crest Ginger lives with her mother, the youngish Mrs. Lela Rogers. There is no "man of the house." But there will be.

Ginger is possibly the only movie star in Hollywood who doesn't cross a bridge until she gets to it, and even when she gets to it she often makes a detour without getting the least bit upset. Her mother will tell you that she has been like this all her life. She was a serene, good-natured baby. Trifles never bothered her. If one of the mean little kids in the neighborhood took her doll away from her, she didn't howl and scratch, she merely went in the house and got herself another doll.

As soon as she was old enough to reason she could discriminate between the trivial and the important, and only when something is really big will she put up a fight for it. While other stars are screaming and having hysterics in the "front office," in the publicity departments, in the wardrobe department, and on the sets over all sorts of trivia Ginger goes on her own sweet, serene way, and accomplishes just as much, if not more, in the end.

Glamour girls, as you probably know, are very fussy about the clothes they wear in pictures, and even though the colors do not show (except in technicolor) they insist upon having shades they consider becoming to themselves. If the shade isn't just right they go up into the air like a sky rocket and refuse to wear the gown.

Now Ginger, like all redheads, has a natural aversion to pink. But when she was making "Top Hat," she walked into the wardrobe department one day for a fitting and found that they had made a pink metallic cloth dress for her to wear in one of the dancing sequences. Ginger claims she feels awkward in pink, but rather than make any trouble for the wardrobe people she wore the dress without registering a single complaint. I know of no other star who would have done that.

Everytime she reads something about herself in a newspaper column or a magazine that isn't quite flattering she doesn't burst into tears and bawl out all the little people in the publicity department (other stars do), and she doesn't snub the extras and tell the director how to direct his picture (other stars do).

This entire lack of temper, or temperament if you wish, has made Ginger Rogers the "pet" of the RKO Studios, from the prop boys to the producers. They worship her. She is also worshipped by those terribly awed and badly frightened people—the "new" players.

The "first picture" in Hollywood is an ordeal for any actor, no matter how talented, and under the strain of the excitement he blows up [*Continued on page* 79]

PICTURES ON THE FIRE

At The Studios, On The Sets And Many Sound Stages, The Players Are Seen At Their Work

By S. R. Mook

THE dullest month I have ever known around the studios. They all seem to be marking time, waiting for something . . . another James Stewart, perhaps, or a Tyrone Power . . . or a millennium. At any rate, only at Paramount is anything stirring.

Paramount

BUT over here are "I Met Him in Paris" starring Claudette Colbert, with Robert Young and Melvyn Douglas; and "Turn Off the Moon" with Johnny Downs and Eleanore Whitney.

We might as well start with "I Met Him in Paris." The set is the cocktail room of a big hotel in Paris and Claudette is sitting at a table by herself. Imagine Claudette sitting at a table alone! But anything can happen in pictures.





Helen Vinson, Warner Baxter and Joan Bennett in a scene from "Vogues of 1938." (Right) Melvyn Douglas, Robert Young and Claudette Colbert in "I Met Him in Paris."

She has just managed to make a waiter —who learned to speak English from a Japanese, who worked for a year in America as a houseboy, and who learned English that way (the easy way)—understand that she wants a Martini. A Frenchman, sitting at an adjoining table thinks he sees an opportunity to strike up an acquaintance, so he takes his handkerchief out of his breast pocket, drops it on the floor by Claudette, leans over, picks it up and offers it to her. She is just about to accept it when she notices it isn't hers. But Frenchy sits down anyhow and gets quite fresh.

But Bob Young and Douglas have been sitting at a near-by table watching the by-play. When Frenchy tries to pinch Claudette's cheek Bob gets up and makes his way over to the table.

"Pssst!" says Bob, tapping Frenchy on the shoulder. Frenchy looks around. "Voom!" says Bob jerking his thumb in the direction of the door—and Frenchy vooms.

"I hope he was annoying you," Bob smiles as Claudette stares at him. "I'd feel pretty silly if he turned out to be your uncle."

"So would I," Claudette assures him. "I never saw him before." She looks at Bob and likes him. Then the waiter brings her cocktail and looks at Bob in surprise. Claudette suddenly realizes the waiter thinks she's being picked up, so she drops her smile. And Bob realizes *that*.

"Would you rather I'd leave?" he asks politely.

"Well," Claudette begins uncertainly, "this isn't exactly—"

"Would you have the ask to wish for also Martini?" the waiter interrupts.

"What???" Bob asks.

"That's Colonel Double Talk," Claudette laughs, "the fancy English speaker. He wants to know if you have the ask to wish for also a Martini."

"Oh, may I?" Bob replies.

Claudette realizes she's caught, looks at him uncertainly, then shrugs and smiles. "Okey dokey," she says to the waiter.

"Okey dokey," he beams and turns away.

"My name's Gene Anders," Bob offers. "Thanks for letting me stay."

"I'm Kay Denham," Claudette informs him. "To tell you the truth, I don't exactly know how I happened to let you."

"Maybe we can help each other," Bob suggests. "Perhaps I can speak French for you and you can translate the waiter for me."

"Cut!" calls Wesley Ruggles the director, as though he'd had enough of this.

"How're ya, Dick?" Wes asks, shaking hands. He looks swell. That location trip to Sun Valley, Idaho, where the company has been for six weeks, seems to have been just what the doctor ordered.

So we come to "Turn Off the Moon." Isn't that a great title? Charles Ruggles, Eleanore Whitney, Johnny Downs and Marjorie Gateson are featured in this.

Ruggles owns a department store and an astrologer tells him the most propitious time to propose to his long-suffering secretary, Miss Gateson, is at 3:15 AM the following Sunday night. But he warns him that he must first bring to a successful conclusion the love affair of two other people.

He picks on Eleanore and Johnny as the two. But they've had a row and Eleanore

[*Continued on page* 70]

We Point With Pride

Errol Flynn

Having Lived Intensely And Dangerously, Movie Parts Do Not Seem Unreasonable To Him. He Gives Them Life Out Of His Own Picturesque Experience.

WHEN Errol Flynn's trading schooner rose sluggishly on rollers of the purple hern seas, he lay lazily in thought. But even most imaginative am could hardly have alled the facts of his enturous life. Errol made good in Holly-d and is now known very town and village the civilized world. ides which, he is mar- to a famous beauty. has smiled upon him he now has millions well-wishers.







(Extreme left) Billy Mauch and Errol in "The Prince and the Pauper." (Next, below) With Cedric Hardwicke and Anita Louise in "Green Light." (Center) In a scene from "Captain Blood." (Below) Mr. and Mrs. Flynn (Lili Damita) at their home in Hollywood.

JUNE IS FOR LOVERS

The Mysterious Stirrings Of Nature Ca
Flowers To Bloom And Males To Feel Stra
Longings, While Every Girl Becomes M
And More Beautiful.

Now love scenes are in season and even pretended love blossoms in June. (Above) Tala Birell and John Boles, in "As Good As Married," and acting naturally. (Right) Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck in harmony with all the animal kingdom in "This Is My Affair." (Below) Kent Taylor and Virginia Bruce hear the mating call for "When Love Is Young."

POETS have sung of the strange yearnings of lovers in June, and moving picture directors have sought expressive situations and gestures to tell the old, old story of love. But all the wisdom in Hollywood has been unable to find a more natural or lucid grouping than the surrendering attitude of an embrace. As a picture beauty melts into the arms of the hero, her protective armor of speech and her self-reliance and independence drop from her. The wisdom that calculates for the future, and the pride that contributes to her arrogance, fade and are lost. Life has her in its grasp, but a girl in love fears nothing. "Be kind to me," she whispers and thus comes to pass the mysterious alchemy of a day in June.

(Above) A kiss—the dot on the *i* in loving. James Dunn and Patricia Ellis are sweethearts in "Venus Makes Trouble." (Left) In "Think Fast, Mr. Moto," Virginia Field and Thomas Beck surrender to the urge that every June breeze is whispering. (Center) Ray Milland and Wendy Barrie are willing actors in a make-believe love scene in "Wings Over Honolulu." (Below) Katherine DeMille and Allan Lane feel the plot of "Charlie Chan at the Olympics" should be remolded nearer to the heart's desire.

The Bow of Promise



There Are As Many Different Kinds Of Womanly Beauty
As There Are Colors In The Rainbow, And Every Pretty
Face Reflects The Hope That Dreams Will Come True.

Below, left to right—Irene Dunne, Claud
Colbert, Loretta Young, Ginger Rogers,
Francis and Madeleine Carroll. Their pul
tude has given them such success that t
fame reaches across the world.







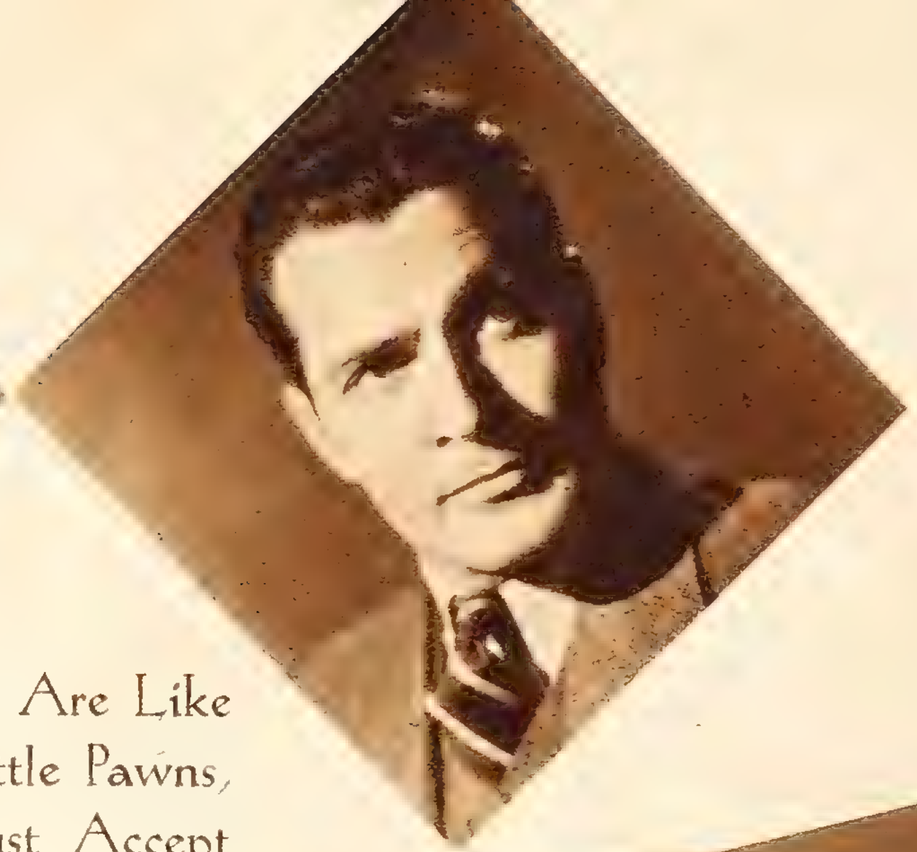


Every Beautiful Girl Responds
To The Lure Of Hollywood
And Seeks The Miracle Of
Fame And Fortune.



Shirley Ross,
Martha Raye
Grace Bradley.

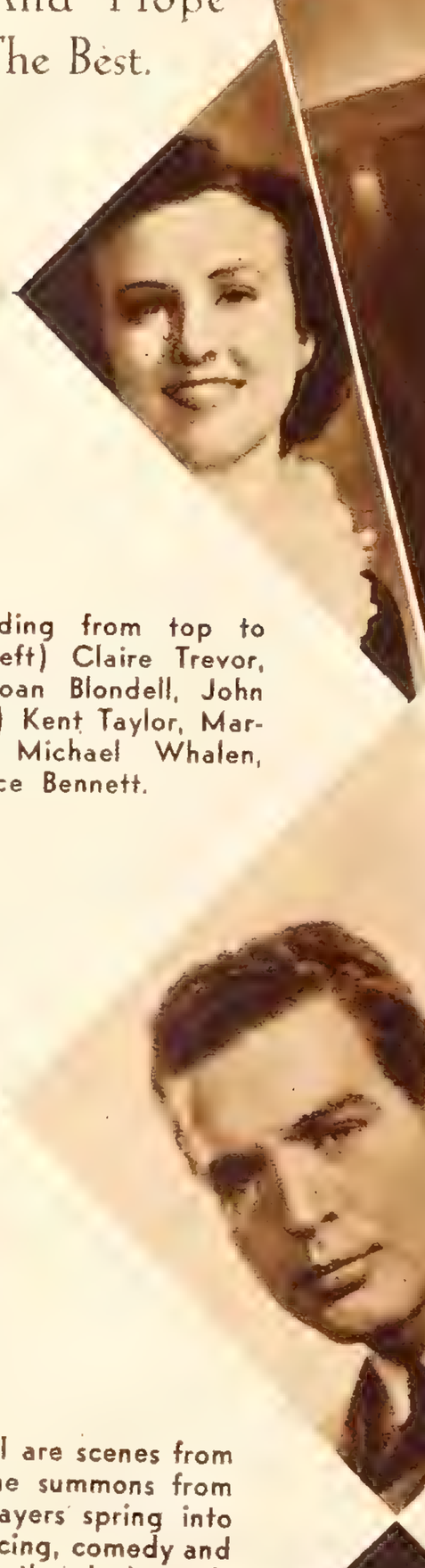






The Stars Are Like Good Little Pawns, They Must Accept The Parts Assigned Them And Hope For The Best.







The pawns reading from top to bottom are: (Left) Claire Trevor, Warren Hull, Joan Blondell, John Howard; (Right) Kent Taylor, Margaret Lindsey, Michael Whalen, Constance Bennett.

In the center panel are scenes from recent films. At the summons from the studios the players spring into action. Drama, dancing, comedy and tragedy are all in the day's work.







Pawns In The Picture Game











IN THE making of pictures, it often seems that the players are more or less like the pawns in a game of chess. The genius, called Hollywood, uses them to make pictures. The director, the author and the producer conceive the completed picture, and then select the players, who frequently dislike the very roles which turn out to be their greatest successes.





Pawns reading from top to bottom are: (Left) Isabel Jewell, Randolph Scott, Sally Eilers, Edmund Lowe and, center, Gene Raymond. (Right) Robert Young, Gail Patrick, Jack Oakie, Beverly Roberts.







THE FLIRTATION THA

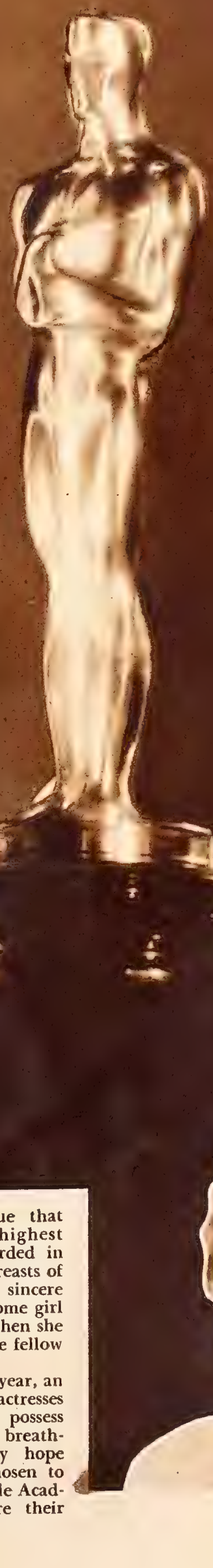
With Every Charm An
Talent Glowing Enticingl
The Girls Of Pictures Offe

(Top row) Myrna Loy, Grace Moore and Ruby Keeler. (Below) Olivia de Havilland, Joan Bennett, Jean Arthur, Greta Garbo and Sylvia Sidney.

STARTS FRESH EVERY YEAR

hemselves To The Imposing
ittle Golden Gentle-
ian Of The Academy





Previous Winners Of The Award Of The Academy Of Arts And Sciences

1927–8—Janet Gaynor
Emil Jannings

1928–9—Mary Pickford
Warner Baxter

1929–30—Norma Shearer
George Arliss

1930–1—Marie Dressler
Lionel Barrymore

1931–2—Helen Hayes
Fredric March

1932–3—Katherine Hepburn
Charles Laughton

1933–4—Claudette Colbert
Clark Gable

1934–5—Bette Davis
Victor McLaglen

1935–6—Luise Rainer
Paul Muni



THE shining statue that symbolizes the highest honor to be awarded in Hollywood fills the breasts of the actresses with a sincere longing. Every year some girl is made very happy when she takes the shining little fellow into her arms.

But there are, this year, an unusual group of actresses of great talent, who possess grace, loveliness and breath-taking beauty. They hope that they will be chosen to take the dignified little Academy trophy to share their hearts and homes.

Joan Crawford and Shirley Temple. (Shirley once received an award for her general success.)









PICTURES FOR THE SUMMER SCREENS

There Are Two Seasons In The Movie Business—"Busy" and "Dull." Pictures Have To Be Better In Summer.

(Above) "Night Must Fall" is taken from a successful English Play. Robert Montgomery is the murderer and Rosalind Russell plays opposite him. (Left) Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in "When Thief Meets Thief," a picture made in England.













Edward Everett Horton seems to be ailing in "Oh, Doctor." He apparently desires to cancel his voyage across the Styx. All in the interests of comedy. (Top right) "The Outcasts of Poker Flats," have Preston Foster among their number. A play with Bret Harte's title, at least. (Right) "Slim," a drama from the daily lives of linesmen. Pat O'Brien, of course.



(Right) Wallace Beery, Ted Healy and Una Merkel drinking their way through "The Old Soak." (Below) Mary Young, Robert McWade, Marjorie Weaver and Robert Taylor in gold braid and brass buttons for "This Is My Affair."



(Above) Spencer Tracy and Gladys George in "They Gave Him A Gun." is a man ever the same after he has been a soldier? (Left) Edward G. Robinson, Bette Davis and Wayne Morris are making a prizefight picture called "Kid Galahad." (Extreme left, bottom) Conrad Nagel and Eleanor Hunt in "The Gold Racket." What has that to do with feet? (Extreme left, above) John Qualen and Jane Withers in "Angel's Holiday."

VACATION TIME IS HERE AT LONG LAST!

NOW that summer is here again all of us are thinking of days in the open, and, whether you expect to spend your leisure at some beach or pool, on a golf course, tennis court, ship's deck, or just lounging in your own garden or back yard, you can always be a vision of loveliness.

It would be impossible not to look attractive in the variegated sports clothes designed for your benefit this year. And, no matter how slim your purse, there will be no excuse for you if you emerge a frump! If you cannot afford luxurious satin bathing suits and expensive crepe play togs, console yourself with the thought that cottons have come into their own right now. And cottons are not only within your income, they are extremely modish, come in the most entrancing designs and—what is still better—are cut along the most fashionable lines.



Janice Jarrett wears a three-piece playsuit, consisting of shorts, halter and long flowing robe with fitted waistline which will make her a devastating rival at any sun-kissed beach. It is made of cotton and designed in bright orange, blue and yellow with splashes of black.



(Above-left) For her favorite of tennis, Wendy Barrie is pa comfortable culottes fashione that lovely new material called clo." The ones she is weari white, topped by a canary short-sleeved sweater of the angora. (Left) Shirley Ross is for any outdoor sport in this silk linen suit, boasting well-cut a bolero jacket and a tobacco and white striped maillot. leather sandals with cork sol heels complete her ensem

Be a Picturesque Summer-Girl

Cecilia Parker and Lynne Carver tramp up and down the beach secure in the knowledge that they are the cynosure of all eyes. Cecilia's graceful cape is of tan and yellow stripes on a neutral wool background, with slits through which the arms are given freedom. Lynne's beach-dress features red and blue diagonal stripes on a white wool background. (B.V.D. Beachwear.)











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e braided
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uoise, wrinkle finished linen, trimmed with wooden buttons is Gertrude Niesen's choice. e, matching stitched-linen hat lends distinc- this simple costume. (Next) Now that men bandoned *plus fours* women have adopted s their own. Carol Hughes' are of white smartly contrasted with a tailored chintz blouse in tomato red and white.

CONTRASTS

The Further Removed The Character In The Play Is From The Actor's Role In Life, The More Skill Is Required To Play It.

TO MAKE a screen character seem real, particularly when that part is entirely different from the actor's own type, is the problem that fascinates the player. Robert Montgomery, whose early years were spent in New York, tackles the role of a killer in his new picture. A problem indeed. Comedians have it easier—that is, easier for them. They are born that way and no one can be made into a comedy player.







(At top) Studio portrait of Una Merkel standing with reluctant feet half way between the cactus and the palm. (Above) Una sings in "The Old Soak" and burlesques the prima donnas. (Right) Robert Montgomery in "Night Must Fall," a part in great contrast to Bob himself.







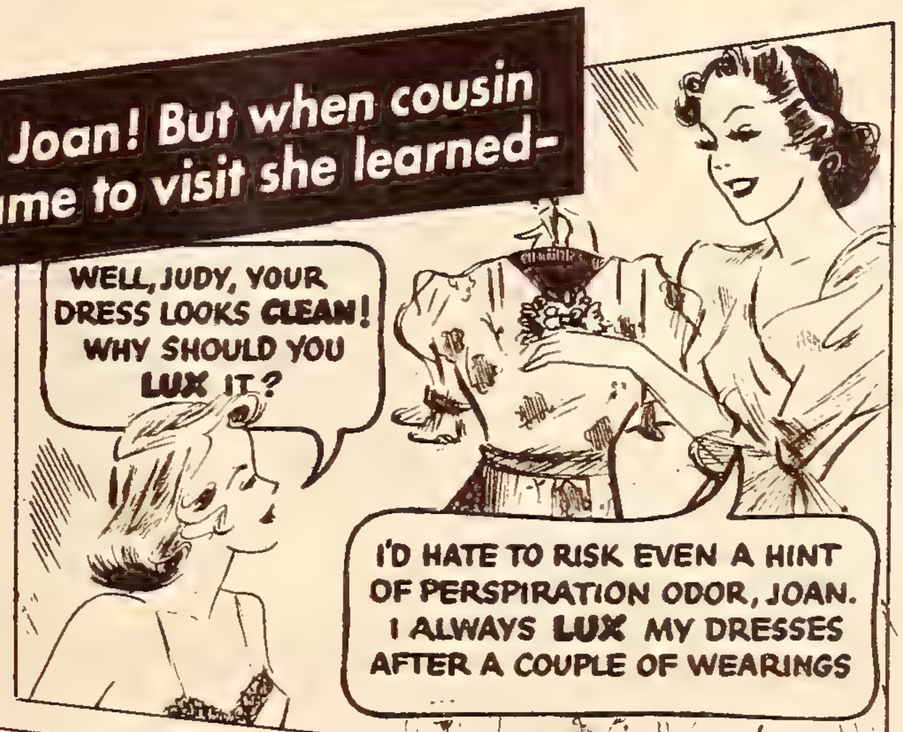


(Left) Gail Sondergaard and, above, as she appears in her rôle in "Seventh Heaven." Her performance in "Anthony Adverse" won for her honorable mention on the list of the Academy of Arts and Sciences. (Right) Walter Brennan and, above, as the unforgettable Swede in "Come And Get It." He also received honorable mention which he well deserved.

...VER HER FRESH UNDIES—A 5-DAY DRESS!



Foolish Joan! But when cousin Judy came to visit she learned-







Dresses absorb perspiration odor... Avoid Offending

Dainty women shrink from offending others. They Lux their dresses *often*. Any dress safe in water is safe in Lux. Lux removes perspiration odor *completely*—prevents offending. Lux has no harmful alkali and with Lux there's no injurious cake-soap rubbing.



FOR DRESSES

With Candid Cameraman



On a special train to a premiere. Mischa Auer, Dick Arlen and Gloria Stuart convince San Francisco that "Lost Horizon" is important. (Left) Carole Lombard keeps a tryst with a plate of ham and eggs in the studio commissary.



THE unposed photographs caught by the cameras reveal that the charm of the players is an inseparable part of their famous faces. We read of the wonders of make-up and the tricks of lighting that are invoked to help the stars maintain their screen personalities, but the candid cameras need no tricks. These off-stage pictures of the players catch the mysterious quality that is the priceless possession of the screen men and women.

(Left) Lunch time at Paramount. (L. to R.) Mack Grey, George Raft, Roscoe Karns, Lynne Overman and the head man himself —Gary Cooper. (Below) The stars turn out to see the Frank Capra picture in Hollywood. Pat Paterson and hubby, Charles Boyer, Marguerite Churchill and George O'Brien—her man. John Boles is alone, but Marlene Dietrich is escorted by Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.



Cary Grant Was Worried.
His Friends Said:
"Either You Get
A Hair-Cut Or
Buy A Fiddle."



It's hard when a player grows his own wig for a costume picture.

A HAIR-RAISING STORY

By Ruth Rankin

CARY GRANT leads a double life! Who would have suspected it?

Herein are the true facts, presented chronologically for the first time on any typewriter, that he who runs may read—yea, and weep—great scalding tears of sympathy for one more sinned against than sinning.

He doesn't want any double life, heaven knows. The business is not of his asking or design. The truth is, he revels in single blessedness—when he has a chance to revel—and admits it. He asks naught of life but that he be permitted to live it in a leisurely fashion and at unhurried peace with the world. He likes to take his time. Probably caught the mood from Mae West in that early spectacular opus of hers, "She Done Him Wrong," in which he scored so emphatically.

But it seems this tall splendid fellow is impaled on the thorns of a dilemma.

Now, according to Cary, when you are stabbed by a dilemma, you know it. If the thing will not be satisfied with the one initial bite sanctioned by law, but continues to pursue you, it can run you ragged. That's what Cary says he is—run ragged. It hardly shows on him. Possibly those fuzzy tweeds he practically lives in could use a shave, that's all. But they perfectly matched his hair the other day when he told us this sad tale. The Grant coiffure hung in quaint wisps over his collar, but surely through no fault of Cary's, which is part of the story, so stick around and pretty soon all will be revealed.

He doesn't like his long bob, and admits it in strong but genteel accents. He went from here to Palm Springs just to get his hair cut, which is where the double-life part of this story begins. But let's start at the beginning.

Cary is making two pictures at two studios while under contract to a third. He is living in two houses at one and the same time. He has six telephone numbers (two houses, three studios and his agent) which would require him to be quintuplets plus one, in order to answer all of them. If one were sufficiently curious, which one is not, to pry into his private life, undoubtedly it would be discovered to have at least two ladies in it. And one of them is very likely to be Ginger Rogers, according to latest reports. Spurring our imagination to a spirited gallop, they are very lovely ladies, one blonde and fair, the other red-haired and with a tilted nose, very exacting, who greets him with "—and where were *you?*"

As above proclaimed, we don't know a thing about it, merely we are reporting a theory which seems logical—and there *are* rumors—since there happens to be so many lovely ladies in Hollywood and so few Cary Grants. He rates at least two to provide the final fillip in his complicated life . . .

But one need not exercise even a modicum of curiosity to observe that the guy is going nuts—balmy on the crumpet I believe it is called in his native England. He is a man distracted, on his way to four places at once, with four others waiting simultaneously.

Well, the whole thing would never have gathered such cataclysmic momentum if Cary hadn't started out to have his hair cut. Now a hair-cut may be just a hair-cut to you: things reach an impasse where your wife says, "Look: either you get one or I'll cut it!" So you saunter to the barber shop and have your once-over-lightly and the subject is closed until the next time, or three weeks later, when hostilities are renewed. This must be why so many men are happily reconciled to baldness. At least, Cary says, they go around beaming and it can't all be defiance.

Now Cary is blessed, but not to hear *him* tell it, with a mop to make a Zulu chieftain swoon with envy, when and if it is permitted to pursue its own natural course, which normally it is not; not if Cary has anything to say about it. During the filming time of a modern picture he must have three, four, five, even six trimmings. And they require a very special barber who fully understands the delicate nuances of the situation—one who can make it match up from day to day. Cary may be in the middle of a scene, to be picked up the following day—and obviously he cannot appear to have departed from the Countess Hoosit's drawing-room, in the midst of the formalities, long enough to have his hair trimmed! It wouldn't make sense and thousands of fans who are sticklers for such detail, would write, telephone and wire their anguished protests. Cary knows. They have, once in the past, before he found Tony.

So there is one barber, of all the barbers in Hollywood, whom Cary has discovered to have a fine feeling for how much to snip and how much not to snip in order to convey the proper touch of verisimilitude (no extra charge for that).

"So," says Cary, "I saw what appeared to be a barber's interlude, one afternoon recently while we were making some added scenes in the Grace Moore picture, 'When You're in Love.' I got as far as the door when an assistant director caught up with me. 'Sorry. You're in this next shot, Cary.' Well, that seemed to start the entire sequence of misadventure.

"After the scene, I again got as far as the Columbia front door, where a man with a kind face remarked, 'They want you at R-K-O to fit a costume.' As handsome an understatement as ever I heard. *A* costume, my eye. Fifteen costumes, with fifteen fancy waistcoats (the time is 1860 for this 'Toast of New York' picture) and fifteen shirts and sticks and hats and swords and pairs of shoes and boots. The good old days of 'When You're in Love,' during which I wore two of my own old [*Continued on page* 60]



STAR COURAGE

By Muriel Babcock

ACHIEVEMENT of any kind, the philosophers will tell you, requires courage in a large measure.

Supposing your favorite star had to face a test of fortitude tomorrow. How would he measure up?

The chances are, judging from examples of star courage of which I know, he would prove himself a thoroughbred. For the men and women who have won fame on the screen are no exception to the rule that achievement and bravery go hand in hand.

Sometimes courage is a matter of sheer physical gallantry, as, for example, the time that Gary Cooper swerved his horse and rode up a steep trail into an oncoming avalanche of rock and stone to rescue a studio workman, Robert Falconer, who otherwise would have been caught and possibly buried in the slide.

Of course, Gary is a daring and fearless horseman, more at home in the saddle than in front of the camera (although he's pretty good there), but I don't imagine he stopped to think whether his expertness with the reins would carry him through this emergency. He simply saw a man in danger and rescued him.

This occurred on location in the rocky Santa Susanna pass. A premature dynamite explosion occurred. Without warning a large part of the mountain side came tumbling down. Everyone scrambled for safety. Falconer was directly in the path of the rolling careening rocks when Gary gallantly spurred his horse up the trail, grabbed the workman by the arm and dragged him to safety.

Sometimes star courage is a matter of carrying on cheerfully in time of great emotional stress. For the private lives of the actors are separate and distinct from their screen roles and although sickness or trouble may be distressing them, it must not shadow the performances given on the screen for you.

One of the finest recent examples of this is the bravery of Lionel Barrymore, who was working in "Captains Courageous" when he was told by the doctors that his beloved wife, Irene Fenwick, could not recover from the illness she was suffering and that death could come at any moment.

Now the love between Lionel and Irene was such as is not given to many mortals to possess. The gruff, stooped, eldest Barrymore adored his wife beyond anything. He had worshipped her and tended her in her sickness and pain for many years.

Stories are legend of the way he expressed his deep feeling for Irene in little things and big things. Flowers every day. Driving all night to Arizona just to spend twenty-four hours with her when, not uncrippled by pain himself, he was tired and worn and needed rest.

Yet none of the shadow of this great emotional strain which he was undergoing colored his work. Watch him enacting the role of the gnarled old sea-





Carole Lombard (top) lived through days when the future seemed very dark. (Left) Gertrude Michael played her rôle in spite of a terrifying accident. (Below) Lionel Barrymore has lived true to his ideals.

dog in Kipling's great narrative of the Gloucester fishing coast, and you will never know you are watching a man with a broken heart. He put his heart in his work—his heart that was in reality back with Irene at home. He shirked not a single chore. He even pomised to broadcast "The Christmas Carol" as usual on Christmas day, but on Christmas eve Irene died.

Note the gaiety and spontaneity of Fred MacMurray's performance in "Swing High, Swing Low," with Carole Lombard. Note his apparently gay and carefree manner. You'd never know from his work that he was going through his own private hell and that at the moment there was sickness and trouble at his home.

The Players Who Reach "Top Billing" Possess A Bravery That Is As Great A Gift As Talent.

His wife, the lovely Lillian La Monte, to whom he had been married only a short time, was ill, not seriously so, but enough to cause her husband worry. And just when Lillian began to recover, Fred's mother was taken very ill.

Now Fred is not the kind to bother friends with his private worries. He said very little about what was going on. Few people knew. I saw him during the rehearsal for his first radio broadcast, as master of ceremonies for "Hollywood Hotel," in which he was tackling a new and responsible job. I knew that much depended upon the kind of work he did this night. First impressions are always important.

I watched him. He seemed assured of himself. He was gay, he was fun. He joked quietly with the members of the cast—Frances Langford, Igor Gorin, Louella Parsons and others. He went over his lines and songs painstakingly, muffing nothing.

After rehearsal I looked for him, hoping for a chat in the hour before the actual broadcast began. Somebody who knew said to my astonishment:

"Fred? Oh, he had a telephone call just before we started that his mother was worse. He had to get a nurse for her and then go home. But he said he'd be back."

He did come back, if you remember, and gave a whale of a show. He didn't let the shadow of his trouble color the lives of the thousands who listened to the broadcast.

Fans rave about Carole Lombard's beauty but her friends are impressed with her perseverance and gallantry in the face of great obstacles. She was one whom the Fates thought they had defeated, but they did so without reckoning her courage.



At the start of her career, Carole's face was horribly cut in an automobile accident. Hollywood said she was all washed up as far as the screen was concerned. They even told her so. But they didn't reckon with Carole. She didn't believe it, not because it wasn't possible, but because her courage would

[*Continued on page 76*]





(Left) Claudette Colbert, although injured, refused to delay the picture. (Standing) Gail Patrick played in a scene while her heart was torn with anxiety. (Above) Can there be greater bravery than Grace Moore showed when she found she had lost her glorious voice?

(Left) Gary Cooper as the world has seen him. His heroism does not show, but when a life is in danger Gary springs into action without counting risks.

LOVE TRAPS A MILLION

By
Jack Bechdolt

A Fascinating Girl Nobly Tries To Save
A Young Man And His Money.

B. J. NOLAN was broke. The reception room was filled, not with customers, but with process servers.

The trouble was that he was born an optimist and had married a pessimist and they had a son, Kenneth.

Nolan made a million dollars in Florida. Mrs. Nolan took half of it. He spent the other half promoting useless inventions. He made another million in Oklahoma. Mrs. Nolan took half of that and Nolan bought more useless inventions with his half.

Then Mrs. Nolan died and Kenneth took away his father's check-book. Kenneth had inherited the million and meant to hang onto it.

The door opened and a very pink faced, determined girl came in.

"Here I am, Mr. Nolan," she said firmly and held out a paper to him. Nolan wilted.

"All right, I'll take it," he groaned. But it wasn't a legal summons, it was a letter she handed him. Nolan read:

> This will introduce a graduate of Pitt and Beaux Arts, a young architect of broad vision and fine artistic background. I heartily recommend her to you for your fine project, Nolan Heights.
>
> With kindest personal regards, I am
> Sincerely
> V. TRAVIS.

"Just who is V. Travis?" Nolan gasped.

She looked rather sheepish. "It's me. The V. is for Virginia."

"And who is this remarkable young architect?"

"Oh, that's me, too," said V. Travis.



Before Nolan could say those three simple, fatal words, "No jobs open," V. Travis had gone into her sales talk. It came out of her in a rush, a speech that was meant to ring with pep and confidence but wabbled pitifully because V. Travis was so eager, so young and so desperate.

"Here I am, Mr. Nolan, with the key to Nolan Heights. I've found a way to make us both rich. I've got the theme of Nolan Heights, the dream of Nolan Heights. Nolan Heights needs me. I can make you a fortune."

She brought her clenched hand from behind her back. "Why, I've got a million dollars, here in my hand! I . . ."

V. Travis swayed uncertainly. Her pretty, excited eyes closed, opened and closed again. The healthy pink drained from her face as she pitched into Nolan's arms. She was in a dead faint. Her hand which she had clenched so eloquently fell open, the hand that was supposed to hold a million dollars. It was empty.

"Simple case of malnutrition," said the ambulance surgeon who examined her. "She hasn't eaten in forty-eight hours."

V. Travis raised her head slowly.

"Forty-nine," she corrected.

Nolan took V. Travis to his home, because she had no other place to take refuge. It was one of the handsomest homes in town, but there were no servants in it. The gas was not even turned on any more, because Kenneth Nolan had taken the check book with him when he went for a little tour of Europe.

"Sit down," said Nolan kindly. "Feel strong enough to stand a shock? There isn't going to be any Nolan Heights. I'm broke."

"You're broke?" Virginia echoed faintly.

"Busted," Nolan re-echoed sadly. "Now it's my turn to apologize for being a flop."

"But isn't there anyone who will lend you the money? How much do you need?"

"I need a hundred thousand. And there's Kenneth. But . . ." Then the kindly old man explained to her about his son Kenneth.

V. Travis looked curiously at her host. Her manner underwent a subtle change. Her voice became hard and she began to talk out of the side of her mouth. "Well, we've got to go to work on Kenneth," she announced.

"Got to work on him?"

"Sure," said V. Travis, a hard guy now. "Take him over the hurdles. Make him come acrost wit' the dough!"

"What's the matter with your mouth?" Nolan asked curiously. She laughed. "It's a habit I got into when I was a movie usher at the Casino where they showed only gangster and G-men pictures. But I mean it. We'll go to work on Kenneth."

While V. Travis talked so confidently and Nolan listened, not because he hoped, but because he was polite, a cablegram from Kenneth arrived. He was due home that very day. Then Nolan saw V. Travis really go into action and he learned what a dynamic young woman she was.



The house must have servants because it would not do to let Kenneth know his father could no longer afford servants. She telephoned two friends.

Her friends Hunk and Judy arrived and when they put on their ushers' uniforms they looked just like a good butler and maid, all except for the words *Globe Theater* stitched in gilt on their collars. The doorbell rang while V. Travis was hurriedly ripping off the insignia. Judy got stage fright. She didn't feel at home in the old uniform without a flashlight in her hands and nobody had one. It was Hunk who finally admitted the son and sole heir to all the money that B. J. Nolan had made during his lifetime.

His father had not exaggerated in describing Kenneth Nolan. He was a young man with one idea, that was to hang onto the million dollars. And he was accompanied by two companions who also

Fictionization of "Woman Chases Man," Produced by Samuel Goldwyn and Directed by John G. Blystone. Screen Play by Joseph Anthony, Manuel Seff and David Hertz.

THE CAST

Virginia Travis.....Miriam Hopkins	*Kenneth Nolan*.....Joel McCrea
B. J. Nolan.....Charles Winninger	*Henri Saffron*.....Erik Rhodes
Nina Tennyson.....Leona Maricle	*Judy*.....Ella Logan
Hunk.....Broderick Crawford	*Mr. Judd*.....Charles Halton
Doctor.....William Jaffrey	*Taxi Driver*.....George Chandler
Secretary.....Mary Frances Gifford	





(Left) Virginia rallies her pals for the emergency. (Center) She meets the millionaire's son and forgets the troubles of the father. (Above) It was Henri's idea to take care of that million and Nina, too.

had one idea, which was to get hold of Kenneth's million and hang onto it. Their names were Henri and Nina.

As for Kenneth, he listened to V. Travis' somewhat involved explanations of his father's absence and her presence in the house and after his first alarm, during which he called the police, he began to like the girl. As soon as he liked her he forgot to be suspicious. The more he forgot to be suspicious, the better he liked her.

At dinner V. Travis discovered that Kenneth did not drink intoxicants.

"Not that I'm a prude, mind you," he explained to her. "They just don't agree with me. Make me lose my sense of balance. What I mean is, I sort of go a little haywire. Do anything. Buy anything—"

"Buy anything?" said she, pricking up her pretty ears.

V. Travis remembered what Kenneth said about strong drink. Undoubtedly a glass or two of champagne was indicated, as the doctors say. That ought to get him into a spending mood.

She had a rival in her schemes to get Kenneth to loosen up. Nina Tennyson also was out to do dirty work. Nina thought it was time Kenneth married her, then she meant to take him away to England where she and Henri could enjoy spending his money. And Nina, knowing Kenneth's weakness, decided that a glass or two of brandy ought to do the trick.

It was Judy who discovered Nina's plot and Hunk took Kenneth in hand and steered him out into the garden before dinner, where V. Travis was waiting with a bottle of champagne they had found in the cellar. It was her birthday, she explained to Kenneth. And wouldn't he join her in a toast to the happy occasion?

Well, of course, Kenneth didn't drink, but he couldn't refuse a simple little politeness like that. He sat beside V. Travis on a marble bench. The moon was rising. In the house a radio was playing soft music. The champagne was full of bubbles and V. Travis' eyes were even more alluring. Kenneth had one glass, then another.

They got to comparing notes, as two people will when the moon is up and there is a bottle of champagne handy. It was really remarkable how much they shared in common. Escalators, for instance. They both loved to run up escalators that were going down.

"And I like to listen to wild geese flying," Kenneth said dreamily.

"Yes!" whispered V. Travis settling her head more comfortably on his shoulder. "And I adore holding my breath in the bath tub—"

"And I like to flip a cigarette into the ocean and hear it hiss when it goes out. And I like to look at the moon—"

They both looked solemnly at the moon.

"And I like to think how nice it would be to be able to talk to someone the way I'm talking to you now," Kenneth went on, getting her head closer, so her soft cheek touched his.

"And I like," he went on shyly, "I like—if you don't mind my saying so—"

"Oh not at all!"

"I like *you!*"

From an upstairs window B. J. Nolan, Hunk and Judy were watching breathlessly. Everything was going fine. At any moment V. Travis would have Kenneth's signature on the dotted line of a contract to finance Nolan Heights!

"This takes me back twenty years," sighed the fond father. "I once bought an oil well under much the same conditions."

"Look!" cried Judy. "He's kissing her!"

Kenneth *was* kissing V. Travis. "After all, it's your birthday," he explained. "Happy birthday." He kissed her again. "And many of them."

"Gosh almighty!" Kenneth added suddenly.

"Gosh almighty me, too," said V. Travis breathlessly. "Do you know something? I like *you!*"

Kenneth made an heroic effort to come down to earth. "Maybe you'd better tell me what that business was you wanted to talk to me about? Signing something, wasn't it? You said it was something very important, don't you remember?"

"Did I?" said V. Travis sleepily. "I don't remember. And anyway . . . it's too nice out here to be thinking about anything important . . ." Her voice trailed away. V. Travis had been lulled to sleep by champagne and kisses.

After she had been put to bed to get over the effects of the birthday party, Kenneth returned to Nina and Henri in great spirits.

"Do you know," he confided brightly "I've found out that liquor doesn't make me want to buy things. I found out tonight that I'm more like my father than I thought I was."

"Then have some brandy?" Nina smiled. "It's delicious."

"I believe I will have a spot," Kenneth smiled. "Can't hurt me on top of champagne."

Not long after that Nina and Henri and Hunk and Judy were obliged to carry Kenneth up to his bedroom and tuck him in to sleep it off.

An hour later V. Travis waked to find B. J. Nolan working over her. She was able to understand now how she had failed to get the contract signed. Like a good, conscientious girl, she set out to find Kenneth and right matters.

Kenneth too, had waked. He was feeling fine. In fact, never felt finer. He had impulses to sing. And he had even stronger impulses to go out and buy something. He started by going to his dressing room to put on his clothes. That was just when V. Travis entered his bedroom.

Before she could get a word with Kenneth, Nina and Henri came bursting into the room. V. Travis barely had time to hide behind a curtain.

After she made sure that Kenneth really

[*Continued on page 67*]



Doctors know the TRUTH about laxatives-do you?

IN PROTECTING your health, the doctor makes no compromise with quality. Every drug or serum he uses must meet strict standards of purity and strength.

Even for a little thing like a laxative, the doctor has a definite set of requirements. Before giving a laxative his approval he considers it from every angle to make sure that it meets his demands.

Read the specifications listed below. Will *your* laxative check on every point?

THE DOCTOR'S TEST OF A LAXATIVE:

It should be dependable.
It should be mild and gentle.
It should be thorough.
Its merit should be proved by the test of time.
It should *not* form a habit.
It should *not* over-act.
It should *not* cause stomach pains.
It should *not* nauseate, or upset digestion.

Go right down the list. Ex-Lax checks on *every* point. It meets the doctor's demands fairly and fully. So much so, in fact, that many doctors use Ex-Lax in their own homes. Ex-Lax has literally millions of friends. It is the most widely-used laxative in the world.

LET EX-LAX PROVE ITS OWN CASE

Try Ex-Lax the next time you need a laxative. You will find that it is mild and gentle. You will find that Ex-Lax is *not* upsetting. Yet it is completely effective. Moreover, you will appreciate the pleasant sense of well-being that follows such a thorough internal cleansing.

Your children, too, can share in these advantages. For the requirements set up by the doctor are *doubly important* to a child.

Once you try Ex-Lax, you'll say good-bye to harsh, nasty cathartics, for it tastes just like delicious chocolate. All drug stores have Ex-Lax in economical 10c and 25c sizes.

FREE! If you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept. S 67, Box 170, Times-Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y.

When Nature forgets—remember
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THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

REVIEWS OF PICTURES SEEN



Pat O'Brien, Barton MacLane and Ann Sheridan in "San Quentin."

WAKE UP AND LIVE

IT WON'T BE DIFFICULT AFTER SEEING THIS BREEZY MUSICAL—*Twentieth Century-Fox*

TWENTIETH CENTURY crashes through with another of its musical satires, and for perfect entertainment this one is hard to beat. The picture proceeds to tell the amusing story of the arrival in New York of one Jack Haley, who is hell-bent upon becoming a big radio star. But poor Jack takes one look at the mike and gets the worst mike fright imaginable.

There's one hysterical situation after another, with a final climax in Bernie's Manila Club that's a knockout for fun and cleverness. Ben Bernie and Walter Winchell play Ben Bernie and Walter Winchell —and perfectly. But most of the raves must go to Jack Haley, who at last comes into his own as a leading man. Also in the super cast are Alice Faye, Patsy Kelly as the wise-cracking Girl Friday, Ned Sparks as her fiance, Walter Catlett as a double-crossing agent, and Grace Bradley as a double-crossing girl friend. The Mack Gordon and Harry Ravel music and lyrics are the best yet. And Joan Davis stops the show with a comic rhumba.

THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER

A FAMOUS CHILDHOOD CLASSIC IMMORTALIZED ON THE SCREEN—*W. B.*

THE screen version of Mark Twain's well beloved story is a thing of sheer delight. Furthermore it is tops in entertainment.

Billy and Bobby Mauch, "as like as two peas in a pod," play little Edward, Prince of Wales (whose pappy was the infamous Henry VIII) and Tom Canty, the little pauper boy of the London slums, and the Mauch twins immediately take their place among the child marvels of Hollywood.

As you recall, on the eve of his Coronation Edward brings Tom into the palace and as a boyish trick they change clothes. Edward is mistaken for Tom and the excitement begins. Errol Flynn, as a soldier of fortune, befriends the little lost prince, who is now a pauper boy, and, after much delightful swashbuckling and sword-thrusting, returns him to his throne just in time to save the Tudor line for dear old England.

Claude Rains is excellent, as usual, as the scheming Earl of Hertford, and so is Henry Stephenson as the kindly Earl of Norfolk. Montagu Love's Henry VIII compares most favorably with that of Charles Laughton. But the picture belongs to the twins. It would almost seem that Mark Twain must have had them in mind.

CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS

A POWERFUL TALE OF THE SEA—*M-G-M*

FROM Rudyard Kipling's famous book, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has evolved a gripping, heart-rending drama concerning a small boy's devotion to a man who saves his life at sea. Freddie Bartholomew again delights with a sincere, almost unbelievably fine interpretation of the spoiled rich man's son who is literally thrown in the midst of a rough but friendly crew of a small fishing vessel.

Spencer Tracy's characterization of the Portuguese fisherman, who rescues Freddie and teaches him to be a man, is one of the best of his career. Lionel Barrymore, as the captain of the boat, is splendid, as always. Charley Grapewin, Mickey Rooney, John Carradine, Melvyn Douglas and Jack La Rue are excellent in the leading supporting roles. Superb photography and fine, intelligent direction combine to make this one of the important pictures of the year.

INTERNES CAN'T TAKE MONEY

STRONG ON TITLE BUT WEAK ON PLOT—*Paramount*

THE horrible-thought-of-the-month is what this picture might have been without the very capable and charming performances of Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea. Some day there's going to be a law against such plots. It's the one about the poor little mother who is looking for her ba-bee (in this instance the kiddie was kidnaped by her gangster father, now deceased) and who suffers and suffers until she finally decides to make the big sacrifice.

But she is saved from the heavy and his unwelcome attentions by a noble young interne who has fallen in love with her, and who has been adopted by a rival gang because he once saved their leader's life. Lloyd Nolan and Stanley Ridges are perfect as the two gang leaders.

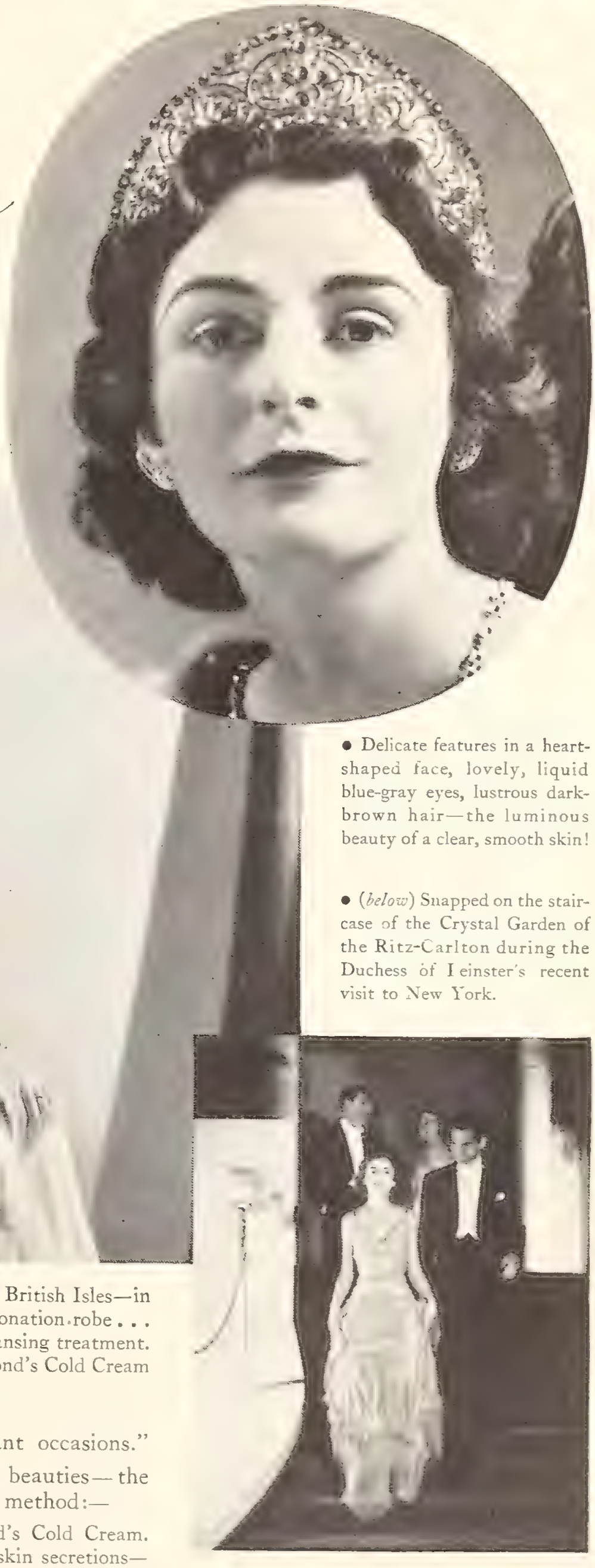
[*Continued on page* 58]

RECENTLY IN NEW YORK BEFORE RETURNING TO LONDON FOR THE CORONATION

THE BEAUTIFUL, YOUNG

Duchess OF *Leinster*

Tells you how she cares for her glamorously clear, smooth skin



• Delicate features in a heart-shaped face, lovely, liquid blue-gray eyes, lustrous dark-brown hair—the luminous beauty of a clear, smooth skin!

• (*below*) Snapped on the staircase of the Crystal Garden of the Ritz-Carlton during the Duchess of Leinster's recent visit to New York.



Her Grace—one of the three Premier Duchesses in the British Isles—in the white satin Court gown she will wear under her Coronation robe . . . "A treatment with Pond's Cold Cream is more than a cleansing treatment. It makes my skin feel invigorated, look brighter. I use Pond's Cold Cream night and morning and for any occasion."

SHE will stand for hours in Westminster Abbey the day of the Coronation, in a robe of velvet and ermine—jewels flashing from coronet and necklace—her lovely skin clear and luminous against its brilliant setting.

Of all the peeresses who will attend the Coronation, none will be lovelier than the slender, young Duchess of Leinster.

Admired for her beauty during her recent visit to New York, the Duchess said her beauty care is "the simplest and best—Pond's." "Pond's Cold Cream is a complete facial treatment in itself," she said. "I use it to invigorate and freshen my skin for the most important occasions."

Like hundreds of British beauties—the Duchess follows this daily method:—

Every night, smooth on Pond's Cold Cream. As it releases dirt, make-up, skin secretions—wipe them off. Now pat in more Pond's Cold Cream—*briskly*, till the circulation stirs. Your skin feels invigorated and freshened.

Every morning (and always before make-up) repeat . . . Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking!

Day and night, this rousing Pond's treatment does more than clean your skin. It invigorates it . . . Fights blemishes, blackheads, lines, coarsening pores. Get a jar today. Soon see *your* skin growing lovelier!

Send for **SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE**
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Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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Make this body treatment YOUR DAILY BEAUTY HABIT

1. Relax fifteen minutes in tub of warm water. With pores open, cleanse deeply and thoroughly with a pure, bland soap.
2. Stimulate circulation briskly, but gently, with soft-textured towel.
3. Complete this Beauty Treatment with generous powdering of MAVIS. See how velvety smooth, youthful and alluring it makes your skin. All day long MAVIS keeps your body free from perspiration odors, stickiness and chafing . . . protects dainty underthings and *safeguards feminine daintiness.*

THRILLINGLY DIFFERENT

MAVIS, the luxury talcum, actually finer than most face powders, always leaves a bewitching fragrance that lasts for hours. MAVIS is cooling, soothing, and refreshing. An intimate secret for body loveliness. *Truly invaluable for body comfort and body protection!*

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Sweetheart Charm Bracelet *with nine miniature reproductions of your loved ones. Read coupon on 25-cent can of MAVIS, at your neighborhood store today.*



MAVIS *for* **BODY PROTECTION**

THE TOP OF THE TOWN

FOR THOSE WHO LIKE ELABORATE MUSICALS
—Universal

HERE'S one of Hollywood's most gigantic musicals with plenty of color and plenty of tunes, but, just as you probably suspected, the plot is not so hot.

Doris Nolan plays one of those richest girls in the world who has just returned from a trip to Russia and decides to revolutionize the American night club. She is quite a problem child to her uncles (Claude Gillingwater, Ernest Cossart, Samuel Hinds and Richard Carle) so they turn over the Moonbeam Room to her, which is only a hundred or so stories up in the air on top of a skyscraper.

The Russian art trend in night clubs is a terrific flop on the opening night, and so, as New York society is walking out, George Murphy, versatile orchestra leader, lures them back with some good hot swing music and knock-out entertainment.

Gertrude Niesen, of radio and stage fame, makes her screen debut in this picture and sings three songs with compelling charm—in fact her "Where Am I?" a blues ballad, brought down the house at the preview. There are novelty numbers by Peggy Ryan, Ella Logan, and The Three Sailors, and a bit of Shakespeare by Mischa Auer that's really something to laugh about.

"SAN QUENTIN"

LIFE BEHIND THE IRON BARS—*WB*

A SOMEWHAT glorified picture of conditions in the famous California penitentiary, but good entertainment, nevertheless. Pat O'Brien is well cast in the role of an ex-Army captain who is put in charge of the prison yard. Ann Sheridan, as the love interest, is given her best role to date and makes the most of it. Humphrey Bogart, as her wayward brother, gives his usual splendid interpretation of the part. Barton MacLane, Joseph Sawyer and others round out the well-selected cast.

WHEN LOVE IS YOUNG

YOU WON'T GO WRONG ON THIS—*Universal*

A REFRESHING comedy drama about a small town girl who makes good in the big city. Not new in theme, certainly, but well-produced and with some new twists that are quite delightful. Virginia Bruce, as the young peasant girl who later blossoms into a musical comedy star, is handed the best role of her career, and proves beyond a doubt that she can really act. Kent Taylor, as the press agent, is also shown to good advantage.

Walter Brennan, Greta Meyer, Christian Rub, William Tannen, Sterling Holloway, Nydia Westman and Jack Smart are all excellent.

WAIKIKI WEDDING

ALMOST AS GOOD AS A TRIP TO HAWAII
—Paramount

A RIOT of fun, beautiful photography and captivating music, with Bing Crosby in the middle. It's a light story, all about a boy who thinks up the swell publicity stunt of selecting a pineapple queen to write her impressions of Hawaii—and the jam he gets in by doing it.

Bob Burns, as Bing's pal, has never been better, nor has Martha Raye. Shirley Ross, as the pineapple queen, is pleasing. George Barbier, Grady Sutton, Lief Erickson, Anthony Quinn and others form the supporting cast. And Bing Crosby, our favorite crooner, is TERRIFIC.

A Chip of the Old Block

[*Continued from page* 25]

When he got to Chicago he telephoned some friends of his mother's to say hello. They offered him a job! He was so astonished he almost dropped the phone. For years no one had offered him a job. It seemed the turn of his luck and he decided to play up to it. He quickly redeemed the rest of his ticket and hopped a street car to the home of his friends.

He worked in the World's Fair—all kinds of jobs. In one sketch he played a Mexican tramp who for some reason wore boots and spurs. The leading lady in that sketch, he was convinced, did not like him. He never knew why but he felt definitely that she resented him and it made him nervous. Once as they were about to make their exit he clicked his heels in the accustomed salute—and the spurs locked together! Move his feet he could not and the effort he made to free himself sent both of them flat on their faces on the stage.

The act brought down the house as well as the curtain and the scenery which he clutched as he fell. "It always discouraged me," Tyrone said, laughing in memory of it, "that my acting during the entire engagement never brought the hearty and spontaneous applause I received during that one ignominious moment."

If his stock with the leading lady was low before this point I shudder to think to what depths it sank after that exhibition.

Tyrone is not addicted to any one type of part. That makes him restless. He likes to switch constantly from one thing to another—as he did in "Lloyds of London" and "Love is News." A dramatic role one time, a comedy role the next. You'll never settle down and get used to him because he's not the settling kind. He's a bird on the wing.

And speaking of birds, he was scheduled to fly back to the Coast after his broadcast here. But during the broadcast his press representative got news of a crash in which thirteen people were killed and cancelled Tyrone's midnight trip, engaging accommodations for him on the train. Tyrone cancelled those and rebooked his flying passage.

"Isn't that foolish when there has just been an accident?" I said when I talked with him next day.

"Oh no," he replied earnestly. "No one stops driving a car just because there are accidents. I really believe in flying as a mode of travel. It is the coming thing. I felt a bit creepy when I heard of the crash but I'm over it now. If the weather were bad it would be different. It isn't intelligent to fly in bad weather, any more than it is to put out to sea in a row boat in a storm, unless it is vitally necessary to do so. But this is excellent flying weather, the studio needs me tomorrow—so I'm flying."

"Well I'll keep my fingers crossed anyway," I said fussily, and waited up for the midnight edition of the paper.

There you have him, as I see him. Charming, intelligent, with courage and ability. I think he's a long term winner. Meet me in ten years and see if I'm right. He'll be an old man then and of no interest to anyone? Oh I don't know. He'll be thirty three. Nelson Eddy is thirty five they say, and *he* seems to interest quite a lot of people.

It's their Birthday.. *but Your Gift!*



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keep lips
ardent...
free from
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parching!



What makes lips tempting? Men admire warm, ardent color...and *soft, silky* texture. Dry, rough lips do *not* tempt romance.

Coty's new lipstick, the "Sub-Deb," protects you from all danger of Lipstick Parching. It contains a special softening ingredient —"Theobroma"— which keeps lips appealingly smooth and dewy. Coty "Sub-Deb" comes in five ardent and indelible shades. *New! "Air Spun" Rouge—50¢.* Torrents of air blend its colors to life-like subtlety.

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SUB-DEB LIPSTICK *50¢*

Precious protection!...Coty melts eight drops of "Theobroma" into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. This guards against lipstick parching.

A Hair-Raising Story

[*Continued from page* 51]

suits and one necktie during the entire opus, already began to look in retrospect like the happiest days of my life," Cary sighed most convincingly.

"I was on my way out, relaxing in the anticipation of a good dinner at home, and early bed, when the gentleman at the R-K-O door stopped me with a script. To be studied for the next morning's scenes. And, oh yes, we were to be on location at six A.M. Just a little after-thought.

"So I stewed in venomous thoughts all the way to Santa Monica, where Randy Scott and I have bachelor's diggings. That is, we *did* have. It appeared now that Cary didn't live there any more. Randy has forsaken his bachelor state, and his very charming wife, together with several Southern friends, arrived that day for a visit, unexpectedly. During the excitement, they had been kind enough to find a house next door for me to live in—and I am not unmindful of my luck and their consideration. But when the question, the very moot question, arose—where do *I* eat?—nobody seemed to know."

(*That's* why he looked so gaunt and wistful when I met him, the poor lamb. He was hungry!)

Then—great day—Tony, who had disappeared suddenly from Hollywood, was located in Palm Springs by one of Cary's trusted sleuths.

Our Cary went there pronto, and hunted him out in less than thirty minutes. Do you know where a barber goes on his vacation? Answer—to visit other barber shops.

And then—hurrah, eureka, excelsior! Cary was leaning back in a chair, eyes closed, a beatific glow in his haggard countenance. Tony was making little preparatory snips in the air with his trusty scissors.

Came a loud cry, as of alarm and anguish. Tony dropped his scissors.

"Here—wait a minute! Don't *do* that!" The voice had a familiar ring.

Cary opened one eye—reluctantly.

The voice, my friends, was that of Rowland Lee, director of "The Toast of New York," the picture Cary was working in, and still is, at this writing.

"You can't do that!" Lee shouted, getting purple. "1860—costume—they didn't wear short hair-cuts then!"

Some little time was required to revive Cary. Finally he came out of it all right. He may even be the same some day, when the initial shock is over.

When his double-life days are over, Cary thinks he may look back with a fond nostalgia to the time when he wondered what picture he was working in that day, who was his girl, what house he lived in—and where the heck was Tony, the perfect barber!

Peculiarities of Picture Making

[*Continued from page* 27]

And think of Robert Taylor who started out to stage a little private war all of his own with the road hogs of California. His campaign was to be directed against three types of motorists—drivers of big expensive cars who crowd smaller ones off the highway, those who scoff at the little cars and prevent them from passing, and the type who always invites a race when you try and pass him in heavy traffic. Bob's weapon was to be humiliation. He went out and bought a creaking, battered Model T tin-lizzie coupe, fifteen years old, but right smart and peppy for all that! Driving it, he intended to challenge any road hog in town. The "old wreck," you probably surmise, would out-distance almost any stock car, because hidden under its hood was a supercharged motor which, in speed tests, had reached 110 miles per hour. It looked like a piece of junk on the outside, but on the inside it had enough gadgets to humiliate any big-car driver who sneered it on its way.

So, as we said before, Bob was all set to have his fun, when suddenly his studio heard about it and a clause was hastily put in his contract forbidding him to ride in that "Blamed Thing." Thus his fun and private little war ended somewhat abruptly, much to his regret.

And Ronald Colman has a clause saying he shall not be called upon to speak the last line of any production during tests. This is because he believes it is bad luck to speak the "tag" of a picture or play at any time except at the end of the show, and then only from the stage or set.

But oddest quirks of all are those in the contracts of Spencer Tracy and Charlie Murray, allowing them to be ardent circus fans. They can leave off work in pictures and attend any circus whenever one comes to Hollywood. Last to leave the circus grounds are always Spencer Tracy and Charlie Murray.

The contract of Charles Boyer allows him to make one picture in his native France per year.

But best of all is the Greta Garbo clause saying she must never become rotund! As if the great Greta ever would!!

When Stars Are Pals

[*Continued from page* 29]

sweetheart going into ecstasies about another beautiful woman. And you would have every right to believe that an actress of Jeanette McDonald's popularity—particularly in Europe—would resent the appearance of a rival as formidable as La Rainer.

But, you would think wrong. Jeanette was one of the first to greet Luise when she came to the studio. She realized that she was lonely and bewildered by Hollywood and that she was worried because her English was not perfect.

Jeanette gave Luise invaluable tips about Hollywood and spent long hours helping the foreign girl with her English.

Many stories have been told about how Margo got her first big break in pictures. The truth is that the person responsible was Helen Hayes. Margo had been singing

"It really began with this snapshot"



"I'D heard Sid mention his sister, but she meant nothing to me, naturally—until one day I picked up this snapshot on his desk.

"I asked him who the choice number was, and felt a little embarrassed when he said she was his sister Molly. But I guess he forgave the fresh remark, the way I began to treat him like a brother. I even loaned him money.

"He said he'd rather I'd take the snapshot than come mooning around his desk all the time, so that's how I became the owner. How I became the owner of the girl herself is another story—but it really began with this snapshot."

The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow—you must take Today



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at the Cocoanut Grove. On the last night of her engagement she suddenly decided to dance, signaled to Xaviar Cugat, the orchestra leader, for a rhumba and went into a wild improvization. She was movement and rhythm and fire.

It happened that Helen Hayes and Charlie McArthur were there that night. Helen leaned forward, "Watch that girl, Charlie, she's marvelous. Can't we arrange a test for her?"

The test *was* arranged because of Helen's insistence and a few weeks later Margo was playing a principal rôle in a Hecht-McArthur production. And so what about those stories about actresses who resent any new, exciting, young woman's competition?

Joan Crawford's loyalties to other actresses are legion. Julie Haydon, Gail Patrick, Evelyn Knapp are but a few who have known her warm aid. You know that when Joan was on her honeymoon in New York she read of Loretta Young's illness and heard a rumor that Loretta was sorely in need of funds. She picked up the telephone instantly and called a friend in Hollywood with the request that he go to Loretta and offer all the financial assistance necessary. Joan's friend met Barbara Stanwyck there—another who had immediately rushed to Loretta's aid.

But less well known is Joan's loyalty to Madge Evans. When Joan saw Madge in "Lovers Courageous" she raved over her performance and prophesied a great future. But, somehow, Madge didn't seem to get the breaks.

She was terribly unhappy and discouraged and she used to drop into Joan's dressing room for the tonic of the star's vitality and understanding. When Joan moved into the newly built studio dressing room for stars only, she went to an executive and asked that Madge be given her other dressing room—a three room suite with a shower Joan had had especially built in.

Then, one night, Joan went to the Trocadero to a party given by the Goldwyns. She found herself sitting next to Nick Schenck. Joan, herself, was unhappy with the rôles assigned her. She was eager for stories that would give her a chance to do real dramatic acting. And here was a chance of a lifetime. With Schenck in a friendly party mood it would be a great opportunity to grind her own axe. But did she? Ask Joe Schenck what she talked about —Madge Evans.

The producer looked at her in amazement while she launched into a verbal campaign that would put the most silver-tongued orator to shame. For over an hour she told Schenck what a marvelous actress Madge was, what great possibilities she had and begged him, as a personal favor, to see that she be given big dramatic rôles.

There has been plenty of gossip concerning Katharine Hepburn's temperament, her temper and her rudeness. But you had better not repeat any of it to Fred Stone.

When fiery Kate was working on "Alice Adams" she—like everyone else in the cast—fell in love with Fred. And if you're fond of Fred one of the penalties is hearing about his daughters. Paula, Dotty and Carol—well, say, those kids could do no wrong. Morning, noon and night Katharine heard their praises sung. Paula and Dotty were in Hollywood. Fred would, he confided one day, be perfectly happy if Carol were with him.

Unbeknownst to Fred, Katie arranged through the RKO New York office for Carol to have a test. It turned out fine and Kate had the exquisite pleasure of telling Stone that his other daughter was soon to join the happy group. If Hepburn wanted thanks she got it when the tears spilled down Fred's impressive, bulbous nose.

Speaking of the possibility of a rival reminds me of another one about Ginger Rogers. Harriet Hilliard had been given a test in New York. When Mark Sandrich saw it he gave Harriet the second lead in "Follow the Fleet." At that time Ginger and Harriet did not know each other but Ginger showed her makeup secrets, coached her in her lines and did everything to help a girl who was typed to play the very same sort of rôle Ginger plays.

On the first day of the picture Ginger had only about an hour's work—Harriet had a full day. But Ginger stuck around until the cast was dismissed, talking with Harriet and kidding with her, making her forget herself, for she knew how nervous Harriet would be. By the time the picture was finished they were fast friends and had Harriet's baby been a girl it would have been named for Ginger.

But when the reviews of "Follow the Fleet" appeared most of the critics pointed out that Harriet had stolen the feminine honors from Ginger. And the columnists wondered how Ginger felt about it. Well, I can tell you Ginger felt fine. She saved all the reviews praising Harriet's work and was as pleased as a mother hen with an only chick. The girls are even better friends today than they were before those criticisms were printed.

This will give you just a sketchy idea about some of the loyalties of Hollywood stars.

But the wonderful thing about it all is that when a star helps another actress she definitely keeps her mouth shut about her. Her loyalties are invariably untold so far as she is concerned. The recipients of the kindnesses are the ones who repeat the incidents. And that—it seems to me—is pretty grand.

HURRY-HURRY!

Be Sure to get your copy of wonderful New Dance Book by ARTHUR MURRAY—

World's Greatest Dance Instructor— Learn the Latest Dance Steps from this Expert —

FREE!







Champions vs. The Screen

[*Continued from page* 23]

I am wondering what camera disposition will be made of Helen Wills Moody, the tennis champ who is currently negotiating a contract. Tennis will not be so difficult to photograph as golf, but it will not be so spectacular as Miss Henie's sport. In tennis, again, the camera will have to interrupt rhythm to show the start of the shot and the place where the ball lands. The former Helen Wills should photograph better than Sonja, I think. She is much the better looking of the two and the tennis champ has a million dollar smile when she relaxes her poker face. Her voice should record well, too, and her general personality is one that will appeal to movie goers, because she is an awfully nice person.

Whether or not Mrs. Moody will permit the movies to surround her with the Ritz brothers and Ned Sparks and Borrah Minnevitch remains to be seen. If Helen Wills Moody, reared in the Forest Hills and Wimbledon tradition, shies away from a supporting cast of robust, slapstick comics, she will be a movie flop.

What will happen now, of course, is that the phenomenal success of Sonja Henie will create a cycle of sporting personality flickers. Zanuck has blazed the trail. Other feminine ice skaters will be grabbed by the talent scouts, and golfers, tennis players, quoit chuckers and ping-pong pushers will arise and as quickly fade.

But the movie makers had better study the formula that Zanuck used to such good effect with the Norwegian Olympic champion. He placed her in a musical setting, supported her with great comedy and a great cast, gave her a fine, natural story and introduced, for the first time, a switch on the typical backstage story. Other producers, I'm afraid, won't be as fortunate, because Sonja Henie's "One In a Million" was, figuratively and literally, a million to one shot.

Zanuck, in this picture, really hit a new high mark. I've never given him great credit for taking established stage stars and getting results from them. In taking Sonja Henie, however, and creating a film star out of the rawest material, Zanuck rates all of the bows. He created something in this instance that is a recommendation of his perception and imagination. The complete story has not yet been told, either. Sonja, in the foreign market, will be a greater box-office attraction than she has been in this country.

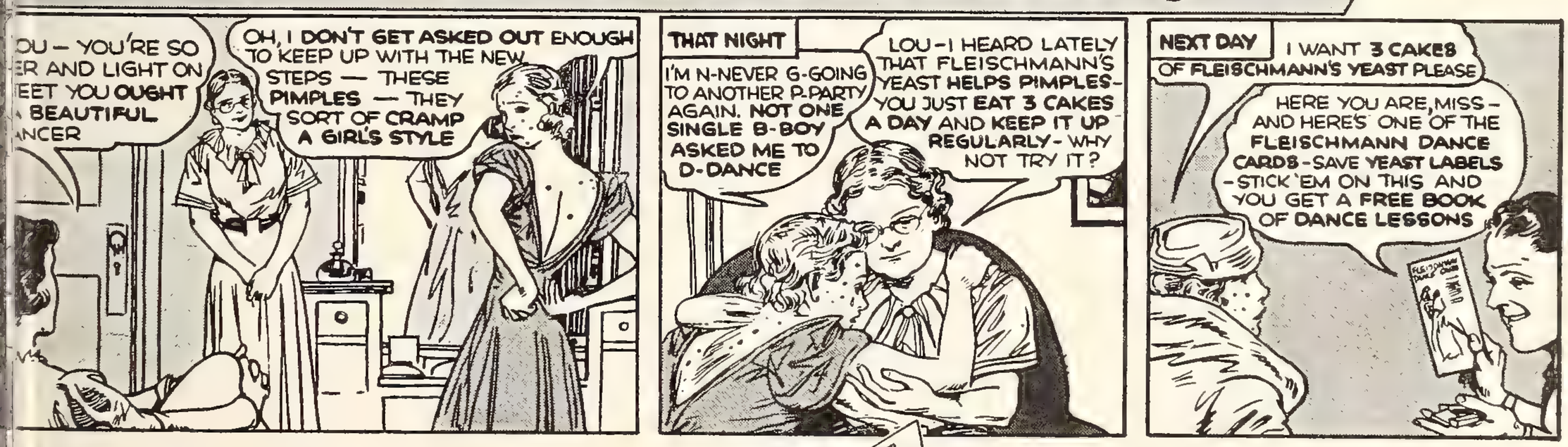
Zanuck parlayed a pair of skates into a $2,500,000 attraction. I think he's got something there. I do indeed.



Acme

Fredric March, Kay Francis and Mrs. Florence Eldredge March at a costume party. Freddie represents the absent-minded professor who drank hair tonic by mistake.

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(Details of securing Dance Book differ slightly in states west of Denver and in Canada, see newspapers or ask your local grocer.)



Dr. R. E. Lee, well-known physician, says: **"STICK TO IT,** and **Fleischmann's Yeast** will help to correct **ADOLESCENT PIMPLES."**

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They are striking examples of the power of *color!*

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Daye is primarily for daytime wear. It is a luscious golden tone, magical in its effect. It is a *dramatic* shade. It is young and exciting. It gives you the freshness of a Spring morn, the glow of the heart of a rose. It creates a gay beauty that is preserved under the most glaring sunlight.

A Romantic Shade for Night

Nihte is primarily for night-time wear. It is a *romantic* shade, suggestive of moonlit waters and soft music. It casts a pearly radiance about you. It gives your skin a transparent look, as if the moon shone through it. It creates a soft ethereal beauty that can challenge the most unsympathetic artificial light.

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These new face powder shades and their effect can no more be described than can a radiant dawn or a glorious sunset. They have to be seen to be appreciated. That's why I offer to send a liberal trial supply to every woman in America.

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Ambition's Little City

[*Continued from page* 19]

these people to the Film Capital? Let's be honest and say that the chief attraction is money, or the fame that can be converted into money. The fabulous salaries paid to the successful in Hollywood are sufficient to explain its world-wide allure. But money alone is not the whole story. That army of hopeful human beings which is constantly moving toward Hollywood is motivated chiefly by the knowledge that the motion picture industry offers larger and more varied opportunities for talent than any other medium on earth.

Now God forbid that I should plant the seed of a false hope in the breast of any reader of this magazine! While it is true that Hollywood is full of dazzling opportunities and dizzy rewards for the successful, it is just as grimly true that there are a thousand failures, a thousand heartbreaks for every such success. Nor does success or failure depend necessarily upon true worth or the lack of it. Pure luck plays an important part in every outstanding Hollywood career.

All right, you may say at this point, with some impatience, we realize that luck plays a part in every success, in any walk of life. What we want to know is this:—How does one go about selling one's self in Hollywood? How does one sell a song or a scenario? How does one sell one's talent as an actor?

There are as many answers to the question:—How do I break into the movie game?—as there are people trying to make that break. Every case is different; but without attempting the hopeless task of solving this problem, I can say that, in general, the person with experience or training has more chance of success than the inexperienced or untrained person. This is particularly true in the field of writing, with which I am most familiar. It is extremely difficult, if not impossible, for an unknown writer to sell a story to a Hollywood studio. The reason is simple. All the studios are afraid of plagiarism suits. Therefore their policy is to return *unopened* any unsolicited manuscript from an unknown writer.

The other day I sold a story to one of the major studios after a ten minute conversation with the story editor. All I had written on paper was the title. A short time ago, I sold another story on a thirteen-page synopsis. Pretty soft, you may say. But don't forget that I have been a professional writer for some twenty odd years. In plain words, I have learned my trade. That makes all the difference in the world.

The same thing is true of musicians, directors and producers. A Class "A" picture costs anywhere from three hundred thousand to a million or two dollars. It is only logical that the studios want experienced men and women to handle that much money.

It is when we turn to the field of acting that we find our rules for success badly scrambled and our preconceived ideas knocked into a cocked hat. I have talked with many producers, casting directors and talent scouts and while they all begin by saying that acting experience is essential to success in Hollywood, they immediately begin to cite cases which disprove that dictum and leave the whole question where it probably always will be—high up in the air.

Perhaps I can best illustrate the various ways and means by which Hollywood's actors and actresses reach prominence on the

screen by citing a number of actual cases which have come to my notice. If you, the reader, can formulate any fixed rule of procedure from these cases, then you are better at puzzles than I am.

Let's start with Marlene Dietrich. Miss Dietrich once upon a time was an unknown extra girl working in a Berlin studio. She was getting nowhere fast. An assistant director, who was interested in her, gave her a monocle to wear. It was his idea that the monocle would reflect the light from the klieg lamps and thus attract attention to the girl. It did. The director noticed her and gave her a "bit" in the picture. Miss Dietrich made good and the rest is history. The assistant director, incidentally, was rewarded later on. Miss Dietrich married him.

Alice Faye, brilliant young Twentieth-Century-Fox star, became a screen luminary by accident. The accident happened to Lillian Harvey, who was playing the lead in George White's "Scandals." Miss Harvey, at the outset of the production, injured her foot. Alice Faye had been engaged to do a single number in the picture. When Miss Harvey retired, Miss Faye was rushed into the lead. She was a hit, and went on to stardom.

Fredric March got his big chance in pictures by an intelligent bit of self-advertising. Like thousands of others, he had found it hard to crash the studio gates, until he learned that there was to be a Los Angeles production of the stage play, "The Royal Family." By fast work and determined effort, Freddie secured the lead in that production. He figured that every movie producer in town would come to see him play that part, which was a stage portrait, supposedly, of John Barrymore.

Freddie guessed right. The movie moguls came, and Freddie's performance put him where he really belonged, in the big picture money.



Acme

Shirley Temple, eight years old on April 23, blowing out the candles on her birthday cake.

Clark Gable's rise to picture fame was by the same route. Clark had banged at the extra gates with little success until he appeared in the Los Angeles stage presentation of "The Last Mile." His performance in that play was the first step in his rise to stardom.

On the other hand, Fay Bainter, who was born in Los Angeles and who has played there in some of her distinctive stage successes, has only recently found the high place in pictures which is deservedly hers. Miss Bainter is one of the few great American actresses, she has been on the stage since she was four years old and has played the lead in any number of stage hits, the last of which was "Dodsworth," in which she created the rôle that Ruth Chatterton played on the screen. Yet it was not until this winter that her performance in R-K-O-Radio's film version of "Quality Street," and her even greater performance in that same studio's picture, "Michael Strogoff," assured Miss Bainter of a sustained motion picture career.





Acme

Jack Oakie staged a "Gone With the Wind" party. Jean Hersholt, Heather Angel, Pat O'Brien, Mrs. O'Brien and Joe E. Brown (behind the moustache).

The movie debut of the three Ritz Brothers, those inspired zanies of stage and screen, was a direct result of their show at the Trocadero, Hollywood's famous night-club. At the same cafe, Tony Martin sang his way into a Twentieth Century-Fox contract. Martha Raye did her stuff at the Casanova, another Hollywood cafe, and landed a contract with Paramount.

Bing Crosby is a graduate of the Los Angeles Ambassador's popular Cocoanut Grove. Raquel Torres started her career as an usherette at the Chinese Theatre in Hollywood. The staff liked the beautiful little German-Spanish girl and gave her the prized post at the entrance. This was equivalent to placing her in a spot-lighted goldfish bowl. It wasn't long before her beauty engaged the attention of a director, and Miss Torres was on her way to fame.

The fact that Shirley Temple was born within ten miles of the Film Mecca probably simplified her amazing career. With unusual foresight, Shirley chose Santa Monica as her birthplace. At the age of three, she began to attend a dancing school for juveniles. Shortly, with a number of companions, she was chosen for a small part in a series of short comedies entitled "Baby Burlesks." Her striking personality and extraordinary ability won her a rôle in Paramount's "Little Miss Marker." (If I am not mistaken, it was Ben Schulberg who first recognized the full scope of the child's genius.) Then Fox borrowed her for "Stand Up and Cheer" and the incredible youngster was launched upon a career that is unparalleled in pictures.

But the lure of Hollywood is not limited to its own immediate vicinity. Jane Withers, probably the foremost child character actress in the world, was born in Atlanta, Georgia. When she was not quite seven, her mother brought her to Hollywood with a definite determination to place her in the movies. For two years and six months, little Jane and her courageous mother battled to overcome the colossal indifference of the great film executives. Jane sang and did impersonations on the radio, she appeared at innumerable benefits, she played unimportant "bits" in several pictures. Then in October, 1934, Mrs. Withers heard that David Butler was looking for a little girl to play the part of a brat in Shirley Temple's picture, "Bright Eyes." Mrs. Withers took Jane to see Mr. Butler, and with the help of James Ryan, the casting director, Jane contrived to run through her repertoire of impersonations for the director. She ended her performance with an imitation of a machine-gun. The machine-gun did it. Jane got the part, and is now a star in her own right.

It was the famous California climate—(which at this writing is infamously cold and rainy)—that attracted to Los Angeles the parents of the young girl, still in her teens, who is Hollywood's latest sensation. I refer to Deanna Durbin, the truly meteoric young star of Universal's smash-hit picture "Three Smart Girls." Miss Durbin was born of English parents in Winnipeg, Canada, on December 4, 1922. Just a year later, doctors told James Durbin, Deanna's



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father, that he must leave the rigorous climate of Winnipeg for his health. So the Durbins moved to Southern California.

Then in 1935 a certain lady happened to hear Deanna sing at a neighborhood social gathering. This lady telephoned a friend of hers, an actor's agent named Jack Sherrill. Mr. Sherrill knew that the M-G-M studio was considering the production of a picture based on the life of the late Mme. Schumann-Heink. The studio wanted to find a young actress in her teens to portray the elderly actress as a girl. Mr. Sherrill arranged to be present that afternoon in the home of Deanna's singing teacher while Deanna was having her lesson. The result was an M-G-M contract for Deanna. Incidentally, Louis B. Mayer, production head of Metro, was in New York at the time. Deanna sang for him over the long-distance phone, and Mr. Mayer immediately wired his congratulations to the new contract player whom he had never seen.

These cases that I have mentioned are only a few of many I might cite to prove my thesis, which is that Hollywood today attracts artists of all kinds and all ages. For instance Stephen Goosson, art director in chief at Columbia, who is responsible for the sets in Frank Capra's latest masterpiece "Lost Horizon," came to Hollywood by way of the University of Michigan, Syracuse University, Immucci Academy in Rome and the Academy of Paris. Dan Grossbeck, who designed the costumes for that same picture, is a well-known illustrator and painter of murals; and Dmitri Tiomkin, who wrote the remarkable score, is a distinguished Russian composer who finds in Hollywood both opportunity and inspiration.

As for myself, it has taken me ten years to transfer my allegiance from New York to Hollywood. I still have moments when I miss the excitement of New York, its frenzied crowds, its fury of accomplishment, its theatre, its superior newspapers, its art, its loud riveting machines, its lordly cops and little people rushing toward nervous breakdowns. But I haven't time to go into that here. I have an appointment in a few minutes with an architect who is going to build me a house on a lot I have bought in Coldwater Canyon, Los Angeles, California.

Love Traps A Million

[*Continued from page* 55]

was in the room and safe for the night, Nina ordered Henri to stand guard over the door. She did not mean to let V. Travis get near Kenneth while he was in that buying mood.

V. Travis was cut off from retreat by Henri who took up guard duty outside the door. Her only way out was via the window, beside which stood a fine old elm tree. She crawled out onto its broad branch. But unfortunately she caught her dress and couldn't get up or down. There was nothing to do but inform Kenneth of her plight.

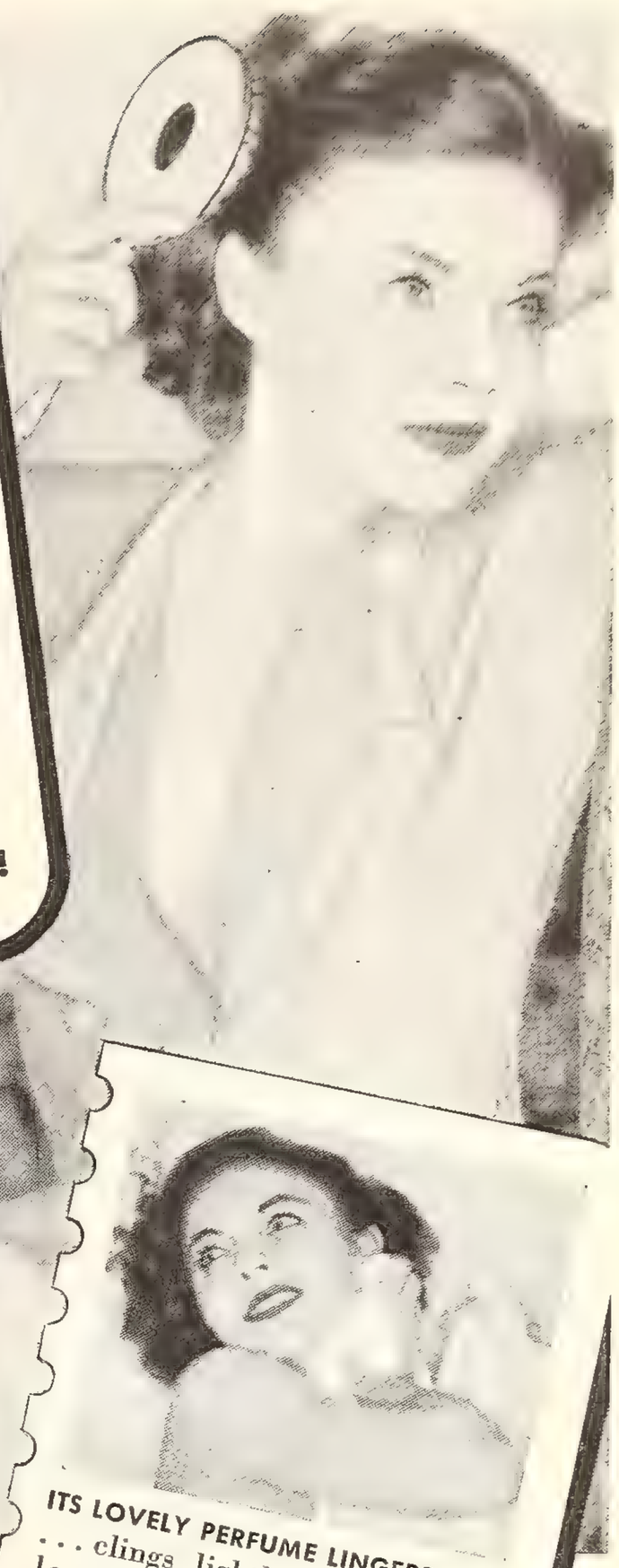
Kenneth was in a golden mood where nothing is impossible. His love was in distress. He meant to rescue her like the knight that he was. Then they'd go some place and buy something—lots of things! He handed her the bridge lamp through the window and they hung it in the branches. Then he passed out a chair. Finally he arrived in person, singing happily—

I think that I shall never see
A tree as lovely as a tree.

"People don't know what they're missing, staying out of trees," he beamed. "Shall I get another chair?"

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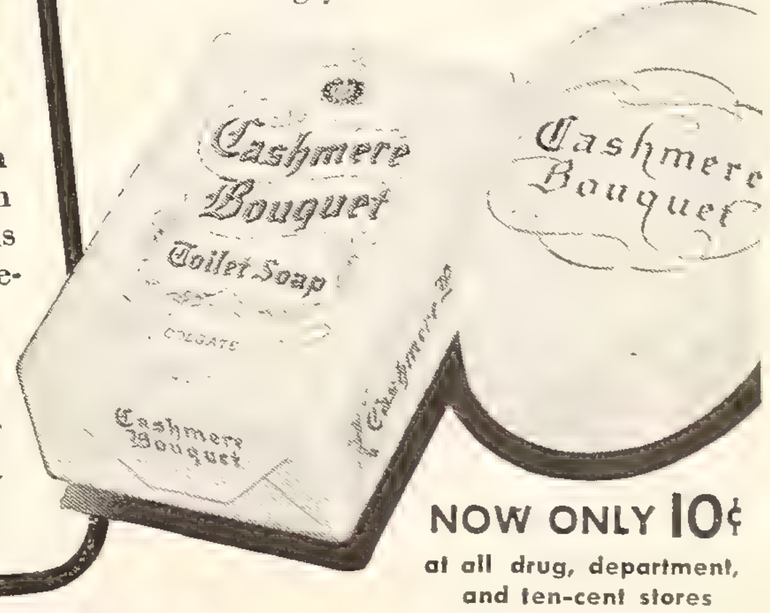
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"Is anybody else coming?" she asked, a little surprised.

"I didn't invite anybody. Did you?"

"Only you."

"Only us!" he declaimed. "In a tree. All night. We'll make a new world of our own—"

His arm was about V. Travis. In her pocket his hand encountered a folded document. "What's this?"

"Oh, never mind that now," she sighed. "It's just a contract—"

"Contract?" Kenneth was all interest. "For Nolan Heights, eh? I'll buy it."

"Buy it tomorrow," she said, snuggling closer.

"Gimme a pen and I'll sign it now. No sense sitting in a tree all your life planning. The alive thing to do is to *do* it. Gimme a pen—"

V. Travis' conscience gave her a twinge. "Oh, Kenneth, are you being . . . sensible?"

"Sensible! I'm sick unto death of that word!"

"Oh, darling! May I call you darling?"

"Yea bo! Darling!"

"This is what I wanted you to be like," she said, her eyes radiant. "It's . . . it's a miracle!"

"A shining miracle come to pass," he answered happily. "And you did it! And I will thank you for it! And I will love you for it!"

"You will . . . what?" Her cup of happiness was full and running over.

"Love you for it. Forever and the day after. Gimme a pen!"

"A pen?" Her face fell. "I forgot the pen!"

"Tree service!" Kenneth shouted. "Tree service!"

His roar brought Hunk and Judy out of the house. "Bring a fountain pen up here, right away," said Kenneth.

"Yea man!" Hunk shouted.

"Make sure there's ink in it. And bring a blotter, Judy," V. Travis added.

The uproar brought Nina and Henri on the run. "Kenneth, what are you doing there?" Nina screamed.

"We're being Adam and Eve in a tree!" Kenneth leaned far over, beaming happily at Nina. "And guess what . . . I'm putting all my money into Nolan Heights!"

"No . . . wait!" Nina screamed. She started to swarm up the tree.

"You keep out of this tree," V. Travis shouted.

Hunk rushed out with the fountain pen. Henri jumped him and tried to take it away.

"Kenneth, you don't know what you're doing!"

"Hunk," Kenneth roared back. "Hunk, the pen!"

Hunk broke loose from Henri. He held the fountain pen in his teeth and started up into the tree.

"Stop him, Henri!" Nina screeched.

Hunk was half way toward the first big branch. Henri swarmed over Judy, using her face as a stepping stone. Judy bit Henri in the leg. That gave Henri an idea. Hunk was just in reach above him. He bit Hunk's leg. Hunk said, "Ouch," and dropped the pen.

"Gimme the papers," Kenneth commanded. Hunk had recaptured the pen, handed back to him by Judy. This time he gave it a toss and Kenneth caught it. "Where's the dotted line?" he demanded.

By now Nina had reached the first branch. "Kenneth," she screamed. "If you sign that I'll faint." She looked about, choosing a safe branch to faint on. Kenneth, paying no attention, was looking for the dotted line.

Having selected a safe looking branch Nina leaned back carefully and fainted. The branch promptly broke and Nina reached the lawn below with an audible *plunk* and this time it looked as if she had fainted.

They all peered down at her, horror struck. Henri rushed to her side. "Oh my darling," he gasped. "Don't leave me. I cannot bear it. Remember the pledge we made to our love that night on the River Ganges."

"What night on the River Ganges?" Kenneth demanded. "Hey, what is this?"

"Not one night! Many nights," cried Nina's supposed uncle.

"Ah hah!" cried Hunk.

"What kind of uncle talk is this?" Judy demanded.

"I am not her uncle," Henri answered, defying them all.

"You fool!" Nina snapped as Kenneth signed the contract on the dotted line.

"Shut up!" said Henri. "I love you!" He picked her off the lawn and slung her over his shoulder. "From now on," he announced to the world, "I will be proud of me!"

And in the treetop Kenneth blotted his signature and turned to V. Travis to seal the bargain with a kiss.



Akim Tamiroff kissing the hand of Claire Trevor in "King of Gamblers."

Secret Families

[*Continued from page* 28]

surprise jolt when it learned that the very fine English actor, Basil Rathbone, had a "secret son."

At nineteen, Basil was swept into an impetuous World-War marriage, and later, a son was born in London, whom he named Rodion. After his romance crashed, he set forth to win fame as an actor, while the boy remained in London with his mother. Coming to America, Basil remarried, and few knew of this early chapter in his life.

There have been a few brief meetings between father and son and last summer it was planned that Rodion should journey to Hollywood for a real visit. Then occurred one of those ironical incidents that frequently punctuate the life of the screen player; before his son arrived, Basil was called to London for an important film engagement and the two passed each other *en route,* without even a chance of a "Hello!"

The tall, distinguished Rodion arrived and immediately conquered Hollywood, all on his own. The high point of his visit being that he developed a terrific crush on pretty Olivia de Havilland, calling her the *Ideal Girl of the World,* and having no eyes for other screen charmers. Now, having been graduated from Cambridge this spring, Rodion is coming to Hollywood for a lengthy stay and his father is exuberantly excited about it.

Said Rathbone, "The boy followed my father's footsteps rather than mine in his education, by becoming an electrical engineer, but the acting profession intrigues him tremendously and he may try his luck on the screen. I would be very proud were he to become an actor and shall encourage him, but the final decision will be his. One must choose his own career if he is to be happy in it. Whatever comes from this visit, I shall have the great joy of his companionship and, at last, my son will be a reality. This is something I've dreamed about for many years."

A recent Hollywood laugh came with the clever hoax put over by Carol Hughes, one of the most promising of the new starlets, who was at the Warner Brothers studio for almost a year before anyone knew she had a husband and a six-year old daughter. Her story is one of youth and optimism.

Carol and her handsome young husband, Frank Faylen, had been vaudeville headliners for several years when it occurred to them to try the movies. They determined to win or lose on their own, each to start out independently, and the way to do this was not to mention their marriage. After several good rôles in Warner Brothers' pictures, topping off with her priceless weeping wife in "Three Men On a Horse," the studio hastened to put Carol under contract. In the meantime, Frank's excellent work in various films at the same studio interested the executives and he was given a contract. All this, and still absolutely no one guessed that these two promising new players even knew each other.

"It wasn't difficult to keep our secret," confided Carol. "Everyone seemed to think I was too young to have a family and, of course, I never mentioned it. If anybody asked for a date I explained, very sweetly, that I had a steady boy friend, and that always ended that. We each had our separate telephone number and soon learned that my calls for dates came around seven-thirty in the evening and Frank would answer them, pretending he was the Japanese houseboy—you should hear his accent, it is perfect. We're very pally, Frank, our daughter Catherine and I, and spend all our play hours together, either swimming,

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skating, playing tennis or riding, which lessened the risk. Then, after almost a year, when we both had won our contracts, the story leaked out, which was just as well. But it was fun while it lasted."

Ann Sheridan, another Warner Brothers' beauty, tried the secrecy route when she eloped to Mexico last August and married Edward Norris, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer contract player. No sooner was the wedding over than they began worrying as to what their studios would say, each fearing for the other's career, and the only way out seemed to be to keep it a secret. It worked beautifully for several months, then some inquisitive snooper discovered the records at Ensenada and the newspapers flashed the story. Much to Ann's and Edward's surprise, neither studio minded in the least.

Then, there's the case of Constance Bennett. When she returned to Hollywood several years ago to resume her film career, following a marriage and divorce from Philip Plant, she was accompanied by a baby who was surrounded by the greatest mystery. Rumors flew wildly in every direction; he was the child of a relative, of an old family friend, and it was even whispered that he was Connie's. For a long time the baby was taboo with writers when discussing the eldest Bennett, but her great devotion for the handsome, brilliant boy finally gave the news away that he was her very own son, Peter Plant.

It is always amazing to me, in this goldfish bowl of Hollywood, where the relentless spotlight is ever penetrating the private lives of screen players, that any pages of "secret happiness" could remain hidden and each disclosure is new evidence that actors are, indeed, masters of their art.

Pictures on the Fire

[*Continued from page* 34]

goes to the Firefly Night Club with Grady Sutton (Charlie's nephew) and Johnny goes with another girl. Charlie is furious that his plans are being tampered with so he calls Grady to his table, leaving Eleanore alone. Then he orders the girl with Johnny to go to the store for something, leaving Johnny alone. So Eleanore and Johnny get together. Eleanore, knowing Grady has plenty of money, has ordered more enthusiastically than wisely. When she's left with Johnny they're in a pickle because he hasn't much money with him. They're stalling in the night club, trying to figure some way out and the waiter is becoming suspicious. He keeps eyeing them until at last Johnny calls him over.

The waiter comes eagerly. "Check, sir?" he asks.

"No," John replies promptly. "Another glass of water.

The waiter scowls but pours the water and as he does so Johnny rubbers at the check he has in his hand. He almost faints when he sees the total. The waiter catches him peeping at it and scowls at him. Johnny smiles weakly.

"Some water for you, too, miss," the waiter queries.

"Yes, please," Eleanore smiles.

The waiter stands there while they drink their water and then fills the glasses up again. He finally leaves but a little later Johnny calls him back for more water.

Of course, it's a gag but the director keeps taking the scene over and over until those kids must have drunk a gallon of water apiece before he finally calls "Print it."

They stagger over to the bench where



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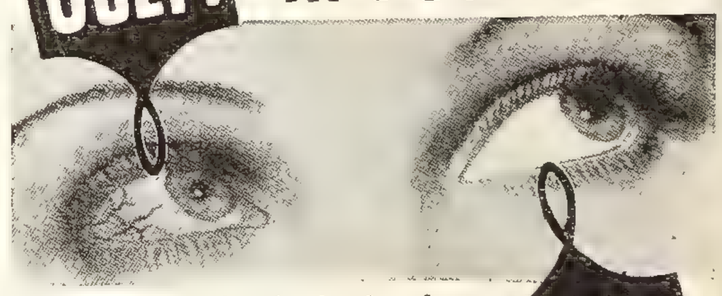




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I'm sitting. "Come over and have a cocktail," Johnny suggests politely.

"A *water* cocktail?" I ask scathingly.

Eleanore has never looked as pretty as she does today. She has on a white brocaded evening gown, lavishly trimmed in white fox fur. "Be sure to mention her coiffure," Carmen, the hair-dresser on the set, whispers. "I invented it myself and it's very unusual. It's parted in the center all the way down the back. There are two rolls on each side of the part and, as you can see, she's wearing a little jeweled clip under each roll."

It's a very trying hair dress and not many girls could wear it but it's mighty becoming to Eleanore.

There being nothing more to see at Paramount this month, I leave for—

United Artists

IF MR. GOLDWYN makes the most artistic pictures in Hollywood, the other producer on this lot makes the most consistently entertaining. I'm referring to Walter Wanger.

This month he's just putting "Vogues of 1938" into production.

In this opus Warner Baxter is the world's most famous *couturier*. He's married to Helen Vinson, which is a job in itself, aside from his dress designing. He designs a wedding gown for Joan Bennett but Joan wants him to hold up delivery so she won't have to be married so soon. He refuses because he doesn't want to impair his reputation. But he helps her to run away. Her family disowns her, so she has to go to work. The same day Helen walks out on Warner. He starts to make the night spots to forget, but Joan insists upon going along to help him forget. Next morning she starts work as a model at his shoppe (it would have to be a shoppe) and Helen breezes in, eyes flashing fire. Warner, seeing the uselessness of trying to argue with her, calls Joan in. Then in his best prosecuting attorney manner, he says:

"Miss Van Klettering, my wife's attention has been called—by certain gossips—to the events of last night in numerous and sundry night clubs. You were present, I understand, when Mr. Curson (Warner, himself) made a spectacle of himself in certain refined and luxurious joints."

"I was," Joan admits quietly.

"Did Mr. Curson, either in the night clubs, in taxicabs, or subsequently, in the milk wagon, make what is vulgarly known as a 'pass' at you?"

"No," says Joan, and then as Warner turns triumphantly away, she adds, "Unfortunately."

"What?" he shouts, whirling around again.

"It wasn't very flattering to feel I was just a stooge for a broken heart," Joan tells him.

Warner turns briskly to his wife. "Any questions?"

"Now that I've seen her—none," says Helen nastily. Then she smiles and reaches for his hand.

"Thank you, my dear," says Warner in a very business-like way. "Now, I've got to work." And with that he leaves.

Although this picture is being shot in Technicolor I notice the absence of make-up on the players. Any of them could go out on the street with the little they have on. It's a new process.

"You know," Warner informs me, "since I've seen the rushes of myself in this picture I hope I'll never have to work in another black and white film. This process has taken ten years off my looks."

Irving Cummings, one of the best directors in the business, is handling this. There's no reason technicolor pictures should take any longer than any others,"

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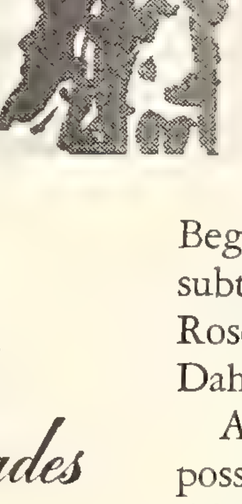
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he tells me. "I've only asked for the regulation schedule and we're not a day behind, either."

I say he is one of the best directors advisedly. They rehearse this scene over and over. There isn't a trick he overlooks. During rehearsal if he thinks one of them could hesitate at one point to get over a line better, they rehearse it again the new way. If he thinks by pausing on a certain word it would heighten the effect, they do it again and pause. I think all young actors should be directed by Irving Cummings in their first two pictures. They'd learn more from him that way than they would pick up in two years by themselves.

But I can't stay here all day. There's work to be done so I continue to—

Universal

I GUESS I was too optimistic when I said this was a dull month in the studios. It seems there are FOUR pictures going out here.

Of course, the most important is "The Road Back"—the sequel to the never-to-be-forgotten "All Quiet On the Western Front." Unfortunately, Lew Ayres, who played the lead in "All Quiet" was killed at the end so he can't be in this one. In fact, the only one in this one who was in the original is Slim Summerville. And I wish you could get a load of his hair. All the hair he has on his head is a widow's peak, down front.

Andy Devine and Richard Cromwell are in this sequel.

It is just as the armistice is signed. Our whole gang of heroes walk out over No Man's Land, looking towards the French trenches, secure in the knowledge they're not going to be shot at.

"Four years we've been here," Slim says soberly. "Four years—and then it just fizzles out." He pauses and suddenly gives a short laugh. Then he becomes serious again. "Funny, isn't it?"

With that Slim turns and climbs out onto the plain, the others following. They look out in silence towards the West—over the tumbled earth and splintered trees. A low autumn mist is lying close to the ground. It is some time before one of the boys (Henry Hunter) turns away. "Well, let's go," he says.

But Dick Cromwell lingers, his eyes on the horizon. "A lot of us lying out there," he whispers, and then, after a pause, "Brant, and Mueller—Kat and Haie—"

"Paul Baumer," John King continues, "Bertinck—Sandkuhl—Meinders—Hugo—"

Paul Baumer was the part Lew Ayres played in "All Quiet." And the others—William Bakewell, Ben Alexander, Russell Gleason, Owen Davis, Jr., and Louis Wolheim. What memories those names bring back!

"I've been in a hospital," Cromwell volunteers when the scene is finished.

"I'm sorry," I apologize. "I didn't know. I'd have come to see you."

"Had to have the septum taken out of my nose. Sinus trouble," Dick rattles along cheerfully.

So we come to "Oh, Doctor!" featuring Edward Everett Horton, Ed Brophy and Bill Demarest. And there is also a newcomer in the cast named Eve Arden who is what you might safely call a looker.

The set is a very elaborate office. Demarest is leaning out the window. As he goes to draw his head in he straightens up and gives it an awful crack. He's still standing on the divan by the window rubbing his aching head when the door opens and Eve strolls in.

"Hey!" he yells at her indignantly, "Let's have a little dignity around this office. When I ring the buzzer, come on in. See?"

"I like your whistle better," Eve says unconcernedly. "And what was so important?"

"Is it all right to put a red ten on a black jack?" he asks, pointing to a game of solitaire he has laid out on his desk.

"Yes," she says, "but did you ever hear the story of the man who committed suicide when he caught himself cheating at solitaire? Catch?"

Just then the door bursts open and Brophy dashes in.

"Boy, oh, boy!" he chortles. "I got a house even he can't kick about." "He" is Horton—a rich hypochondriac they're planning to bilk.

"What does he want a house for?" Eve flips. "I thought all he needed was a mausoleum.

"Belongs to a guy named Rodney Cummins," Brophy gushes, pulling out pictures. "He's a swimming chump."

"Champ," Eve corrects him.

Brophy hands Demarest a picture which the three of them study. "It's a little large but I guess it'll do," Demarest finally concedes.

"That's the guest house," Brophy informs him disgustedly, snatching the picture away and handing him another. "*This* is the chateau."

"You sure it isn't the world's fair ground?" Eve asks, taking a squint at the new picture.

"I know what I'm doin'," Brophy snarls. "WE can live in that guest house rent free for six months."

Poor Mr. Horton. It begins to look as though he's going to need every cent of that $5,000 a week he's supposed to make when he works in pictures.

Next door to "Oh, Doctor" is another picture called "As Good As Married," starring John Boles and Tala Birell with Doris Nolan and Walter Pidgeon featured.

This is the most beautiful set of the month. The garden, which can be seen through the windows, is so lovely. Real lemons, oranges, pomegranates, and apples are growing in profusion. What does it matter if they're wired on to the trees. The fruit is real.

Mr. Boles doesn't remember me again. I'll probably have to go out to his house and break another lamp to recall myself to him.

This set is the drawing room of his home. He is in dinner clothes, pacing up and down scowling. Miss Birell is seated at the piano strumming.

"I'm afraid this whole thing is a mistake," he confesses. "I should never have asked you to come here. Why didn't you leave this morning with the others?" (There's evidently been a house party.)

"Well, darling," she smiles, "since your wife walked out on you I thought you might be lonesome."

"She didn't walk out on me," he bellows. "She'll be here tonight."

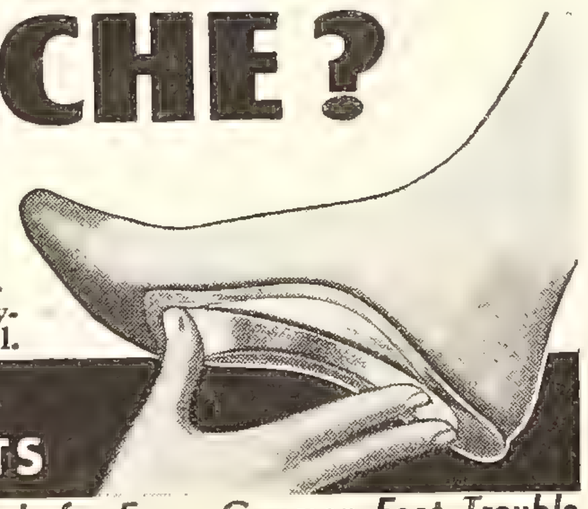
"Oh, how nice," she drawls maddeningly.

"Yes, Cherry," he agrees, very ill at ease, "but the point is—"

"Oh, Alec," she interrupts, "she couldn't be so stupid as to be jealous of *me?*"

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Boles smolders and looks at his watch impatiently. "I'm beginning to get worried. She's an hour late." He stops suddenly and turns to Tala. Something is beginning to dawn on him. "Wait a minute! Did you by any chance talk to her?"

"Certainly," Tala admits readily. "When I phoned you today I had to talk to her in order to talk to you, didn't I! After all —she *is* your secretary."

"I mean, you didn't say anything?" John interrupts impatiently.

"Stop nagging me," she bursts out angrily. "Why on earth should I waste my time talking to your secretary?"

"You might learn something—if you had the mind to grasp it," he retorts.

"Something about courtesy, perhaps?" she smiles sweetly. "She's an hour late already and she doesn't even bother to let you know."

"Something may have happened to her," he mutters apprehensively.

"Nothing ever happens to women like her," Tala consoles him.

"Well, something's going to happen to a woman like you if you aren't careful," he announces belligerently.

I neglected to mention that Mr. Boles is a man of many *amours*—in the picture only, of course—and Doris is his secretary who marries him to protect him from women like Tala.

They have finally succeeded in making a glamour girl of Tala and, boy howdy! She really exudes sex appeal.

The other picture on this lot is a Western and I haven't time for it today so we'll leave Universal and proceed to—



Scene from "The Road Back" with Andy Devine, Slim Summerville, Maurice Murphy, Henry Hunter, John King and Richard Cromwell.

M-G-M

THERE are three pictures going here this month: "The Emperor's Candlesticks" starring William Powell and Luise Rainer; "They Gave Him a Gun" starring Spencer Tracy and Franchot Tone and "Broadway Melody" with Eleanor Powell, George Murphy and Buddy Ebsen.

"Candlesticks" is on location so that'll have to wait.

"They Gave Him a Gun" is my favorite picture of the month because Spencer is my favorite actor, with Franchot pretty high up on the list and Gladys George being pretty near the top of the women's brigade, and because W. S. Van Dyke is one of my favorite directors (to say nothing of Florence, his script girl, being my favorite script girl) and largely because this is such a gripping story.

Spence is a barker in a circus. When he gets into the army he meets Franchot, who has been a weakling clerk. Spence kicks some guts into him and bullies him until he makes a man of him. Spence and Franchot are both in love with Gladys (a nurse) and she marries Franchot. They gave the latter a gun in the army and he keeps it when he gets out and turns into a tough gangster. And that's what you get for making men out of mice, Mr. Tracy. Finally



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Franchot is sent up.

And that's where I come in. It's the chapel of the prison and all the convicts are sitting on benches. "One'll get you five that Tracy is sitting in the front row," I whisper to my guide as we enter, not knowing the story and never dreaming that Mr. Tone would be in jail.

But my guide evidently doesn't know the story either because he doesn't take me up and we find Franchot in the front row and Spencer nowhere around.

One of the prisoners next to Franchot is muttering to him out of the side of his mouth, apparently trying to find out something about Tracy, but he talks so low I can't hear him. And then Florence calls "lunch."

"But I'm not ready for lunch yet. I want to make another shot first," Woody objects.

"Well, I'm hungry and I'm tired," Florence squelches him. Then she turns around and bawls "LUNCH" at the top of her lungs and the company rushes out to lunch without waiting to find out which one wins the argument.

"Did you hear about one of the extras getting pinched on this picture?" Franchot asks.

I prick up my ears, thinking to hear some dirt as I say "No!" most eagerly.

"Well," Franchot explains, "you see we wear these convict suits. One of the extras wore his home and the next morning when he was coming to work a cop spotted him and thought he was an escaped con and picked him up. It took practically the whole studio to get him out again, too."

I guess that takes care of that and as Franchot is not a gent to chat idly, I leave him and proceed to the next set.

"Broadway Melody of 1937" is rehearsing here. I'm sure Mr. Mayer will be very upset when I say there's nothing very original about the plot of this one. It's about a race horse and if you can think of anything in connection with race horses that hasn't been done in pictures you're a better man than I am, Gunga Din. But the situations are all sure fire and I'm sure when the picture is released I'll be sitting there during the race with my throat just as constricted as the author's.

Murphy and Ebsen are horse trainers and they are taking *Blue Bolt* to New York. They find Eleanor Powell hiding in the hay in their box car and are about to throw her out when they discover *Blue Bolt* was born on her father's ranch.

They get to New York and, of course, haven't any money. They're living in what looks like a brownstone front, only the part I see is the back. The horse is standing in the yard and he's really a beauty. Only he's a sorrel and why they call him *Blue Bolt* I *don't* know. In order to get him to stand perfectly still his trainer ties his front feet together during the take and you never saw such a surprised expression as there is on that horse's face when he can't move.

Eleanor and George are standing there wondering where they're going to get feed for him when Buddy saunters in in that nonchalant manner of his, carrying a guitar case.

"Taking violin lessons?" Eleanor jibes.

Buddy just grins and shakes his head—negatively.

"Well, where's the feed?" she and George chorus.

Buddy just opens up the guitar case and it's filled with corn which he pours into a tub.

"You're a wonder," Eleanor squeals and Buddy grins some more, and that's all there is to the scene.

I've said it before and I'll say it again—right out in print, too—Mr. Ebsen may not



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wear "tails" with the élan of Fred Astaire but I'd rather see him, despite the fact that I thoroughly enjoy Mr. A.

I've never met Buddy or Eleanor and George is busy so there's no use staying around here to chat, because there's nobody to chat with except a certain columnist named Harrison Carroll. And he never puts out any information. All *he* ever does is ask you what you know.

But, by George! I almost forgot one of the most important things about "Broadway Melody." Robert Taylor, girls, has the lead in it! Imagine overlooking something like that. It is to laugh.

So, laughing heartily, I proceed to——

Twentieth Century-Fox

YOU can believe it or not, there are but two pictures in the works on this lot. No, three . . . four.

"Wee Willie Winkle" starring Shirley Temple is on location. So is "Angel's Holiday" starring Jane Withers. "This Is My Affair" starring Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck is closed to visitors. (Could it be they're making love scenes?)

Accordingly, only "One Mile from Heaven" is left. But that one stars my old standby—Claire Trevor. You dull, unsulphitic folk, who lead such phlegmatic lives may ask "What is so rare as a day in June" and I'll be right there with the snappy comeback. The answer is, "a month that doesn't find a Claire Trevor picture in production."

Don't ask for the plot of this 'un. Suffice it to say the set is the pressroom in a police station. A bunch of the boys were whooping it up—No! That's wrong. That's Service and this is Twentieth Century-Fox and Sol Wurtzel. They were merely having a poker game. A couple of the police reporters have to leave—and do. So that leaves only three—Ray Walker, Russell Hopton and Chick Chandler. Three handed poker is no fun and they're sitting around, rather disgruntled, when the door opens and Claire walks in—timidly. Is she a picture? Mama come get Dickie.

"Are you really newspapermen?" she asks coyly. "It says 'Press Room' on the door."

Chick steps forward. He would. "I'm Charley Milford of the Journal," he vouchsafes.

"My name is Lucy," Claire beams, "but my friends call me Tex."

Chick indicates Ray Walker. "This is Mortimer Atlas of the Post."

Walker puts on an exaggerated Southern drawl. "M'name's Mohtimer, but m'friends call me Buck."

"Hi ya, Buck?" Claire calls gaily, falling in with the mood.

"And this is Peter Brindell of the Register," Chick goes on, nodding towards Sour-puss Hopton. "We call him *Coyote Pete*—as tough an Hombre as ever toted a typewriter."

"Hi, Pete," Claire greets him.

"Do you play poker?" Russ inquires hopefully.

"Sure," says Claire.

The men look at each other and smile in happy anticipation.

"Hey, Atlas," Russ orders Walker, "pull up a chair for the lady."

Ray drags up a chair and Chick takes her coat. Russ starts to shuffle the cards and then passes them to Claire to cut. "What'll it be?" Claire asks brightly, "spit-in-the-ocean with deuces and one-eyed jacks wild?"

The men glance at each other significantly. "Maybe we'd better play post-office," Walker suggests.

"This'll be draw," Hopton announces. "Two dollar limit, jacks or better to open and a two bit ante."

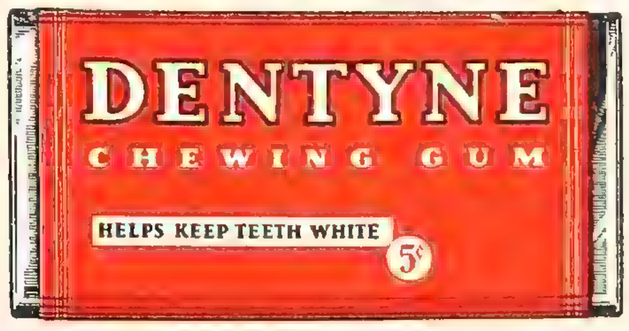
"I'd be an eskimo!"

He hasn't many comforts—but I'm plenty envious of one thing that old Eskimo has! He enjoys good teeth!... His teeth are kept strong and healthy, as Nature intended, by exercise on the tough chewy foods of primitive man's diet.

Even Eskimos when they change to soft, civilized foods, find that their teeth and gums suffer from too little wholesome exercise.



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THE HOUSE OF PINAUD PARIS NEW YORK

He deals a hand and Chick and Ray drop out. At the end there is quite a pile of dough on the table.

"I'll call," Claire says, referring to the last bet Hopton has made.

"What you got?" Russ asks.

"Three eights and a pair of deuces," Claire smiles, preparing to rake in the pot.

"Sorry, Tex," he says. "Nines full" and starts to gather in the shekels.

"That was a tough pot to lose, Tex," Chick says sympathetically.

"It sure was," Claire agrees. Suddenly she gets up from her chair, goes to the wash basin behind her and takes down the mirror from the wall, puts it on a chair with the back towards the men. Hopton had looked in the mirror and seen what she had in her hand. The men watch her, embarrassed, as she sits down and picks up her hand without making a comment, other than to say, "I'll do better this time. I open for two dollars."

It turns out Claire is a sob-sister and are their faces red when they find out.

"Come up and see my new house sometime," Claire invites me, and I'll go if it's the last act of my life.

Star Courage

[*Continued from page 53*]

not permit her to.

Take a good look at Carole's face in "Swing High, Swing Low." The loveliness you see there is a tribute to that gallantry and steadfastness of purpose she once showed when the world thought it had her beaten. Yes, there is just a tiny droop to one corner of her mouth, but that is the only thing that remains to remind those who remember the accident how horribly injured she once was.

She didn't whimper or curse her ill luck. She simply set about overcoming this obstacle placed in front of her. She found the best plastic surgeon she could, went through a series of painful operations, one right after another, and then went out and fought her way back to the screen and the fame waiting for her.

Achievement and courage always go hand in hand!

Once upon a time Grace Moore, whose lovely voice has won her fame, not only on the screen but in the Metropolitan opera house and before crowned heads of Europe, was told she could never sing again. Told brutally that she had lost her voice and to go home to Tennessee and forget her dreams of becoming a great singer.

"I went from one doctor to another. Worry and nervousness made me ill, and I kept losing weight," she told me. "But I could not give up—something within me told me, 'you must not lose courage. You must keep going.'

"A chance acquaintance advised me finally to see Dr. Mario Marafiotti, famous voice teacher and throat specialist. If he would see me, he would cure my throat afflictions, I was told. I grasped at the straw of hope.

"But the great teacher was too busy to pay attention to an unknown. For three days I waited in his office. The world turned black and hopeless. At length, when Marafiotti consented to see me for a few minutes, my knees were so weak from nervousness I could hardly stand. And when I tried to sing for him, the tears streamed down my face.

" 'Your voice will come back,' he assured me gently. "When, I do not know, maybe in two months—perhaps not for two years. Meantime you must have absolute rest and silence.'

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"I went away—but not home. I rested ix months and my voice did come back— icher, clearer than it had ever been. I ave never known quite what to think of hat miracle—perhaps it was destined that should have an ordeal like that to test ne before I could be permitted to go on."

Courage—Achievement!

Claudette Colbert is another lovely dish f glamour and sex appeal who has ex- eptional fortitude. You should have seen he goings on at the Pressman home the ight she was carried home in an ambu- ance after being beaned on the head in n automobile crash. She had a concus- ion, and maybe worse, and she insisted pon going back to work at the studio the ext morning because Director Frank Lloyd ad scheduled one of his biggest sequences n "Maid of Salem," and she didn't want o let him down.

Arguments against the wisdom of such course didn't prevail. Finally, Doctor ressman (her husband) conceded, but tipulated that if she went he'd go too, by osh, and keep his eye on her. He injected er with a pain-killing narcotic, bundled er into the car and took her to the studio n person the next day.

Everything went just dandy at the studio —despite Doctor Pressman's forebodings. laudette was so gay and so vivacious (the timulus of her hypodermics!) that she ound it hard to get into the mood of the omber dramatic sequence. But she did. he day's work was completed and she ent home and was really sick.

How'd you like to go to work on a tretcher? Be carried a half mile up a steep ountain path daily? That's the experience ertrude Michael had when she reported ack at her studio job in "Woman Trap" efore she was completely recovered from njuries she suffered in that bad San ernardino crash.

Gertrude will tell you frankly, however, hat it wasn't a great spirit of sacrifice for he studio which actuated her. She was roke and she wanted to get back and earn me money. The doctor said she couldn't alk up a mountain trail. But somebody ould carry her, couldn't they?

The picture was on location in the rrowhead mountains. The scene of shoot- ng was several miles from the hotel, most f which could be covered in a car, the last alf mile of which had to be hoofed. When he cameras started to grind, she was helped o her feet. She finished the picture, col- cted her dough and says the experience as fine for her. You can always do things you have to!

Gail Patrick was enacting a hospital cene. She was clad as a nurse, and, in ont of her on the operating table lay a ttle boy. David Holt was doing a good iece of acting and his face was resolute nd blanched. The telephone on the set ang. It was long distance from San Fran- isco for Gail. She went to the 'phone and alked, came back, and quietly continued er scene. Later it was revealed that she ad received a message that her own rother was going on the operating table or an emergency operation. By one of hose remarkable coincidences that no one an explain she was acting in a scene her rother was facing in reality.

Thoroughbreds? Yes, of course, all of 'em. or, as the philosophers tell you, achieve- ent of any kind requires courage in a rge measure.

SIMONE SIMON'S persistent trans-atlantic suitor arrived from Paris to make his semi-annual personal proposal. He is Francois Louis-Dreyfus, handsome 35-year-old publisher-editor. It looks as though the answer, as usual, will be "not yet."



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"On the Pan"

[*Continued from page 31*]

congratulated about Margaret Tallichet. A brief six months ago Margaret was a publicity writer whom nobody noticed. It was Carole who bothered to sense a latent spark and give the nobody real help. David Selznick is coaching Margaret for stardom! He broadcasted her first important film test—and no one else ever had their screen test put on the air!

Fredric March laughs lustily. He's heard that RKO is mad over Smith Ballew. Fredric gives Gary Cooper a nudge and explains that Smith looks just like Gary, only the new fellow can sing like a bird! Whereupon Loretta Young enthuses over Joan Fontaine. Joan, nineteen and the prettiest new blonde in town, is Olivia de Havilland's younger sister. Loretta's interested because she herself was a younger sister.

When a new personality zooms to the fore this inner circle has predicted it. They see private previews of the new films in their homes, often months before the pictures are generally released. And then they get the gossip directly from the sets. They know that Walter Brennan's case corresponds to Lon Chaney's. Like Lon, Walter hung around for years before given an opportunity to etch an unforgettable characterization. They know that Brennan isn't letting success go to his head.

Who else is clicking at last? Why, Jean Arthur! This Jean is right smack into the top money, too. She's had a succession of fine roles. But the reason she hates interviewers is no mystery. It's merely because she has a terrific inferiority complex. Then there's Doris Nolan, fired two years ago by 20th Century-Fox. Doris luckily was picked as a bet by Charles R. Rogers, and his judgment is even more respected now. Of course Deanna Durbin's triumph was predicted. Whereas Shirley Temple couldn't get going until the public demanded her, Deanna's victory was foreseen. The script for "Three Wise Girls" was revamped before shooting started, to make Deanna's part into a real one. With Stokowski furnishing the musical background for her next appearance, Deanna will captivate on the grand scale.

Harriet Hilliard is set at RKO, and Gladys George at MGM. At Metro, too, Allan Jones, who's had to wait around as Nelson Eddy once did, is so magnificent in "Firefly," with Jeanette MacDonald, that he's going to be Nelson's close rival. Allan has more acting ability and warmth, a number of insiders think. Spencer Tracy is beyond worries since "Captains Courageous" has turned out to be the most gripping drama so far this year, and Jimmy Stewart has positively arrived.

However, Robert Montgomery's radical switch to an absolutely serious personality has the insiders worried. They know Bob has pleaded for three years for a role like he's played in "Night Must Fall." They know he's gambling on the fans letting him mature, and they appreciate his desire to grow up. But honestly they don't know if you will allow him to!

How does a star climb into this exclusive *In The Know* group? By being taken up socially by the producers, or by marriage? Myrna Loy's husband is Arthur Hornblow, Paramount producer. Sally Eilers' husband is Harry Joe Brown, Warner producer. Joan and Constance Bennett have been chums of the David Selznicks, William Goetzes (he produces for 20th Century-Fox and is a son-in-law of Louis B. Mayer) and the Walter Wangers for some time. It is through such personal friendships that the intentions of the men at the helm are discovered. The all-powerful producers are



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fair in their search for true talent; they give excellent chances to many whom they never see socially. Alice Faye, for example, never met Darryl Zanuck until recently and yet he cast her in the best musicals. She clinches his faith in her, incidentally, in the forthcoming "Last Year's Kisses." But to whom do you let down your hair? To your intimate acquaintances. Producers are like that, too.

Usually someone insists upon a little dancing and then the crowd prefers to run in to town to the Clover Club for awhile. Then they go on back to whichever home they've gathered at for a post-midnight snack. Candles burn in tall silver candlesticks, silver plates gleam, and butlers hover.

They finally get around to Technicolor about that hour. They know it comes into glory in Walter Wanger's "Vogues of 1938." Heretofore faces were inclined to appear older; now that handicap is eliminated and you photograph fresher and younger. Because it's a style parade, there was a real fight among the actresses for roles in it. Helen Vinson captured the second lead—Joan Bennett's the heroine—and this means recognition at last for Helen. ZaSu Pitts almost wept when she couldn't get a test for the comedy role! The Coronation is being recorded in Technicolor, and that's a majestic production everyone's keen

witness. So long as one can't be in the obey with the peers this is a rare treat.

When an actor's status changes this circle n't resist commenting. Fred MacMurray a regular. He remains as unassuming and eager to learn as if he hadn't stepped o Gary Cooper's shoes at Paramount. ed would rave about his wife if the dio would only let him. But he can't go o any domestic details when a reporter around for fear women in the audiences ght resent his happiness. Gloria Swan-'s gallant battle for another opportunity s won her sincere rooters in this crowd . which knows, if you are too curious, at it was Herbert Marshall who broke the Swanson-Marshall romance.

The pictures most talked of right now e "Thin Ice," "Stella Dallas," and Garbo's w Napoleonic story. Sonja Henie is pre-ating Pavlowa's Swan Dance on skates in hin Ice," and this is far more breath-king than any number she gave in her st film. In this picture we'll see exactly w Tyrone Power makes love to his real eetheart, who is Sonja. Barbara Stan-ck tops all her emotional scenes to date "Stella Dallas." And Garbo! Many peo-e said Greta could quit after "Camille," she could never rise above her mar-ous portrayal as the unfortunate coquette. t the insiders know that Garbo is ex-ling herself in this new film. How are ey sure? Because Charles Boyer is one their own members and he's the great e's hero!

Projections
Ginger Rogers

[*Continued from page 33*]

his lines and does all sorts of things that noy the stars and more seasoned actors. s an old tribal law that the new boy new girl must be treated with suspicion d cold contempt. But warm-hearted, endly Ginger looks after all the badly ghtened little ewe lambs. A newcomer ays gets a break in a Rogers' picture.

Ever since "Follow the Fleet," Harriet lliard swears by her. And Phil Huston ll tell you, with a choke in his voice, how got off the plane in Glendale at five lock one cold gray morning, lonely and mesick, and wishing to high heaven he d never come to Hollywood, when who ould he find there at the gate to meet n and give him a hearty welcome but nger Rogers and her mother.

Virginia Katherine McMath (she who ame Ginger Rogers) was born in Inde-ndence, Missouri, July 16, 1911. They led her Virginia Katherine up until the ne she went to school. Ginger's father s an electrical engineer in Kansas City d met Lela Owens, who was 18 at the ne, at *dancing school*. Which is all sort as it should be. But the young McMaths ren't very happily married and, after ch quarrelling over who should have rgling Virginia Katherine, ended up in divorce court with Lela being given com-ete custody of the child.

When she was five, Ginger started to ool at the sixth ward public school in nsas City, and loved reading and writ-g but hated arithmetic—and still does. ter a few months in Hollywood the ener-tic Lela was sent to New York to manage e then flourishing screen life of Baby arie Osborne, little suspecting, as they in the melodramas, that she had a po-ntial movie star right there in her own nily. (Baby Marie is now Ginger Rogers'



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stand-in at the RKO Studios.) But if she didn't suspect it, at least Mr. Burton George, famous director of that day, did.

Ginger had joined her mother in New York and was living with her at the Bristol Hotel there. One afternoon Lela returned from a hard day's work at the Fox Studios to discover her baby missing! The nurse told her that Director George had taken the child over to the Palisades to work in a George Walsh production. Lela was fit to be tied that night when Director George brought Ginger home, and in no uncertain language told him that that was the beginning and ending of her baby's career.

The director insisted that the child be allowed to work one more day as they needed her to finish the scenes she had started that day. Otherwise it would cost the studio a lot of money. But Lela was adamant. Her child was not to go into the movies. It was too bad the studio had to lose money, but that was the way it was going to be. And so, strangely enough, the first reels of Ginger Rogers soon landed on the cutting room floor.

When America went to war in 1917 Lela sent Ginger back to Kansas City to stay with her Grandmother Owens while she served as a clerk in the Headquarters of the Marines in Washington. The war over, Lela returned to Kansas City and there met and married John Rogers, an insurance broker, whose work soon took him to Fort Worth, Texas. Ginger was very fond of her stepfather and took his name. "Ginger" was the nickname given her by a small cousin, Phyllis Fraser, who just couldn't manage Virginia Katherine. And so in Fort Worth, Texas, Virginia Katherine McMath became Ginger Rogers—and took the first step that eventually led to fame and fortune in Hollywood.

Ginger has never outgrown her voracious appetite for life and new experiences. It was only a few years ago, while she was still married to Lew Ayres, that she decided to become a painter—just what kind of a painter she wasn't sure—so she took the precaution to buy a bit of everything. She haunted art shops for days and bought canvasses, all kinds of paper, oils, water colors, crayons, charcoal and pastels, and numerous volumes designed to put the beginner on the same path followed by Titian and Rubens.

As is usually the case, Ginger felt that she should share her new enthusiasm with someone so she called Janet Gaynor and suggested that graphic art was just the thing that Janet needed to fill to overflowing an already fairly full cup. Her arguments were so convincing that Janet yielded, and discovered to her surprise that she had a great talent for painting. Janet continues to paint, but Ginger long ago put away her books on art and has had a dozen or more hobbies since then. She wasn't a flop, by any means. Only a few months ago a caricature she did of Katherine Hepburn appeared in Vogue magazine.

But to return to Fort Worth. It was the year of the Charleston craze. Lela had become both the dramatic and society editor of the *Fort Worth Record,* and as dramatic editor her duties naturally quite often took her backstage. While Lela sought theatrical news, long-legged Ginger with normal curiosity investigated the mysteries of life behind the footlights. She would watch the women apply make-up in their dressing rooms. She would watch the hoofers rehearse by the hour and then would try out their intricate steps, holding on to a backdrop. She made special friends of two vaudevillians, Santry and Seymour, and it was through their efforts, certainly not her mother's, that she was entered in the famous Charleston Contest. As every fan knows, Ginger won that contest, and im-

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ediately was deluged with vaudeville fers. She wore a white dress the night she on the contest, and ever since then she as insisted upon wearing one white eve- ng gown in every picture—just one of ose sentiments that actresses have.

It was while she was dancing away on e Interstate Circuit (a return engage- ent) that Ginger married Jack Culpepper hom she had met as a kid in Kansas City. e had been going with her young aunt the time and used to give Ginger dimes keep out of the way. Jack joined Ginger's t and went on tour with her. They sepa- ted after ten months. Ginger was sixteen, d it was just one of those things.

In the meantime, Ginger was getting all nds of big time vaudeville offers. Mem- is, St. Louis, Chicago—with the popular ul Ash orchestra—and New York. After pearing at the Paramount Theatre in ew York she was signed by Kalmer and uby for the rôle of the comedienne in Top Speed." It was while she was singing d dancing in "Top Speed" that she made r first movie at the Astoria Studios, oung Man of Manhattan," with Claud- te Colbert and Norman Foster. After five ctures with Paramount in New York she cided that she wasn't doing so well and ked for her release from her contract— d got it with unflattering rapidity. Then me the popular musical comedy "Girl azy"—and a wire from Hollywood.

Ginger married Lew Ayres in the fall of 34 after an exciting courtship which had gun the night of the big earthquake in s Angeles. Ginger and Lew had worked gether on a picture called, ironically, Don't Bet on Love," but they had never d a date until the night of the big quake. stead of running home for dear life when e earth started shaking itself the two of em, like a couple of zanies, went window opping! It was then that Ginger realized at she was in love with Lew Ayres. They re married in the Church of the Flowers Glendale in November, and there uldn't have been two happier young ople in the world than Lew and Ginger. t things went wrong. Two years after eir marriage they separated. The reason, seems, was career.

Lew being the quiet, reserved, ultra- dious type, never liked parties. But nger likes parties.

In March as sort of a fitting climax to llywood's racing season (it was really uthern California's but Hollywood takes erything personally) Ginger and Alfred nderbilt ("those two old skates" the in- tations read) together threw a skating rty at the Rollerdrome to which all of e Who's Who of Hollywood were invited, d came. It was the most sensationally en- vable and unique party since the Fun use madness given by Carole Lombard veral years ago.

Jack Dunn, champion skater de luxe, was e first to skin his knee, Libby Holman l down the most, Heather Thatcher ated in a monocle, and Joan Crawford, eorge Murphy, Loretta Young, Una erkel and Douglas Fairbanks Jr., were judged the best. Everybody was bruised d happy.

Until the next big party comes along nd what will they think up next) Ginger gers is considered quite definitely Holly- ood's most successful hostess. But let it said, here and now, that Ginger has no cial ambitions, she doesn't want to be a cial leader, she merely wants to have some n.

When you contrast Ginger's first party in llywood with the skating affair of March t you have what we who break our nails typewriter keys call a Success Story.

And today she is the Most Popular Girl the Hollywood Party. But maybe it's st another hobby of hers.

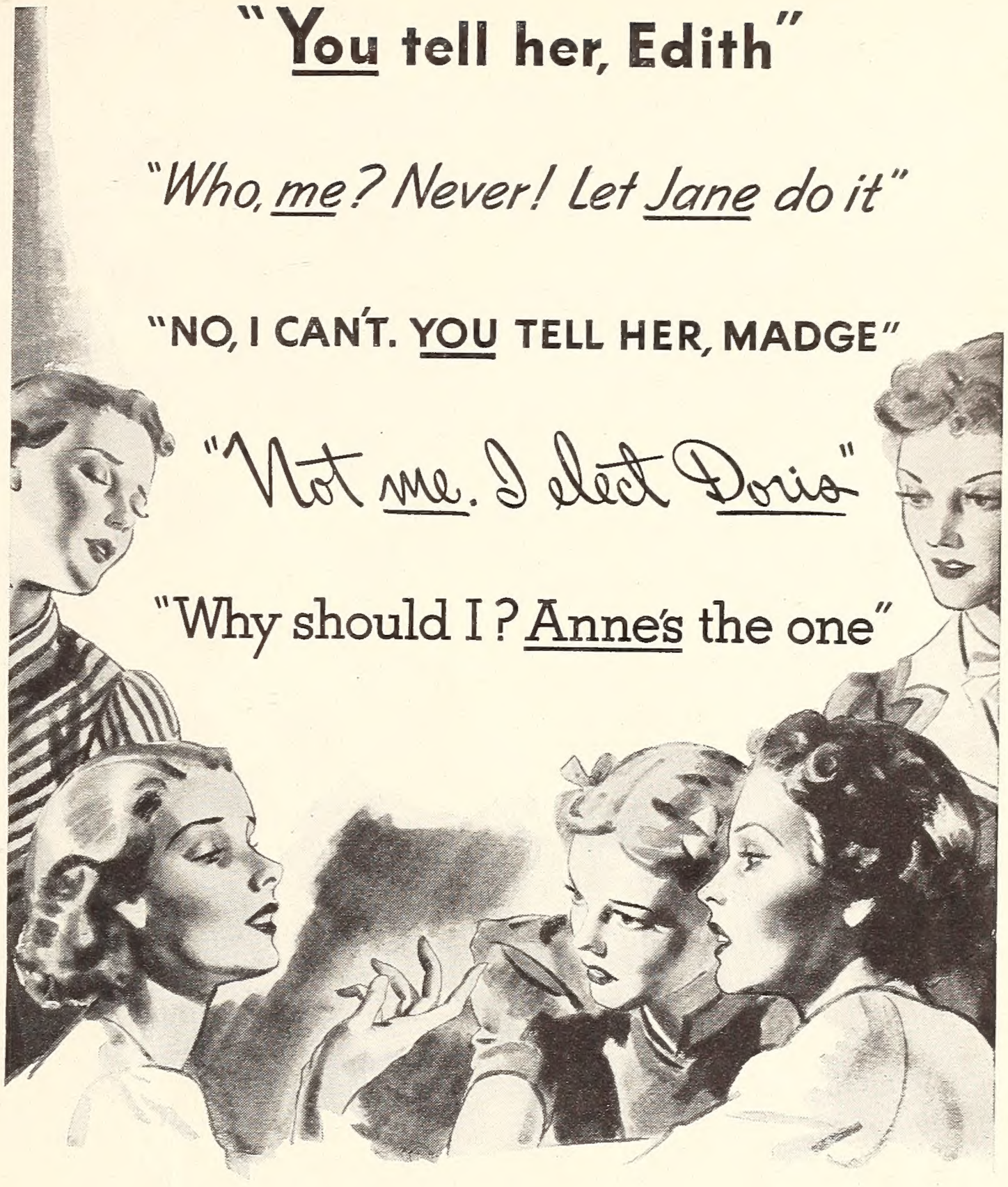
"You tell her, Edith"

"Who, me? Never! Let Jane do it"

"NO, I CAN'T. YOU TELL HER, MADGE"

"Not me. I let Doris"

"Why should I? Anne's the one"



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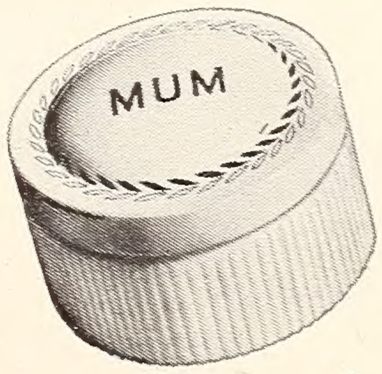
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The Final Fling

A CRITIC, when pointing out a fault, should tell from his superior mind how the error could have been avoided. It is easier to criticize than to do. Jack Johnson, the prizefighter, resented criticism from a ringside voice. Once he answered: "You sets dere talkin'. I'se in here fightin'." Another famous argument in this never ending dispute is: "I cannot lay an egg, but I know when one is bad."

This is leading up to you. Write letters of criticism of pictures and players to SILVER SCREEN's department "You're Telling Me." Anyone can praise—criticism makes better reading.

* * * *

THERE is a movie house down at the harbor of a very small town of which we know. Not far from the little theatre ramshackle wharves and power boats now are where sail boats once were anchored. There are some dories pulled up and a few lobster pots. On nights when they show a picture, the farmers come in their cars from six miles away and bring the family.

The picture very likely has a musical score by one of the greatest modern song writers. The sound record is possibly made by Stokowski. The leading lady in the drama may have come all the way from Vienna to Hollywood to play the part. Her talent is marvelous, her beauty unequalled. Perhaps John Barrymore is in the cast representing America's most famous stage family. A girl from Europe dances. An Italian directs. This little village is a center of culture for one night, and, to the harbor movie show, the greatest artists of the world have brought their talents.

And now morning comes and the film in the metal box has gone back to the Big City. The natives of the harbor plod to their primitive labors. The fishing boats bark importantly as they put out on the tide and overhead a few seagulls carry on as seagulls have done for a few hundred years.

The film has gone, the songs are ended, but do not think that nothing remains in the little village. There is a young man there whose love of drama and story telling has been awakened to feverish energy. He lives in a cottage over on Third Cliff. *You have read his stories.* A girl, perhaps, has suddenly resolved to become a dancer.

We can show you a canvas in a great art museum by a painter who was a boy in such a town.

That is the wonder of the films. The intangible appetite for beauty flows out from them and inspires many a youth to direct his life toward the glorious worlds of the Arts.

* * * *

THE next issue of this magazine will bring stories and articles about film people not usually interviewed, although they also contribute to your evenings of pleasure. Be sure and read about Warner Oland, and about the genius, Pete Smith. You will also enjoy getting some sidelights on the personality of Alice Faye and her exciting adventures and experiences.

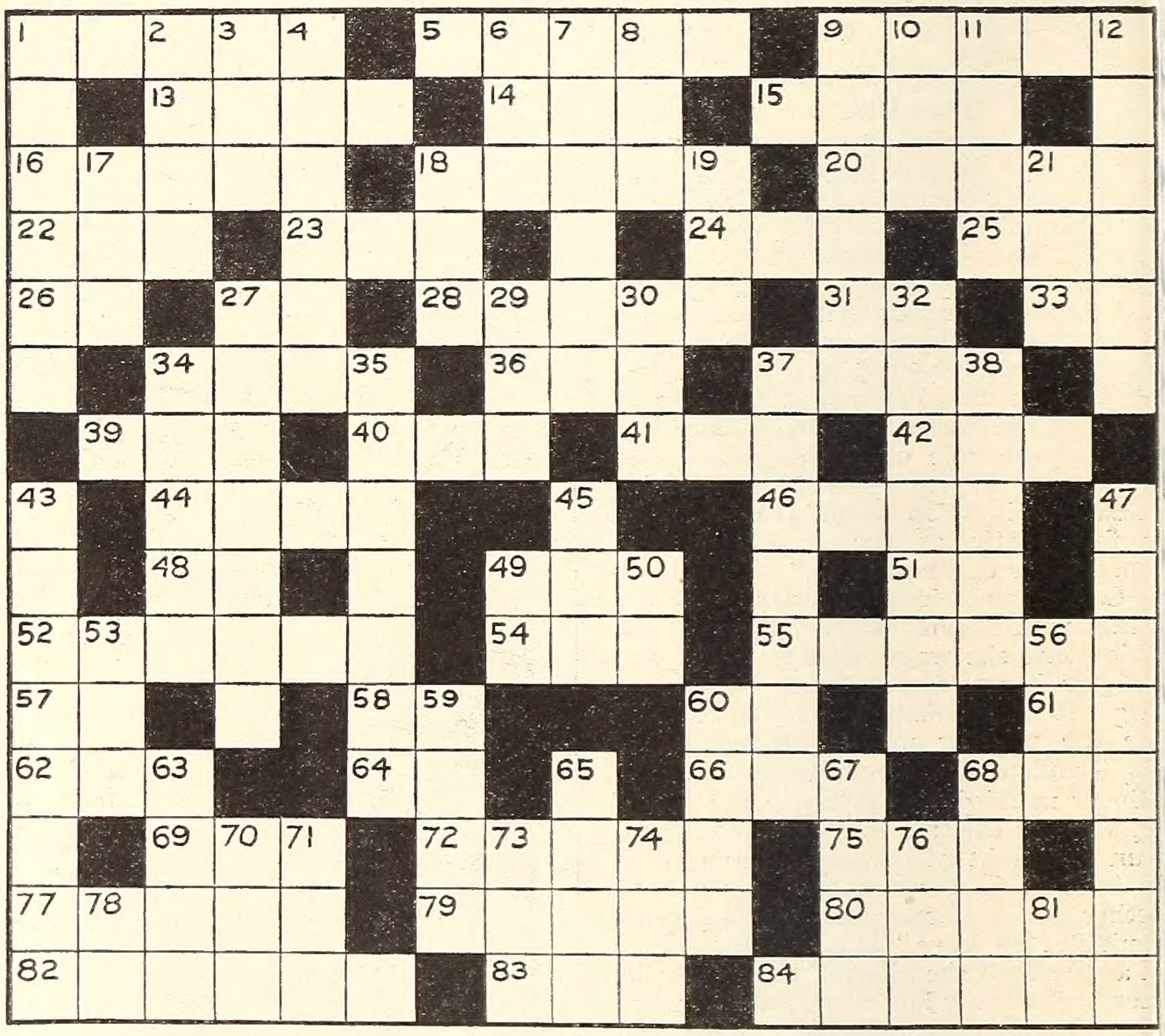
The famous stars have their moments of relaxation and their hobbies are many and varied. Do you collect toy elephants? So does Madge Evans. The story of the collections made by the stars is surprising and amusing.

All these and more in SILVER SCREEN for July.

EDITOR.

A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Charlotte Herbert



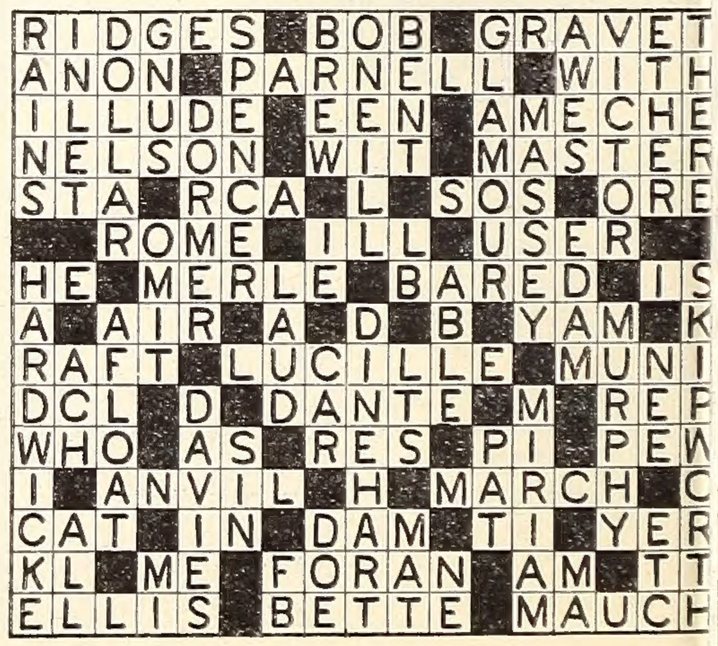
ACROSS

1 The high lama in "Lost Horizon"
5 With Marlene Dietrich in "Knight Without Armor"
9 A recent academy award winner
13 Every
14 Elongated fish
15 System of signals
16 Newcomer from Australia
18 His latest picture is "Silent Barriers"
20 The terrorizing villain in "Nancy Steele Is Missing"
22 Sea Eagle
23 Nocturnal bird
24 Unit of electrical resistance
25 Twitching
26 Measure of weight (abbr.)
27 Direction of compass
28 One of our greatest film comedians
31 Expression of surprise
33 Jack Benny's orchestra leader (initials)
34 Bing Crosby's love interest in "Waikiki Wedding"
36 Unit
37 Analysis (abbr.)
39 "The Great O'Malley"
40 Plaything
41 Title of respect
42 Sweet potato
44 Pronoun (Bib.)
46 Cuts down
48 The stern elder in "Maid of Salem" (initials)
49 A small island in a lake
51 Compared to
52 The temperamental actress in "The Toast of New York"
54 Well-known stage actress
55 The reporter in "Love Is News"
57 A denial
58 In "High, Wide and Handsome" (initials)
60 Nearby
61 Either
62 Female sheep
64 Symbol for titanium
66 Resinous substance
68 Letter of the Greek alphabet
69 Fade
72 Her performance in "Camille" was superb
75 A salutation (L.)
77 He makes his debut in "A Doctor's Diary"
79 With George Murphy in "Top of the Town"
80 Kerry in "Wings of the Morning"
82 Masculine first name
83 A shade tree
84 Star of "Sing Me A Love Song"

DOWN

1 Featured in "Marked Woman"
2 A flowerless woodland plant
3 Obese
4 Reflects back sound
6 Over (poet.)
7 Male star of "Maytime"
8 Beverage
9 The British Consul in "Lost Horizon"
10 Bustle
11 Fan in "Women of Glamour"
12 The newspaper editor in "Love Is News"
17 Eye
18 Entire
19 Incline the head
21 Tear
27 Co-starred in "Dangerous Number"
29 The charming wife in "After the Thin Man"
30 Affirmative
32 A French officer in "The Woman I Love"
34 Valued
35 With Simone Simon in "Seventh Heaven"
37 He supplied much comedy in "Top of the Town"
38 Rope for catching wild cattle
43 She gives an excellent performance in "Maytime"
45 To gain in a contest
47 The school teacher in "The Great O'Malley"
49 Three-toed sloth
50 Symbol for tantalum
53 At the present time
56 Numbers (abbr.)
59 Symbol
60 Richard in "Woman Wise"
63 Paradise
65 A small valley
67 Restaurant
68 Confined
70 Suffix (chem.)
71 Mountains (abbr.)
73 Deer
74 Head covering
76 A single book (abbr.)
78 Mode of transportation (abbr.)
81 Perform

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle



THE CUNEO PRESS, INC., U. S.

"It's a shame for any girl to risk Cosmetic Skin" says MERLE OBERON



SAMUEL GOLDWYN STAR

CREAMY and smooth as magnolia petals is Merle Oberon's flawless skin. She tells you her way of keeping it lovely—a way *any* girl can follow. "I use rouge and powder all I like," she says. "But to guard against Cosmetic Skin—tiny blemishes, enlarging pores—I've made Lux Toilet Soap my regular complexion care."



"The ACTIVE lather guards against choked pores,"

she tells you. "It removes stale cosmetics *thoroughly*—keeps skin smooth." That's because it goes deep into the pores, removes every hidden trace of stale cosmetics, dust and dirt.

Romance comes to girls who keep skin lovely . . .

Take Merle Oberon's tip. Use Lux Toilet Soap regularly. Use it before you put on fresh make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed. 9 out of 10 screen stars use this soap!





Riding is second-nature to this daughter of the Belmonts

MISS JOAN BELMONT, NEW YORK. It's enough to say that Miss Belmont is the daughter of the Morgan Belmonts. As a member of this famous riding family, she has an inborn love for turf and field. At four years of age, she was presented with a pony of her own; today, Miss Belmont is one of the most accomplished horsewomen of the younger set. Like so many of her debutante friends, she is a steady Camel smoker.

These distinguished women are among those who prefer Camel's delicate flavor:

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, *Philadelphia*
MRS. POWELL CABOT, *Boston*
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., *New York*
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MRS. BROOKFIELD VAN RENSSELAER, *New York*

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(above) ***In the Tack Room.*** Miss Belmont is a familiar figure in the Maryland and Long Island hunting country. "When I feel tired or a bit let-down," she says, "Camels give me a grand 'lift'... make me feel glad I'm alive as my energy snaps back. And, though I am a steady smoker, Camels never get on my nerves."

Costlier Tobaccos

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS... Turkish and Domestic... than any other popular brand





Enjoying Good Food at the Ritz in New York. Miss Joan Belmont enjoys a leisurely luncheon at the Ritz-Carlton—with Camels between courses and after. Smoking Camels is a positive aid to good digestion. Sets up a generous flow of digestive fluids. Increases alkalinity.

For Digestion's Sake — Smoke Camels